MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

GOLDEN AGE

SUB-MARINER®

VOLUME 3

SUB-MARINER COMICS Nos. 9-12

CARL PFEUFER & GUSTAV SCHROTTER

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

GOLDEN AGE

VOLUME 3

COLLECTING

SUB-MARINER COMICS Nos. 9-12

CARL PFEUFER • GUSTAV SCHROTTER

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Edited by **Stan Lee & Vince Fago**

*It was not industry standard in the Golden Age of comics to provide detailed credits for each story. The credits in this volume represent the most accurate information available at the time of publication. These stories may have included contributions from the following creators and others:

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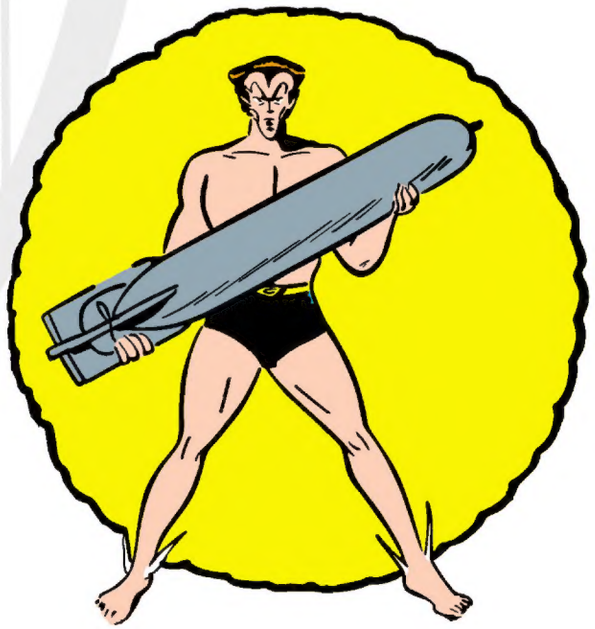
Art Reconstruction: Pacific Rim Graphics (Interiors)
Michael Kelleher (Covers)

Special Thanks: Brett Greene, Dr. Michael J. Vassallo, Hames Ware & Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr.



INTRODUCTION
BY ROY THOMAS

1943 was the year that World War II began to go the Allies' way.

The turning points, of course, had occurred in 1942—at Stalingrad in southeastern Russia, where Adolf Hitler's mighty German army had first been stopped, then surrounded…and in the Pacific, where U.S. Navy aircraft carriers had halted the Imperial Japanese advance at the Battle of the Coral Sea, then won a decisive victory in the Battle of Midway. But sometimes it takes a while for the full effect of a military triumph to be fully realized. After all, the Nazi troops in Russia weren't really surrounded and either captured or annihilated until February of '43…and the pushing back of Japanese power in the Pacific was a long, slow haul of "island-hopping," capturing first one island and then another, with each success bringing America's forces that much closer to Tokyo.

In American comic books, though, the outcome of hostilities had never really been in doubt. If a super hero fought German, Japanese, or even Italian foes, he had to come out on top by page 8 or page 12 or page 20 or whatever.

And, as we've said in previous introductions, no comics company's super heroes fought earlier, longer, or harder against the 1940s Axis of evil than did those of Martin Goodman's Timely Comics (forerunner of Marvel). Nor did any "long-underwear boys" anywhere play a bigger part in the four-color fighting than Prince Namor, the Sub-Mariner, that Bill Everett creation whose adventures were now being rendered by artist Carl Pfeufer and other talents. The four issues in this volume show that "timely Timely" was presenting its own fantasy version of the day's newspaper headlines and radio bulletins—often with some grim kernel of reality beneath the outer shell of colorful adventure and derring-do. To wit:

The stories in *Sub-Mariner* #9 (Spring 1943), for instance, were probably written and drawn circa summer of '42. Namor turns the tables on the Japanese invention of artificial "icebergs" made of steel "laminated" to resemble ice, with jagged edges below the waterline to rip the hulls of American ships. In the end, however, Subby and the U.S. Navy jointly triumph, just as the latter had done at Midway in June of that year. The aggressor had spread his so-called "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" far out into the Pacific, but it had reached the outer limits of its expansion and was now doomed to contract, slowly but inexorably. And, thanks to the good offices of Carl Pfeufer and whoever scripted "Terror of the Floating Fortress," the pointy-eared, wing-footed son of Leonard McKenzie and the Princess Fen knew what was coming long before Admiral Tojo did.

The issue's second Namor story brought its hero face to face with the Nazis—and with an entirely different problem. A problem toward which most comics companies preferred to turn a blind eye. Namely, the neutrality, such as it was, of Ireland, the smaller of the two British Isles, whose southern three-quarters had become independent of England decades earlier, but whose enmity for London was never far beneath the surface. All through World War II, Prime Minister Winston Churchill and "the Emerald Isle" danced an uneasy dance, as the latter refused the Royal Navy the use of its three strategic bases. The British suspected (rightly, as it turned out) that Germany was playing Ireland off against the UK, while intending sooner or later to invade Ireland and leave England facing its enemy on two sides—while the British had their own secret contingency plan to invade Ireland to secure those bases. A convoluted political situation…not exactly the stuff of which great escapist comic book fare is made, then or now.

The writer of "The Green Island Menace" hedges his bets by introducing Von Klutz and his "fifth columnists," Nazis who stoke the fires of Irish resentment when "the first group of American doughboys [soldiers] landed in Ireland," in 1942. When a U.S. arsenal there is blown up, the Irish Republican Army—a very real organization, of course—is framed for the deed, and the authorities lock up all IRA leaders, who are referred to as "terrorists." Von Klutz's purpose is to strain Irish-American relations, thus aiding the German war effort. For the details—read the story!

After a wild-eyed filler written and drawn by that offbeat comics genius Basil Wolverton (whose influence on such underground comix artists as Robert Crumb is evident), the issue closes with an Angel story which has an entirely different feel from the Namor epics. The plot (which opens with a girl spouting "green blood") seems to have sprung full-blown from one of the more lurid pulp magazines of the day, such as *The Shadow* and *Doc Savage.* The art is generally credited to Gus Schrotter.

Sub-Mariner #10, behind another of those Alex Schomburg covers which features a King Kong-size Namor, returns to intermingling pulp-style comic adventures with "ripped-from-the-headlines" immediacy.

Well, not so much in the first story, with its man-killing swordfish—though, unsurprisingly, there *is* an Axis connection before it's all over (as you would probably have guessed, even if I had attached a Spoiler Warning to the start of this paragraph). Actually, there is one element of the story that echoes the news of the day—the use, at the beginning and end of the tale, of the phrase "unconditional surrender." This was a new byword among America and its Allies (Britain and the Soviet Union.) Prior to this time, some had dared hope the three "United Nations" allied against Berlin might at some point agree to a truce that left Nazi Germany in control of much of Europe, in exchange for an end to the bloodletting.

However, when President Franklin Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met in Casablanca, Morocco, in January 1943, FDR blurted out at a news conference that the Allies would accept nothing less than the Axis powers' "unconditional surrender." Thus it was that the phrase was made the linchpin of "The Den of Serpents," which was probably scripted

while the newspaper headlines heralding the Casablanca Conference were still lining the birdcages of America.

The Nazis got their lumps in "Code of Death," as well. Saboteurs and secret codes were always fodder for the U.S. news media, and kids were even more interested than most adults in ciphers and hidden messages. One popular movie serial of 1942 had been *The Secret Code.* At the end of each of its Nazi-busting episodes, a "military officer" had showed the moppets how to make or break a simple code. (Maybe the decoders could've told us why it is that, although the name of the mag was clearly *Sub-Mariner,* the scriptwriters and letters almost invariably rendered Namor's nickname as "Submariner.")

The Angel's adventure, as per usual, had nothing to do with the war effort, but with criminals such as "Scarpone," whose name was a combination of "Scarface" and "Capone."

Although *Sub-Mariner* #11 advertises "20 pages of the Angel" inside, and the true page count of his exploit was four pages short of that, and the Angel's costume colors are somehow reversed on the cover, otherwise the issue was another winner—with the now Godzilla-sized Namor appearing on the first splash page instead of the cover. The subject this time was naval convoys—the strategy whereby a number of supply ships all sailed together under an armed escort, hopefully increasing their chances of getting safely to port. Namor foils a clever Japanese scheme to get around that approach. Convoys—both their triumphs and their occasional tragedies—were very much in the news during much of the Second World War. While by 1942-43 the situation for the Allies had improved, in October of 1940 one British convoy had lost 16 ships out of 35 to an attack by a "wolf pack" (a grouping of German submarines, or U-boats). Namor wasn't about to let that happen on his watch.

The issue's second story put meat on a post-Pearl Harbor myth, by having enemy planes from a Japanese aircraft carrier bomb the California coast. In our world, on the morning of Dec. 8, 1941, the day after the Sunday attack on U.S. bases in Hawaii, the people of San Francisco arose—after a long night punctuated by the sound of sirens—to read newspaper headlines such as "Enemy Planes Off Frisco," which claimed that Japanese planes from just such a carrier had flown over the city the previous night, but lost their way (and thus failed to drop any bombs) when local radio stations went silent. "Craft Get Close to Golden Gate [Bridge]," read a sub-headline. Among those who believed in this Japanese attack was General John L. DeWitt, commanding officer of U.S. armed forces on the West Coast—but of course the story was total war hysteria. Comic books, including *Sub-Mariner* #11, made such an assault a reality, at least in their colorful pages…in Namor's case, though, a year after the original headlines.

This story, happily, sees the return of Betty Dean, the policewoman of earlier Sub-Mariner stories. By now she has metamorphosed from a cop into a reporter, but her new job just gives her more freedom to pal around with Namor.

The war must've been in the air that month. Even the Angel's escapade, for a change, is war-oriented.

Another oversize Namor figure explodes onto the cover of *Sub-Mariner* #12, which would have hit the newsstands and candy stores in fall of 1943 as the "Winter Issue." In the first issue produced after Martin Goodman moved production wholly in house, dispensing with the services of Funnies, Inc., Namor smashes Japanese submarines (and, in one story, another in an apparently unending series of Axis-built mechanical sea monsters that had begun in an early issue of *Captain America Comics.*) The penciling of the first of the two stories is sometimes attributed to Al Gabriele, though this is uncertain, at best.

Interestingly, these two tales were short enough to leave room for a third Namor sea-fest, which involves Betty Dean traveling to China. He helps her evacuate some Chinese orphans from the Christian missions in that country, which since 1937 had been fighting off an invasion by the Japanese Empire. Attempts at an illustrative look in the artwork seem to owe equally to newspaper photos and to the artwork of Milton Caniff's influential comic strip *Terry and the Pirates,* which was set in China. One source says this story was penciled by Al Gabriele and inked by Allen Bellman—not a bad effort, whoever did it.

For the Angel, it's back to crime-stopping. One of the great mysteries of *Sub-Mariner's* parent title, *Marvel Mystery Comics* is how publisher Martin Goodman ever managed to convince himself, at least in the early days, that the Angel was destined to be a star of the magnitude of Sub-Mariner and the Human Torch.

Ah, but the Sub-Mariner, now! *There* was a hero who deserved his own comic book, if anyone ever did! By this time he may have lost the power of flight that he possessed in the early issues—but he was still flying high in terms of popularity, and would continue to do so for another few years.

The only thing that could've been the icing on the cake would have been if Namor's creator, Bill Everett, had been a 4F physical specimen, so that the stories and artwork during the WWII years, which was often quite good, would have been even better!

But Wild Bill would be back after the war—as you'll see in future editions of *Marvel Masterworks: Golden Age Sub-Mariner.*

2009

SUB-MARINER
NO. 9
SPRING ISSUE
10¢
ALSO 20 PAGES OF
THE ANGEL

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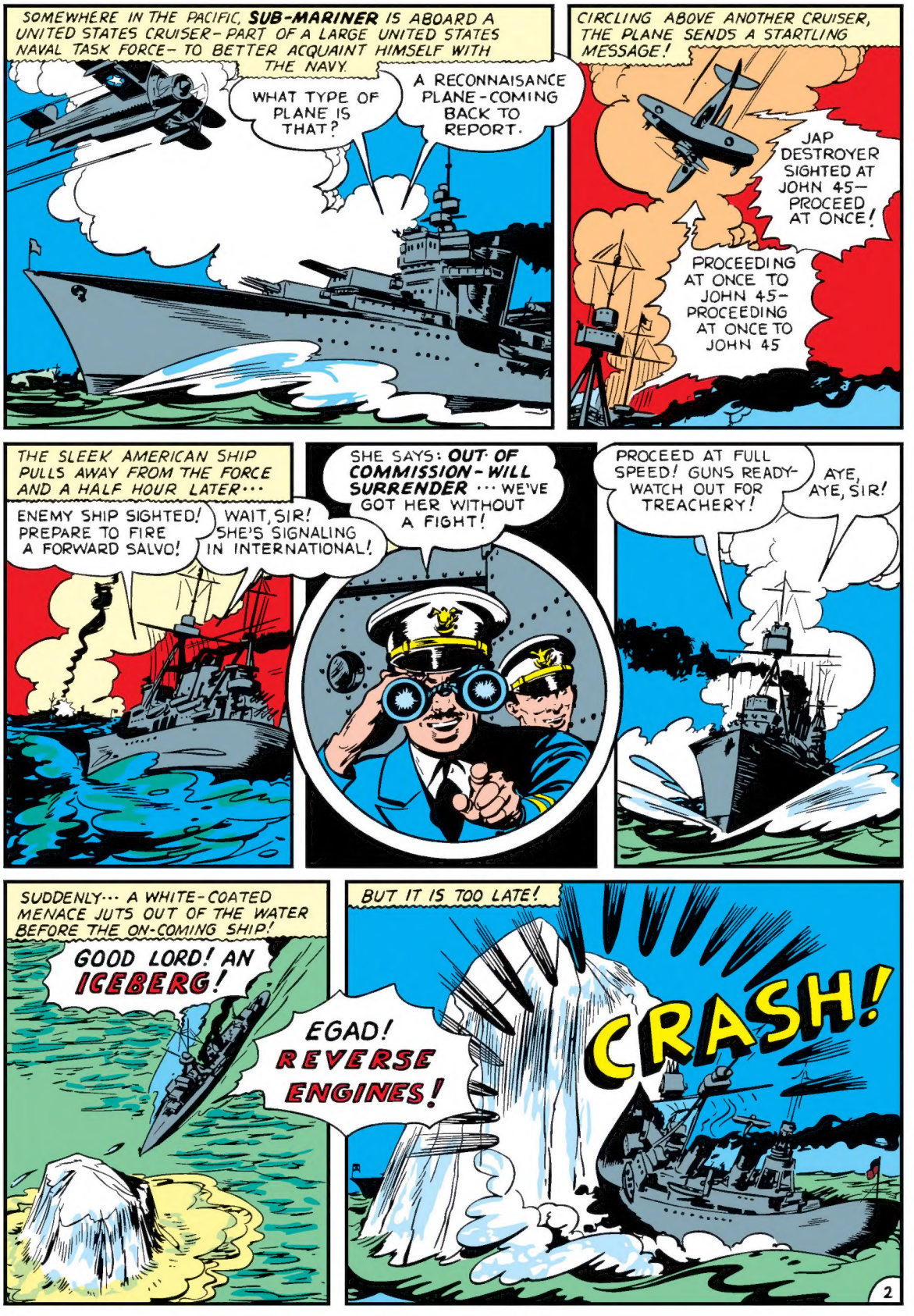
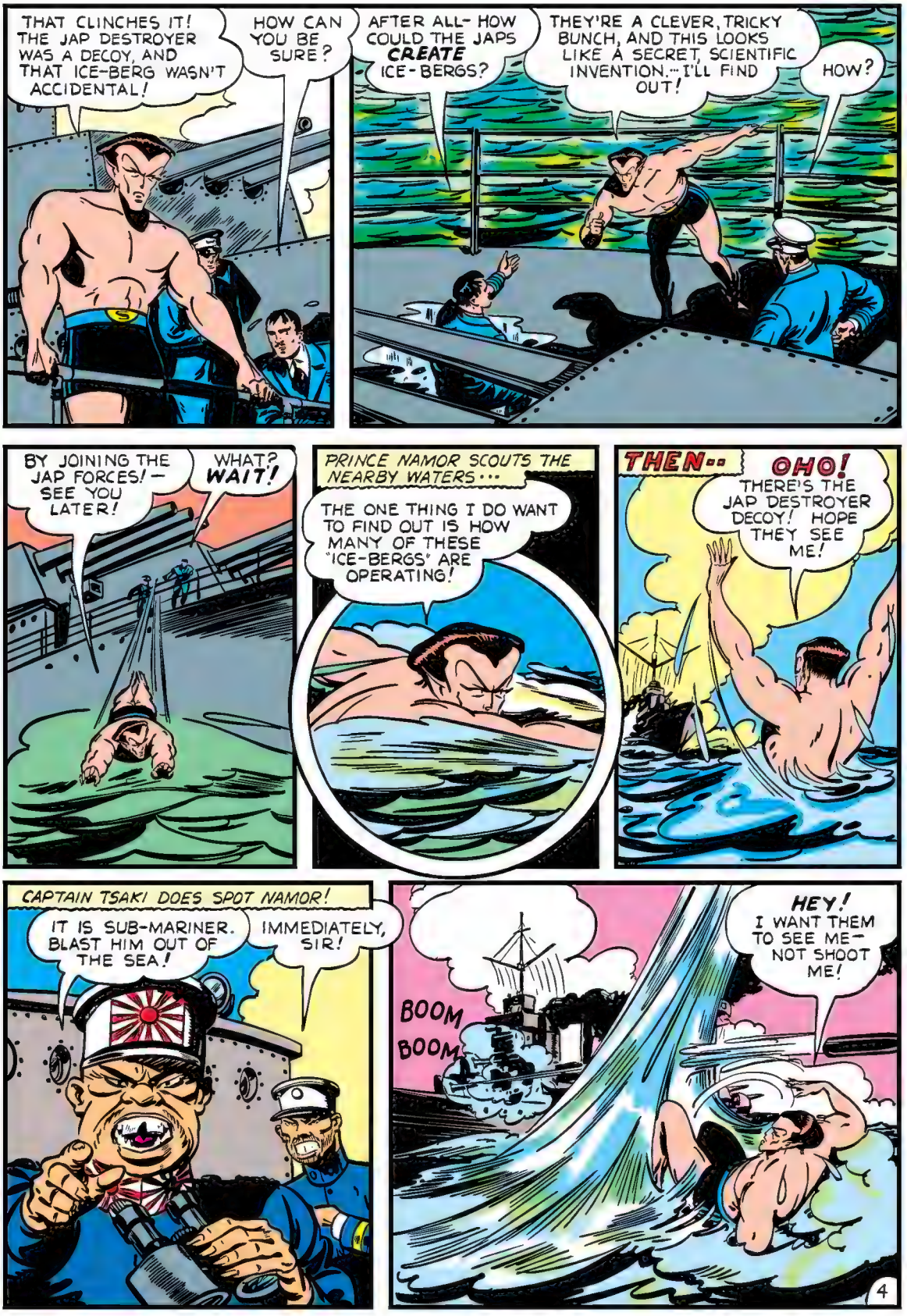
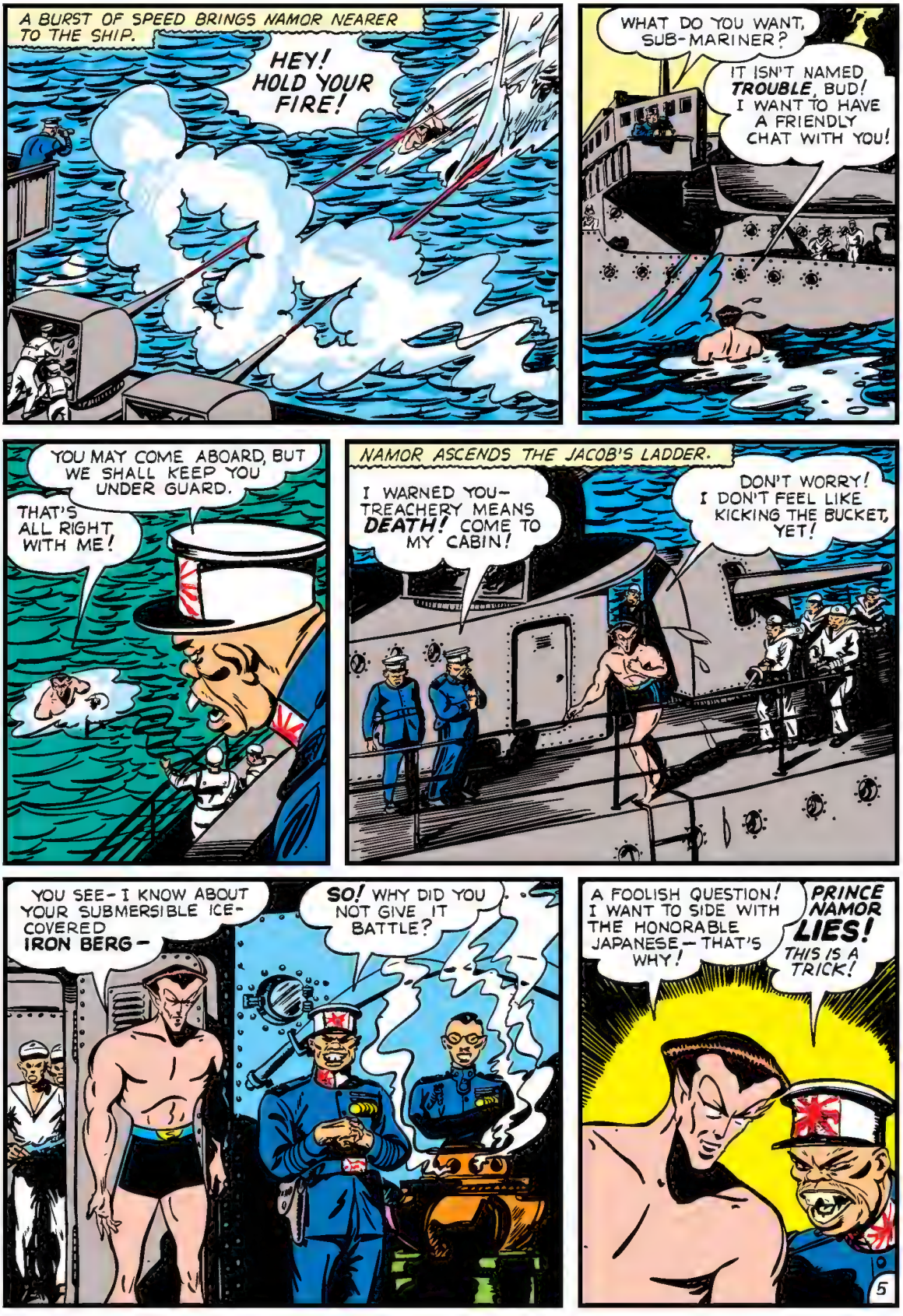
SUB-MARINER

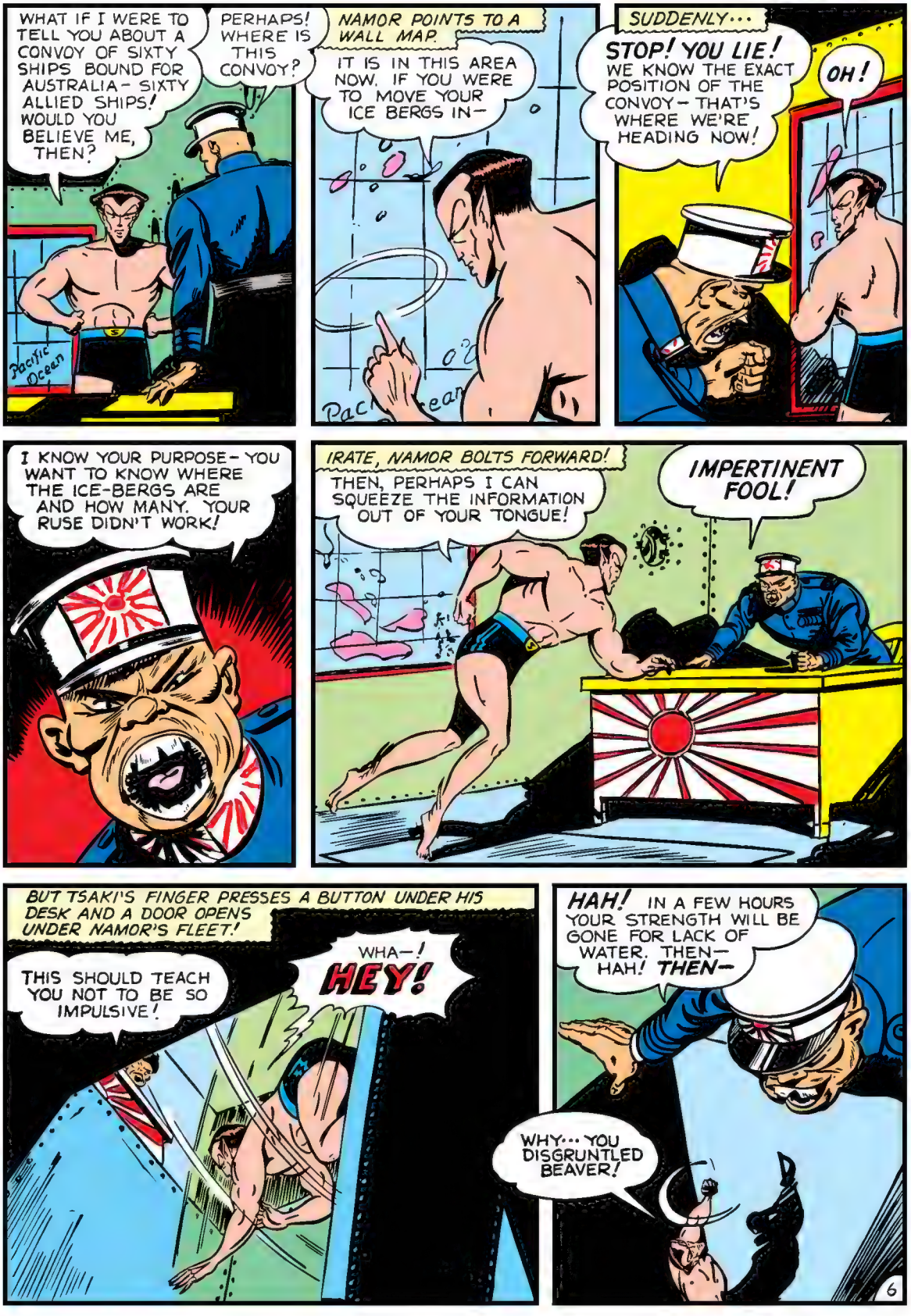
TERROR OF THE FLOATING FORTRESSES

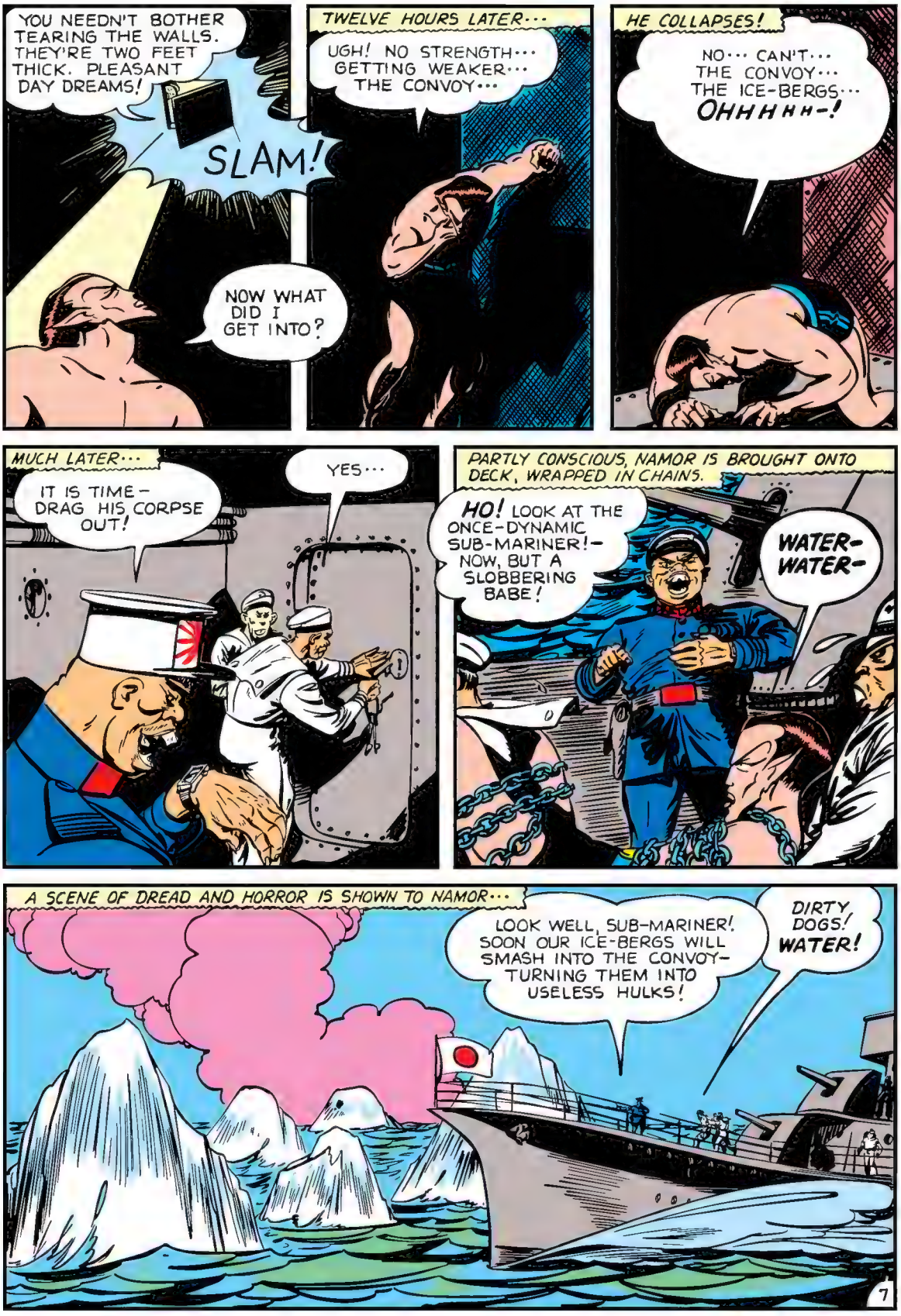

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC, SUB-MARINER IS ABOARD A UNITED STATES CRUISER- PART OF A LARGE UNITED STATES NAVAL TASK FORCE- TO BETTER ACQUAINT HIMSELF WITH THE NAVY
WHAT TYPE OF PLANE IS THAT?
A RECONNAISANCE PLANE-COMING BACK TO REPORT.
CIRCLING ABOVE ANOTHER CRUISER, THE PLANE SENDS A STARTLING MESSAGE!
JAP DESTROYER SIGHTED AT JOHN 45— PROCEED AT ONCE!
PROCEEDING AT ONCE TO JOHN 45- PROCEEDING AT ONCE TO JOHN 45
THE SLEEK AMERICAN SHIP PULLS AWAY FROM THE FORCE AND A HALF HOUR LATER···
ENEMY SHIP SIGHTED! PREPARE TO FIRE A FORWARD SALVO!
WAIT, SIR! SHE'S SIGNALING IN INTERNATIONAL!
SHE SAYS: OUT OF COMMISSION - WILL SURRENDER ··· WE'VE GOT HER WITHOUT A FIGHT!
PROCEED AT FULL SPEED! GUNS READY- WATCH OUT FOR TREACHERY!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SUDDENLY··· A WHITE-COATED MENACE JUTS OUT OF THE WATER BEFORE THE ON-COMING SHIP!
GOOD LORD! AN ICEBERG!
EGAD! REVERSE ENGINES!
BUT IT IS TOO LATE!
CRASH!

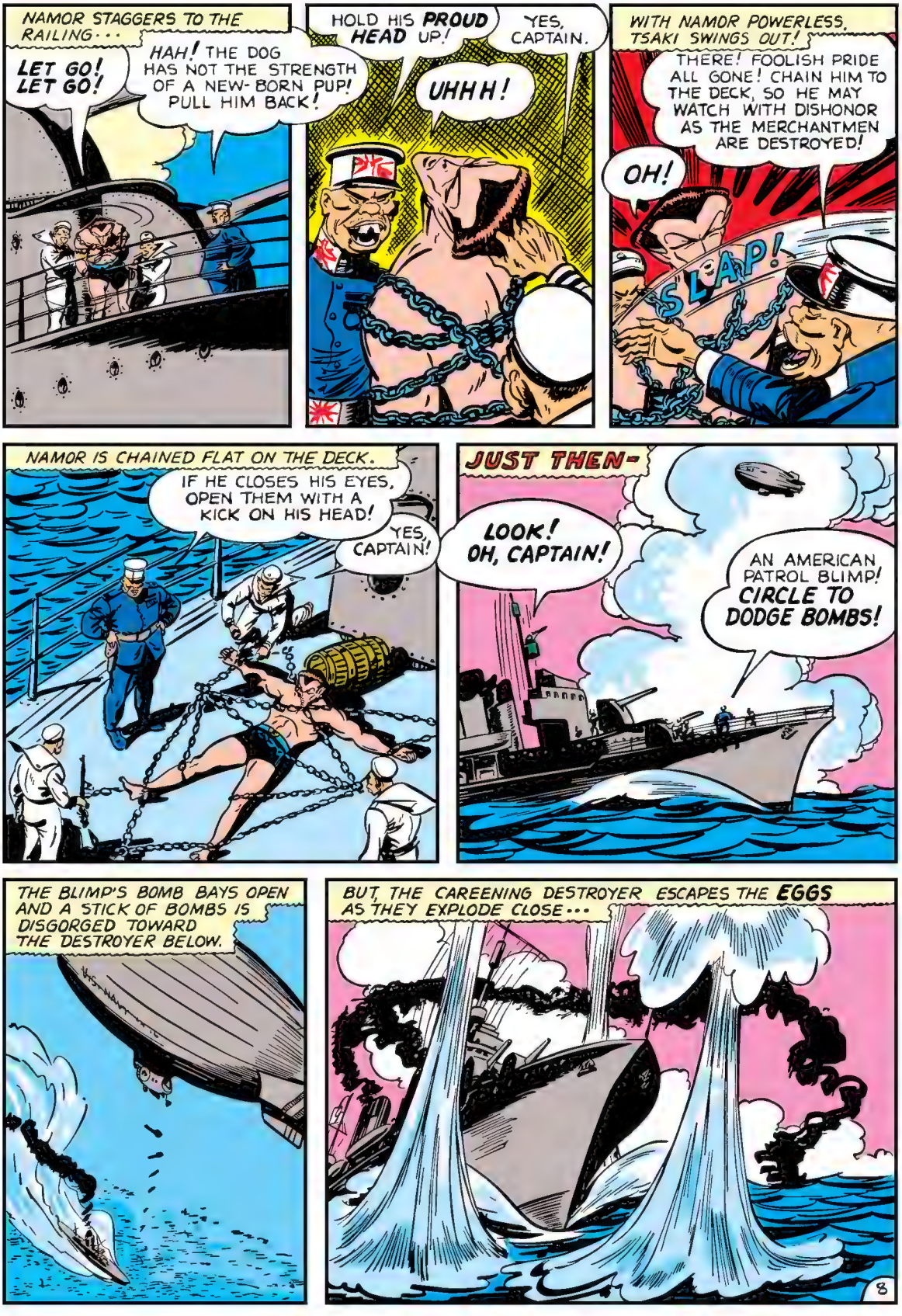
ABOARD THE JAP SHIP···
FIRE A VOLLEY INTO THE AMERICAN PIGS! — HAH! LOOK AT THEIR CRIPPLED BOAT!
BOOM! BOOM!
THE MURDERERS ARE FIRING ON US!
OUR FORWARD HULL IS ON FIRE! ABANDON SHIP BEFORE THE MAGAZINES BLOW!
LOOK! THE ICE BERG'S SINKING!
WELL— I'LL BE---! THAT JAP DESTROYER'S RUNNING AWAY! GUESS OUR BOYS ARE COMING!
THE VESSEL CARRYING PRINCE NAMOR MOVES IN TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
HARD TO SAY- RADIO OPERATOR SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN ICE BERG. THE CRUISER SUNK IN FIVE MINUTES.
THAT'S CAPTAIN PRESNER. HE COMMANDED THE CRUISER.
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO HIM.
I'M VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THIS ICE-BERG, BECAUSE THERE ARE NO ICE-BERGS IN THIS VICINITY!
THAT WAS NO ORDINARY ICE-BERG— IT SHOT UP OUT OF THE WATER DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US!
WHEN WE STRUCK, IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE STEEL AGAINST STEEL, THAN STEEL AGAINST ICE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
3


THAT CLINCHES IT! THE JAP DESTROYER WAS A DECOY, AND THAT ICE-BERG WASN'T ACCIDENTAL!
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
AFTER ALL- HOW COULD THE JAPS CREATE ICE-BERGS?
THEY'RE A CLEVER, TRICKY BUNCH, AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A SECRET, SCIENTIFIC INVENTION... I'LL FIND OUT!
HOW?
BY JOINING THE JAP FORCES! — SEE YOU LATER!
WHAT? WAIT!
PRINCE NAMOR SCOUTS THE NEARBY WATERS...
THE ONE THING I DO WANT TO FIND OUT IS HOW MANY OF THESE "ICE-BERGS" ARE OPERATING!
THEN..
OHO! THERE'S THE JAP DESTROYER DECOY! HOPE THEY SEE ME!
CAPTAIN TSAKI DOES SPOT NAMOR!
IT IS SUB-MARINER. BLAST HIM OUT OF THE SEA!
IMMEDIATELY, SIR!
BOOM
BOOM
HEY! I WANT THEM TO SEE ME— NOT SHOOT ME!

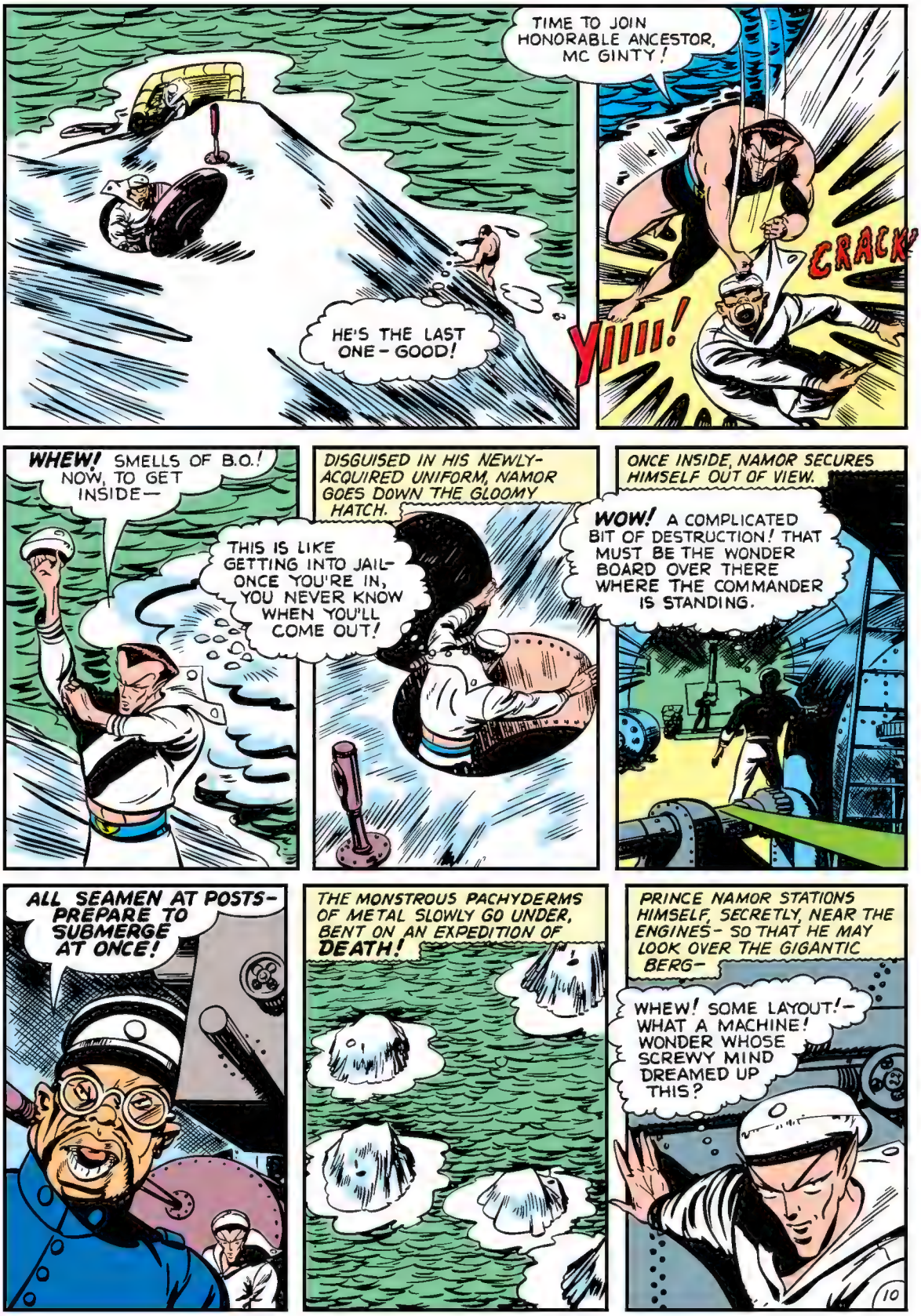

A BURST OF SPEED BRINGS NAMOR NEARER TO THE SHIP.
HEY! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, SUB-MARINER?
IT ISN'T NAMED, TROUBLE, BUD! I WANT TO HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH YOU!
YOU MAY COME ABOARD, BUT WE SHALL KEEP YOU UNDER GUARD.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, WITH ME!
NAMOR ASCENDS THE JACOB'S LADDER.
I WARNED YOU— TREACHERY MEANS DEATH! COME TO MY CABIN!
DON'T WORRY! I DON'T FEEL LIKE KICKING THE BUCKET, YET!
YOU SEE— I KNOW ABOUT YOUR SUBMERSIBLE ICE-COVERED IRON BERG—
SO! WHY DID YOU NOT GIVE IT BATTLE?
A FOOLISH QUESTION! I WANT TO SIDE WITH THE HONORABLE JAPANESE— THAT'S WHY!
PRINCE NAMOR LIES!
THIS IS A TRICK!
5

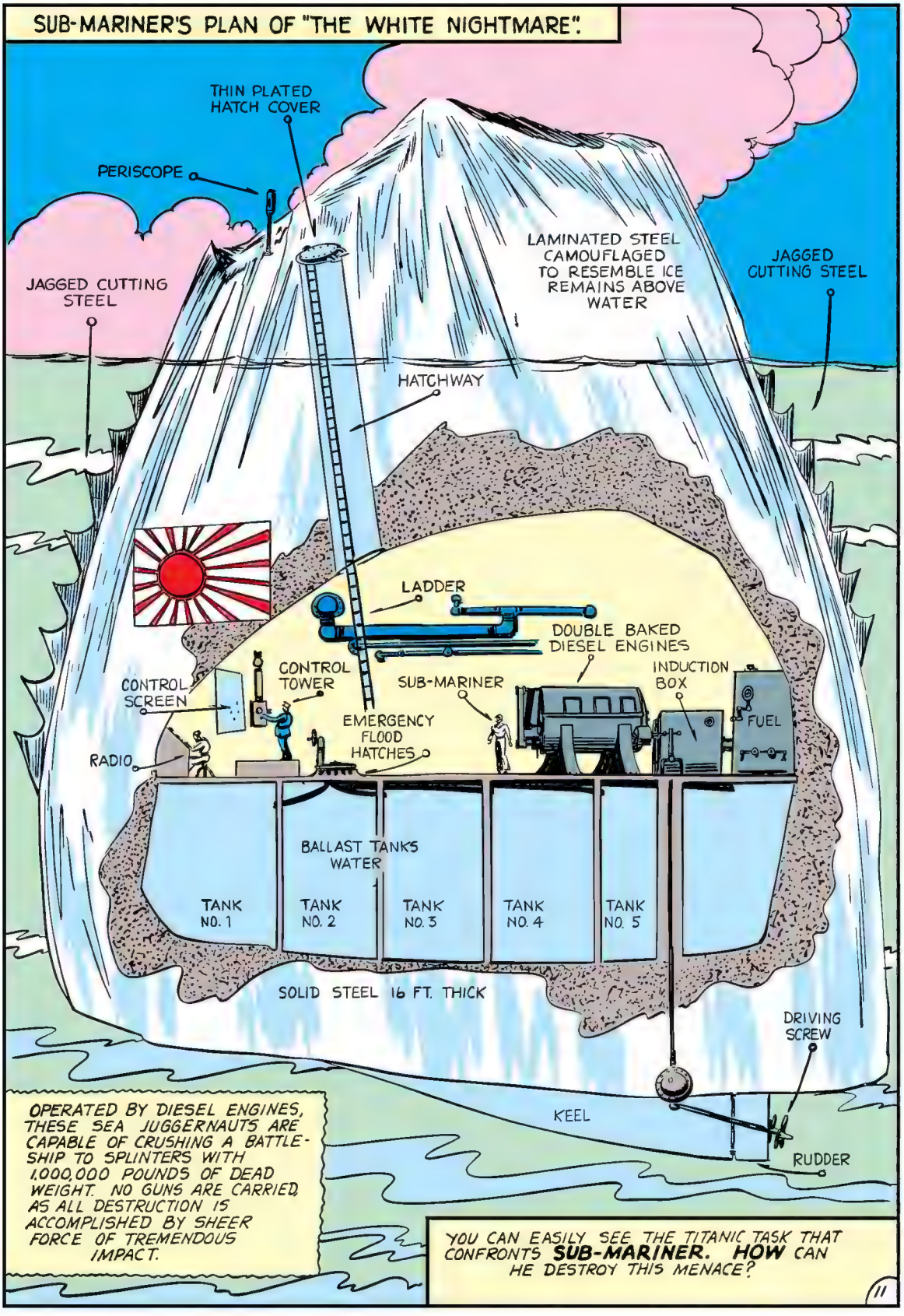

WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A CONVOY OF SIXTY SHIPS BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA - SIXTY ALLIED SHIPS! WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME, THEN?
PERHAPS! WHERE IS THIS CONVOY?
Pacific Ocean
NAMOR POINTS TO A WALL MAP.
IT IS IN THIS AREA NOW. IF YOU WERE TO MOVE YOUR ICE BERGS IN—
SUDDENLY···
STOP! YOU LIE! WE KNOW THE EXACT POSITION OF THE CONVOY - THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING NOW!
OH!
I KNOW YOUR PURPOSE - YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE ICE-BERGS ARE AND HOW MANY. YOUR RUSE DIDN'T WORK!
IRATE, NAMOR BOLTS FORWARD!
THEN, PERHAPS I CAN SQUEEZE THE INFORMATION OUT OF YOUR TONGUE!
IMPERTINENT FOOL!
BUT TSAKI'S FINGER PRESSES A BUTTON UNDER HIS DESK AND A DOOR OPENS UNDER NAMOR'S FLEET!
THIS SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO BE SO IMPULSIVE!
WHA—!
HEY!
HAH! IN A FEW HOURS YOUR STRENGTH WILL BE GONE FOR LACK OF WATER. THEN— HAH! THEN—
WHY··· YOU DISGRUNTLED BEAVER!
6


YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER TEARING THE WALLS. THEY'RE TWO FEET THICK. PLEASANT DAY DREAMS!
SLAM!
NOW WHAT DID I GET INTO?
TWELVE HOURS LATER···
UGH! NO STRENGTH··· GETTING WEAKER··· THE CONVOY···
HE COLLAPSES!
NO··· CAN'T··· THE CONVOY··· THE ICE-BERGS··· OHHHHH-!
MUCH LATER···
IT IS TIME— DRAG HIS CORPSE OUT!
YES···
PARTLY CONSCIOUS, NAMOR IS BROUGHT ONTO DECK, WRAPPED IN CHAINS.
HO! LOOK AT THE ONCE-DYNAMIC SUB-MARINER!— NOW, BUT A SLOBBERING BABE!
WATER- WATER-
A SCENE OF DREAD AND HORROR IS SHOWN TO NAMOR···
LOOK WELL, SUB-MARINER! SOON OUR ICE-BERGS WILL SMASH INTO THE CONVOY— TURNING THEM INTO USELESS HULKS!
DIRTY DOGS! WATER!

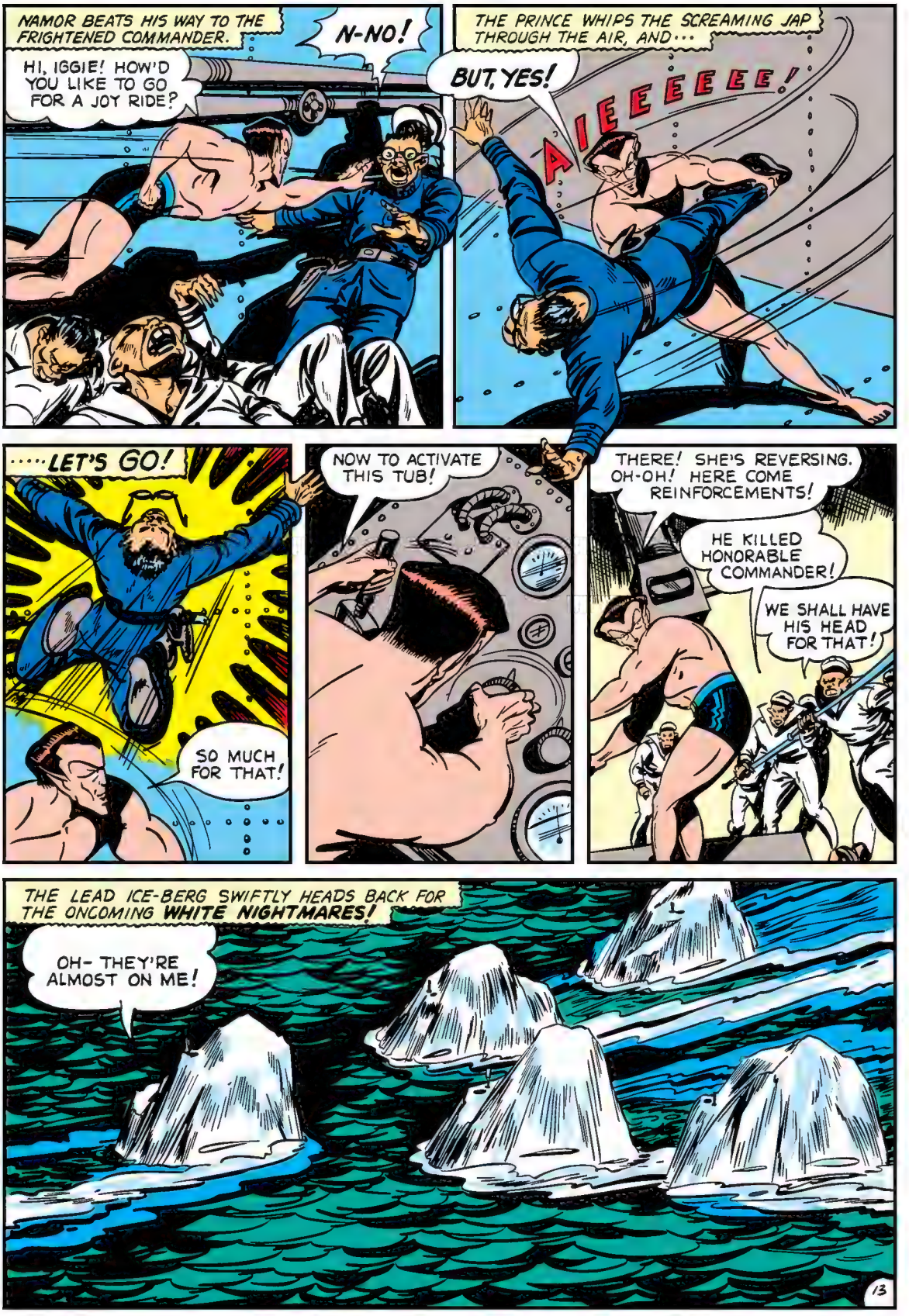

NAMOR STAGGERS TO THE RAILING...
LET GO! LET GO!
HAH! THE DOG HAS NOT THE STRENGTH OF A NEW-BORN PUP! PULL HIM BACK!
HOLD HIS PROUD HEAD UP!
YES, CAPTAIN.
UHHH!
WITH NAMOR POWERLESS, TSAKI SWINGS OUT!
THERE! FOOLISH PRIDE ALL GONE! CHAIN HIM TO THE DECK, SO HE MAY WATCH WITH DISHONOR AS THE MERCHANTMEN ARE DESTROYED!
OH!
SLAP!
NAMOR IS CHAINED FLAT ON THE DECK.
IF HE CLOSES HIS EYES, OPEN THEM WITH A KICK ON HIS HEAD!
YES, CAPTAIN!
JUST THEN-
LOOK! OH, CAPTAIN!
AN AMERICAN PATROL BLIMP! CIRCLE TO DODGE BOMBS!
THE BLIMP'S BOMB BAYS OPEN AND A STICK OF BOMBS IS DISGORGED TOWARD THE DESTROYER BELOW.
BUT, THE CAREENING DESTROYER ESCAPES THE EGGS AS THEY EXPLODE CLOSE...
8

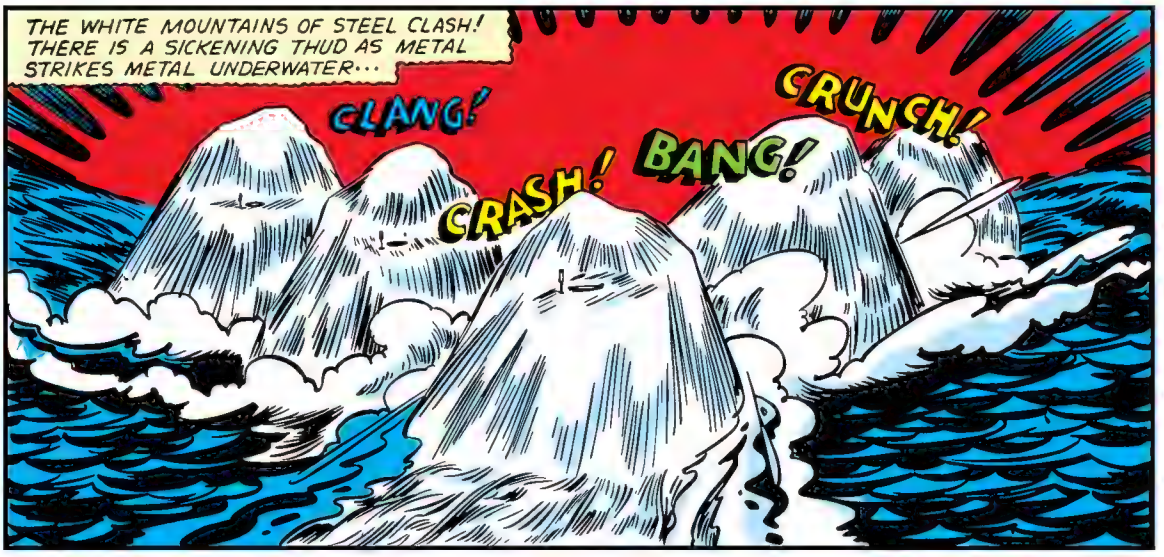
A FLOOD OF LIFE-GIVING WATER IS SPREAD OVER NAMOR···
SPLASH!
UH-H!
WATER!
AHHHH! MY PORES ARE DRINKING IT IN— I'M FEELING GREAT ALREADY!
MIGHTY MUSCLES FLEX AND CHAINS SNAP, AS NAMOR FREES HIMSELF!
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATH TO PUT ME INTO CONDITION AGAIN!
SNAP!
CRACK!
SO LONG, SOUR-PUSS! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!
BY THE EMPORER— HE'S FREE!
BY THE SEVEN HORRORS! THIS IS TERRIBLE!
SWEET DREAMS, DREADFUL!
WHILE, UNDERWATER···
SO! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE STEEL REFRIGERATORS! LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING ON THE SURFACE···
PRINCE NAMOR SURFACES···
OH-OH! TAKING ON SOME CREW— THAT'S GOOD! WONDER HOW I'D LOOK IN ONE OF THOSE JAP BURLAP BAGS?

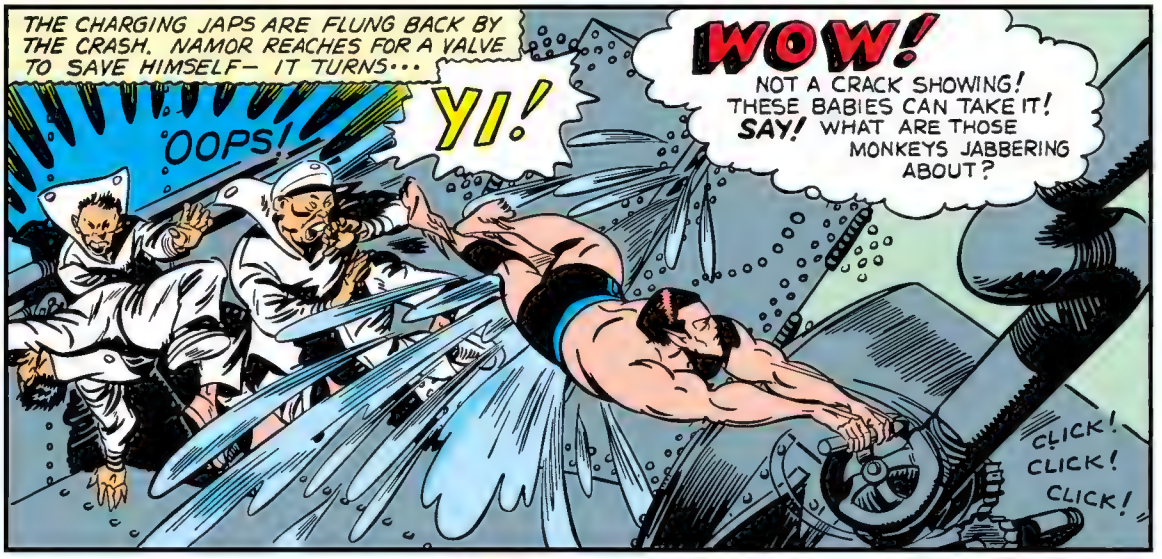

TIME TO JOIN HONORABLE ANCESTOR, MC GINTY!
HE'S THE LAST ONE - GOOD!
CRACK
YIIII!
WHEW! SMELLS OF B.O.! NOW, TO GET INSIDE—
THIS IS LIKE GETTING INTO JAIL- ONCE YOU'RE IN, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'LL COME OUT!
DISGUISED IN HIS NEWLY-ACQUIRED UNIFORM, NAMOR GOES DOWN THE GLOOMY HATCH.
ONCE INSIDE, NAMOR SECURES HIMSELF OUT OF VIEW.
WOW! A COMPLICATED BIT OF DESTRUCTION! THAT MUST BE THE WONDER BOARD OVER THERE WHERE THE COMMANDER IS STANDING.
ALL SEAMEN AT POSTS- PREPARE TO SUBMERGE AT ONCE!
THE MONSTROUS PACHYDERMS OF METAL SLOWLY GO UNDER, BENT ON AN EXPEDITION OF DEATH!
PRINCE NAMOR STATIONS HIMSELF, SECRETLY, NEAR THE ENGINES - SO THAT HE MAY LOOK OVER THE GIGANTIC BERG—
WHEW! SOME LAYOUT!— WHAT A MACHINE! WONDER WHOSE SCREWY MIND DREAMED UP THIS?


SUB-MARINER'S PLAN OF "THE WHITE NIGHTMARE".
THIN PLATED HATCH COVER
PERISCOPE
JAGGED CUTTING STEEL
LAMINATED STEEL CAMOUFLAGED TO RESEMBLE ICE REMAINS ABOVE WATER
JAGGED CUTTING STEEL
HATCHWAY
LADDER
DOUBLE BAKED DIESEL ENGINES
CONTROL SCREEN
CONTROL TOWER
SUB-MARINER
INDUCTION BOX
FUEL
EMERGENCY FLOOD HATCHES
RADIO
BALLAST TANKS WATER
TANK NO. 1
TANK NO. 2
TANK NO. 3
TANK NO. 4
TANK NO. 5
SOLID STEEL 16 FT. THICK
DRIVING SCREW
KEEL
RUDDER
OPERATED BY DIESEL ENGINES, THESE SEA JUGGERNAUTS ARE CAPABLE OF CRUSHING A BATTLE-SHIP TO SPLINTERS WITH 1,000,000 POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT. NO GUNS ARE CARRIED, AS ALL DESTRUCTION IS ACCOMPLISHED BY SHEER FORCE OF TREMENDOUS IMPACT.
YOU CAN EASILY SEE THE TITANIC TASK THAT CONFRONTS SUB-MARINER. HOW CAN HE DESTROY THIS MENACE?
11

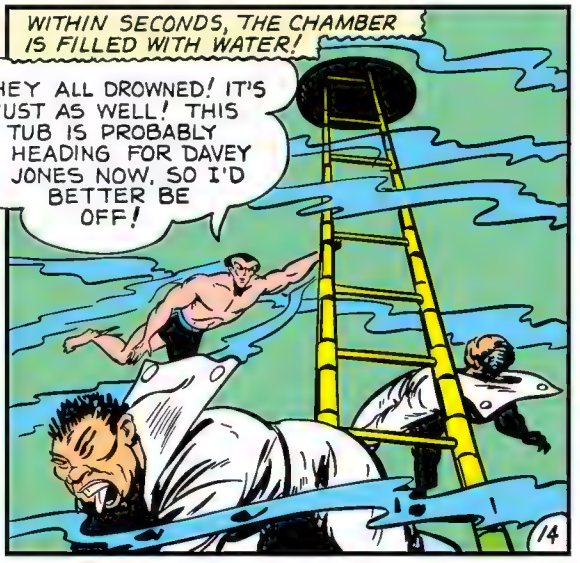
DISCARDING HIS UNIFORM, NAMOR BOLDLY STEPS OUT OF HIDING.
THAT SCREEN MUST GIVE THE POSITION OF THESE ICE-BOXES AND THAT OF THE CONVOY THEY ARE APPROACHING. SWELL! — THAT V FORMATION GIVES ME AN IDEA.
C'MON, NIPS! I FEEL LIKE NIPPING!
SUB-MARINER!
KILL THE INFERNAL SUB-MARINER!
THE JAPS RUSH HIM — BUT THE MAN OF WATER HURLS HIS OPPOSITION TO ALL SIDES!
ENOUGH OF THIS TIME-WASTING! I WANT THE HEAD MAN OF THIS CAKE OF ICE!
YI·I·I·PES!
SMACK!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
12

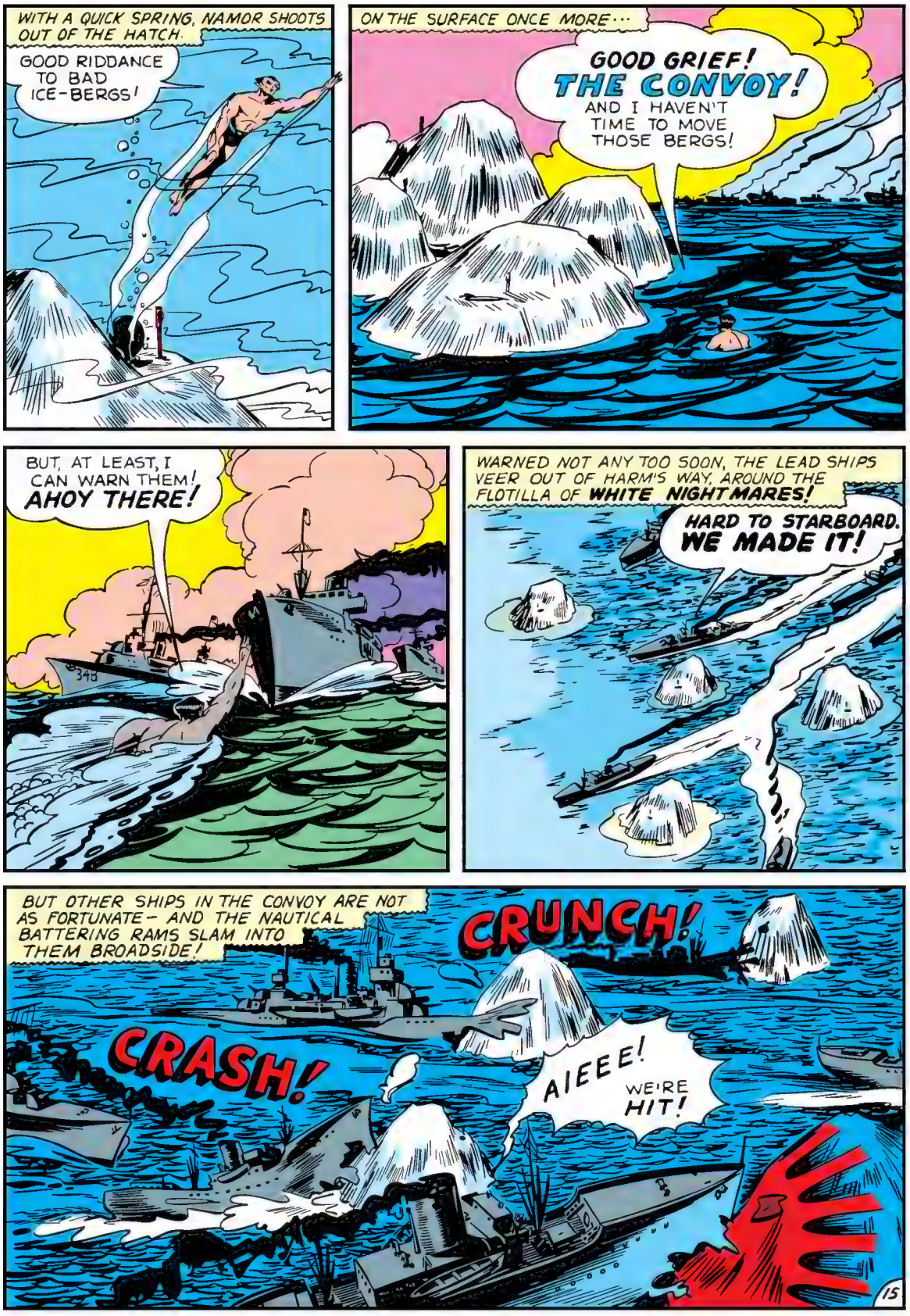

NAMOR BEATS HIS WAY TO THE FRIGHTENED COMMANDER.
N-NO!
HI, IGGIE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A JOY RIDE?
THE PRINCE WHIPS THE SCREAMING JAP THROUGH THE AIR, AND···
BUT, YES!
AIEEEEEEE!
·····LET'S GO!
SO MUCH FOR THAT!
NOW TO ACTIVATE THIS TUB!
THERE! SHE'S REVERSING. OH-OH! HERE COME REINFORCEMENTS!
HE KILLED HONORABLE COMMANDER!
WE SHALL HAVE HIS HEAD FOR THAT!
THE LEAD ICE-BERG SWIFTLY HEADS BACK FOR THE ONCOMING WHITE NIGHTMARES!
OH- THEY'RE ALMOST ON ME!
13

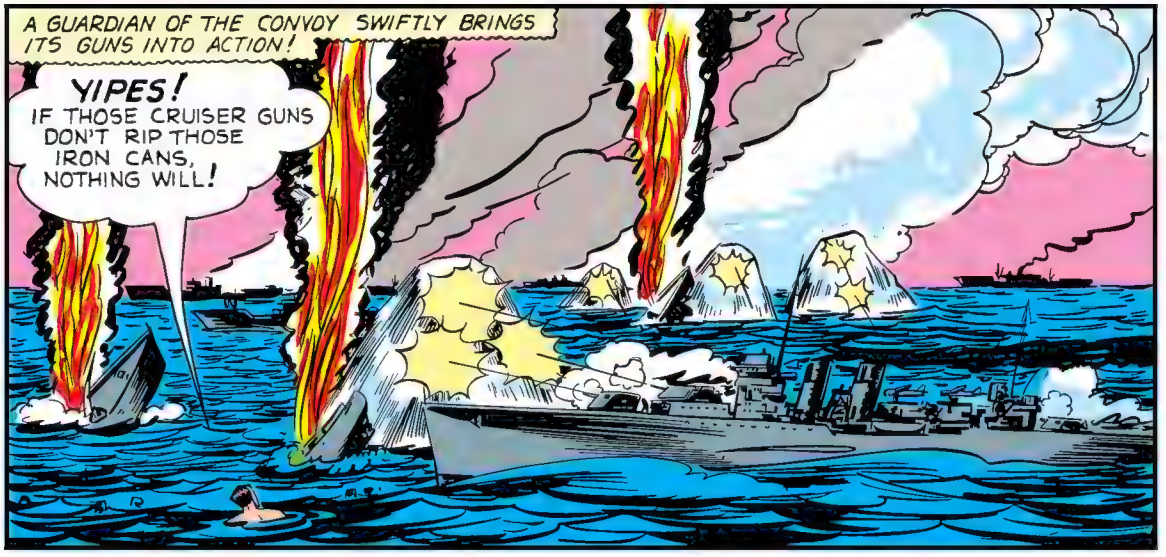

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF STEEL CLASH! THERE IS A SICKENING THUD AS METAL STRIKES METAL UNDERWATER···
CLANG!
CRASH!
BANG!
CRUNCH!


THE CHARGING JAPS ARE FLUNG BACK BY THE CRASH. NAMOR REACHES FOR A VALVE TO SAVE HIMSELF— IT TURNS···
OOPS!
YI!
WOW!
NOT A CRACK SHOWING! THESE BABIES CAN TAKE IT! SAY! WHAT ARE THOSE MONKEYS JABBERING ABOUT?
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

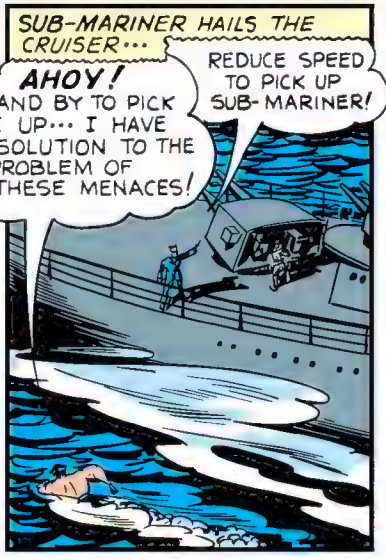
SUDDENLY, A GREAT WALL OF WATER POURS INTO THE HOLD!
BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD! THAT VALVE I TURNED OPENED THE EMERGENCY BALLAST— GREAT!


WITHIN SECONDS, THE CHAMBER IS FILLED WITH WATER!
THEY ALL DROWNED! IT'S JUST AS WELL! THIS TUB IS PROBABLY HEADING FOR DAVEY JONES NOW. SO I'D BETTER BE OFF!
14


WITH A QUICK SPRING, NAMOR SHOOTS OUT OF THE HATCH.
GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD ICE-BERGS!
ON THE SURFACE ONCE MORE···
GOOD GRIEF! THE CONVOY!
AND I HAVEN'T TIME TO MOVE THOSE BERGS!
BUT, AT LEAST, I CAN WARN THEM! AHOY THERE!
WARNED NOT ANY TOO SOON, THE LEAD SHIPS VEER OUT OF HARM'S WAY, AROUND THE FLOTILLA OF WHITE NIGHTMARES!
HARD TO STARBOARD. WE MADE IT!
BUT OTHER SHIPS IN THE CONVOY ARE NOT AS FORTUNATE – AND THE NAUTICAL BATTERING RAMS SLAM INTO THEM BROADSIDE!
CRUNCH!
CRASH!
AIEEE! WE'RE HIT!
15


A GUARDIAN OF THE CONVOY SWIFTLY BRINGS ITS GUNS INTO ACTION!
YIPES! IF THOSE CRUISER GUNS DON'T RIP THOSE IRON CANS, NOTHING WILL!

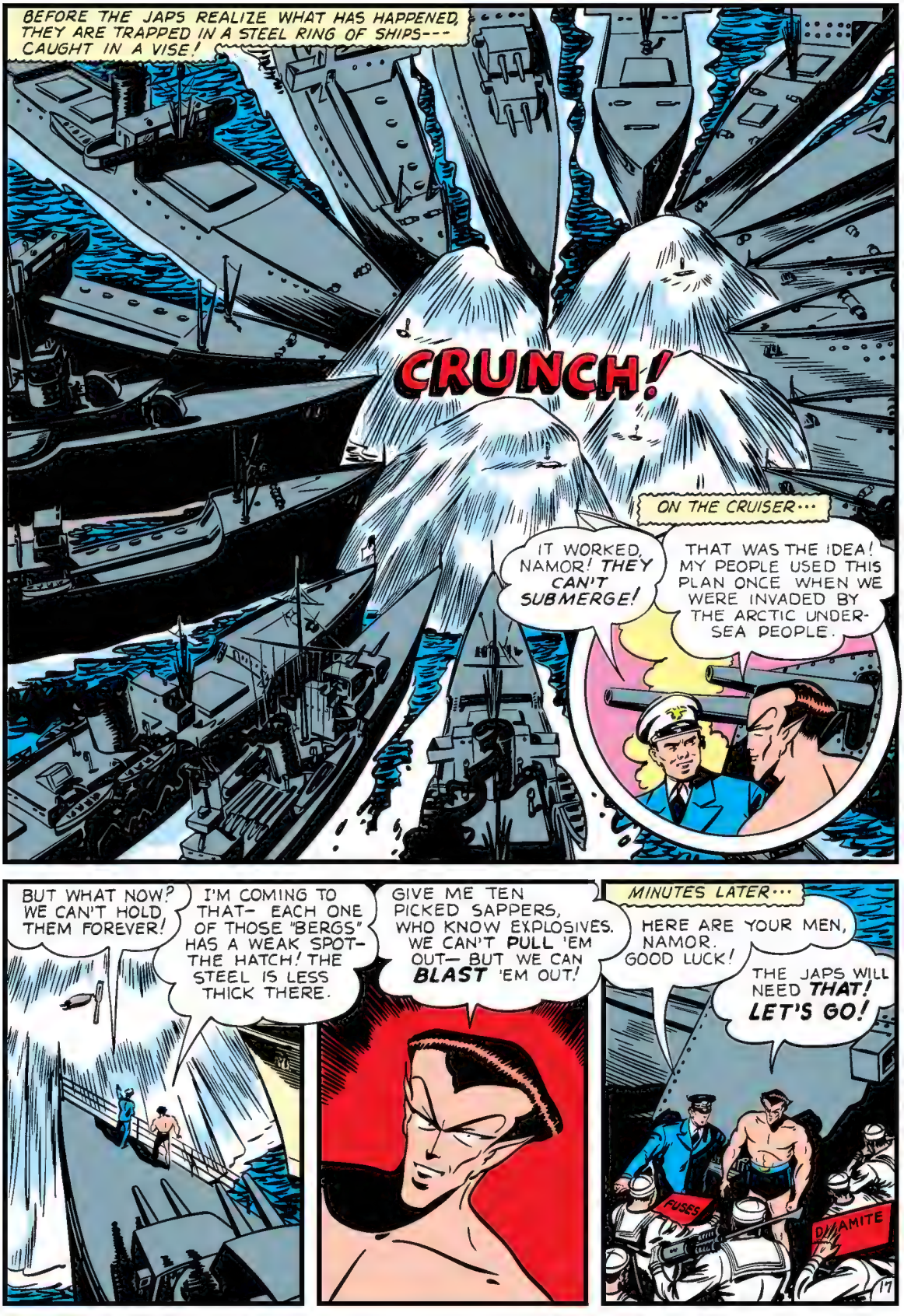
WOW! - DIDN'T EVEN DENT THEM! ··· I REMEMBER AN INCIDENT IN HISTORY THAT COULD BE REPEATED···


SUB-MARINER HAILS THE CRUISER···
AHOY! STAND BY TO PICK ME UP··· I HAVE A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF THESE MENACES!
REDUCE SPEED TO PICK UP SUB-MARINER!

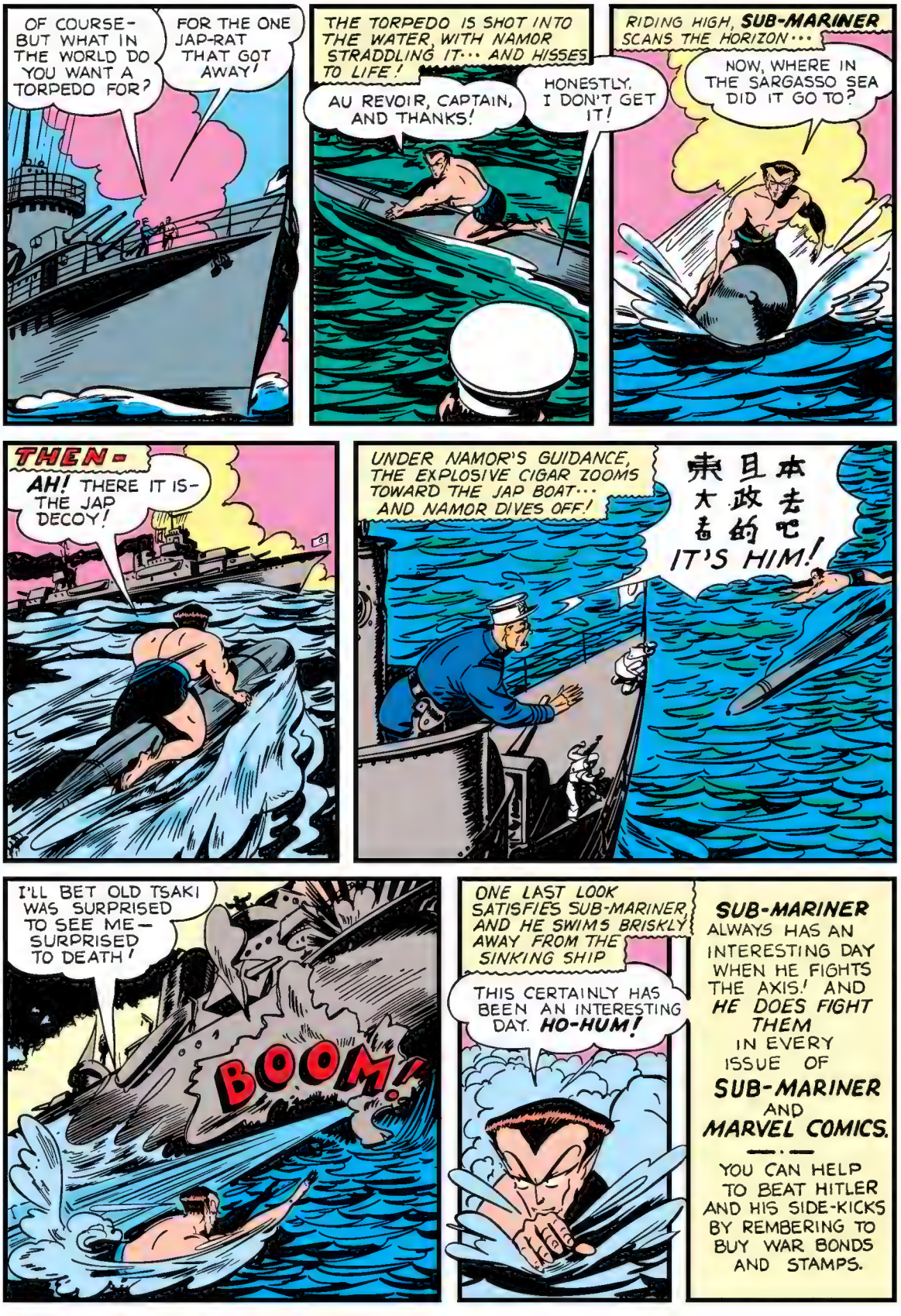
ON BOARD···
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, NAMOR?
RADIO THE OTHER SHIPS, CAPTAIN- AND TELL THEM TO DO THIS···

THE RADIO HUMS OUT A RED-HOT PLAN···
ATTENTION ALL SHIPS- TAKE UP CIRCULAR FORMATION AND-

ACTING CONCERTEDLY, THE VAST ARMADA FORMS A RING OF STEEL AROUND THE GROUPED ICE-BERGS.
NOW- CLOSE IN!


BEFORE THE JAPS REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THEY ARE TRAPPED IN A STEEL RING OF SHIPS--- CAUGHT IN A VISE!
CRUNCH!
ON THE CRUISER···
IT WORKED, NAMOR! THEY CAN'T SUBMERGE!
THAT WAS THE IDEA! MY PEOPLE USED THIS PLAN ONCE WHEN WE WERE INVADED BY THE ARCTIC UNDER-SEA PEOPLE.
BUT WHAT NOW? WE CAN'T HOLD THEM FOREVER!
I'M COMING TO THAT- EACH ONE OF THOSE "BERGS" HAS A WEAK SPOT- THE HATCH! THE STEEL IS LESS THICK THERE.
GIVE ME TEN PICKED SAPPERS, WHO KNOW EXPLOSIVES. WE CAN'T PULL 'EM OUT- BUT WE CAN BLAST 'EM OUT!
MINUTES LATER···
HERE ARE YOUR MEN, NAMOR. GOOD LUCK!
THE JAPS WILL NEED THAT! LET'S GO!
FUSES
DYNAMITE
17

THE SAPPERS, WITH NAMOR, BOARD THE MENACES.
I BELIEVE THE HATCHES ARE PLACED IN THE SAME SPOT ON ALL THESE BABIES- RIGHT HERE, SOMEWHERE.
THE HATCH IS FOUND AND THE EXPLOSIVES SET
I WANT THE PLEASURE OF OPENING THIS CAN OF SARDINES!
BANG!
SHE'S ALL YOURS, MEN! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THERE SHE GOES!
THE DELIGHTED SAILORS TOSS GRENADES DOWN THE OPEN HATCH!
THIS ONE'S LABELED HIROHITO!
AND THIS ONE'S GOT TOGO'S MONICKER ON IT!
THE PINEAPPLES TAKE A TERRIFIC TOLL···
AIEEE!
YIPES!
BLAM!
BANG!
BOOM
THE JAP CREW SURRENDERS!
GO TO IT, BOYS! DO THE SAME WITH THE OTHER THREE- THEY'LL YIELD!
GUESS THEY HAD A MOUTHFUL!
SOME TIME LATER···
WE'VE TAKEN THE CREWS OF ALL FOUR- OPENED THE BALLASTS, AND SENT THEM TO THE BOTTOM IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU NOW?
YES- GIVE ME A TORPEDO, IF YOU CAN SPARE IT!


OF COURSE— BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT A TORPEDO FOR?
FOR THE ONE JAP-RAT THAT GOT AWAY!
THE TORPEDO IS SHOT INTO THE WATER, WITH NAMOR STRADDLING IT··· AND HISSES TO LIFE!
AU REVOIR, CAPTAIN, AND THANKS!
HONESTLY, I DON'T GET IT!
RIDING HIGH, SUB-MARINER SCANS THE HORIZON···
NOW, WHERE IN THE SARGASSO SEA DID IT GO TO?
THEN-
AH! THERE IT IS— THE JAP DECOY!
UNDER NAMOR'S GUIDANCE, THE EXPLOSIVE CIGAR ZOOMS TOWARD THE JAP BOAT··· AND NAMOR DIVES OFF!
東日本
大政去
毛的吧
IT'S HIM!
I'LL BET OLD TSAKI WAS SURPRISED TO SEE ME— SURPRISED TO DEATH!
BOOM!
ONE LAST LOOK SATISFIES SUB-MARINER, AND HE SWIMS BRISKLY AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP
THIS CERTAINLY HAS BEEN AN INTERESTING DAY. HO-HUM!
SUB-MARINER ALWAYS HAS AN INTERESTING DAY WHEN HE FIGHTS THE AXIS! AND HE DOES FIGHT THEM IN EVERY ISSUE OF SUB-MARINER AND MARVEL COMICS.
YOU CAN HELP TO BEAT HITLER AND HIS SIDE-KICKS BY REMBERING TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

TOMING
TO GREATER
THRILLS
MYSTERY
ACTION
PATRIOTISM
IN THE
BIG NEW
SPRING ISSUE OF
THE HUMAN TORCH
Plus
20
THRILLING PAGES OF
THE
SUB-
MARINER
—Undersea Avenger!
ON
SALE
SOON!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
1940
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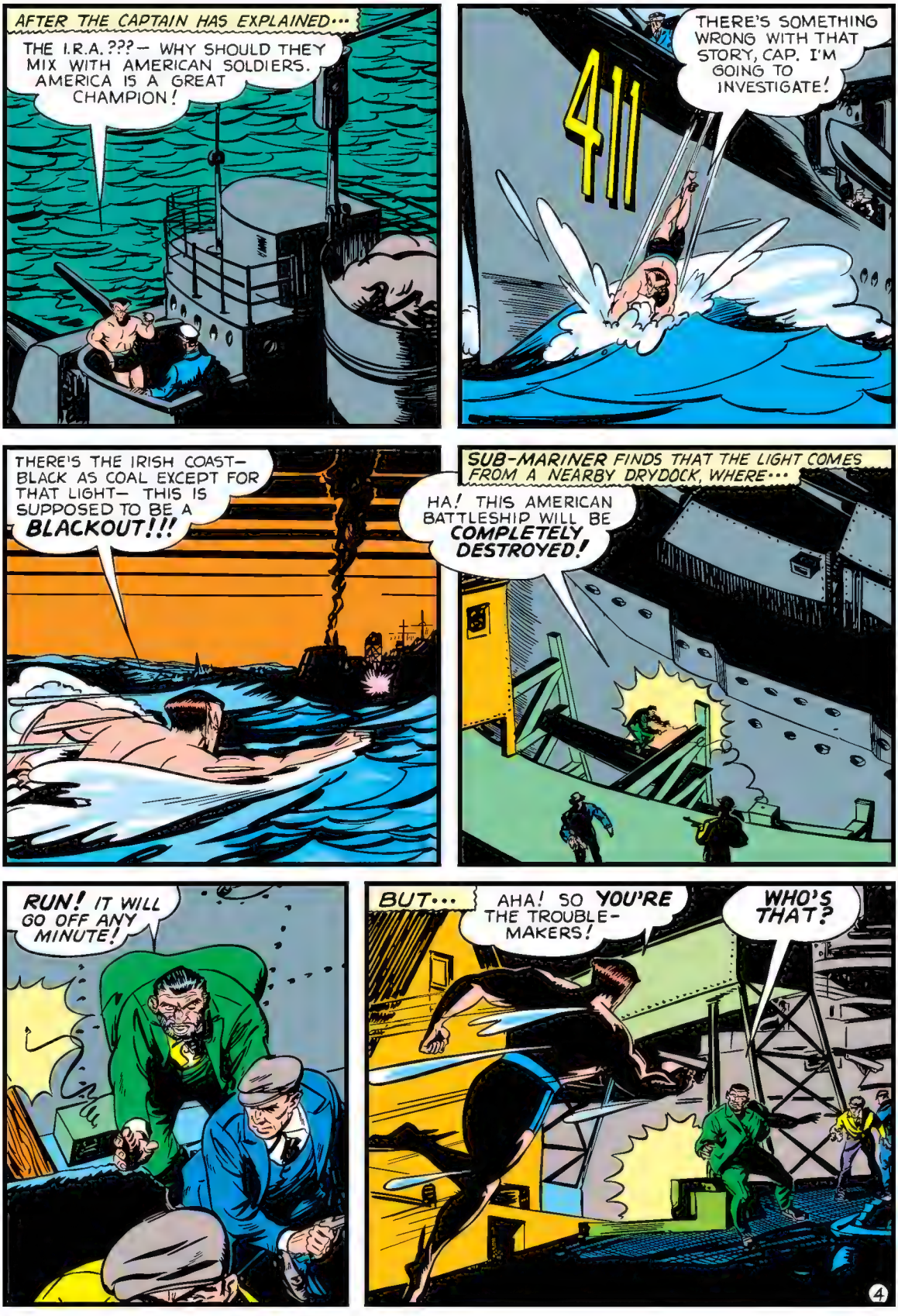
1947
SUB-MARINER
OIL
STORAG
THE
GREEN
ISLAND
MENACE

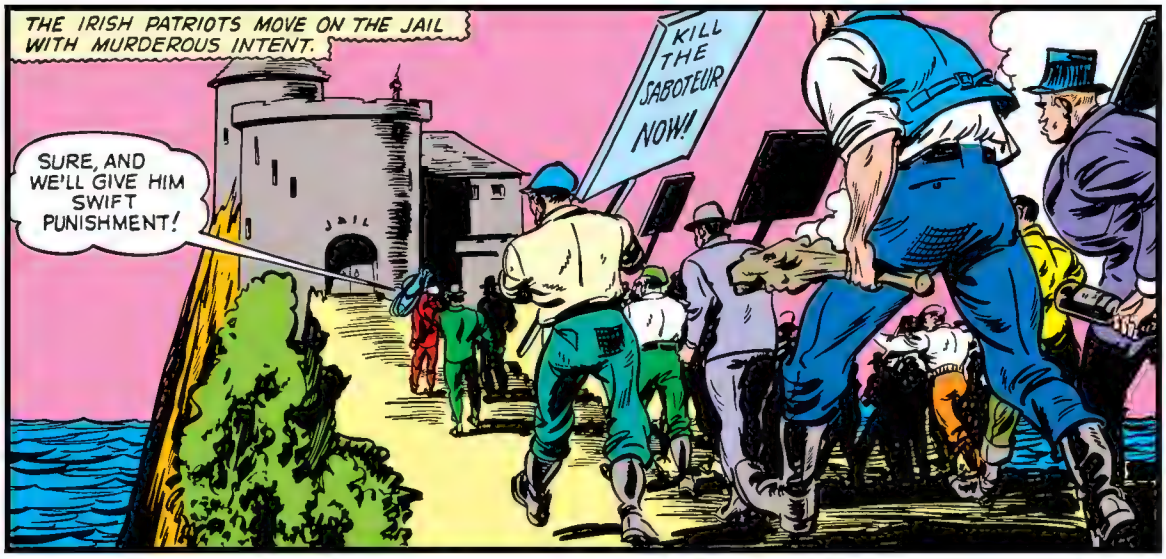
WHEN THE FIRST GROUP OF AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS LANDED IN IRELAND, SINISTER FIFTH COLUMNISTS WERE ALREADY INCITING THE IRISH PEOPLE TO PROTEST.
THEY ARE INVADING OUR LAND!
THEY WILL BRING NAZI BOMBS DOWN ON US!
QUARRELLING BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS BECAME FREQUENT.
I HEARD HIM CURSE YOUR LAND!
WHY, YOU—
WHA-?
THEN VON KLUTZ, THE DANGEROUS NAZI LEADER, CALLED HIS MEN.
WE HAVE DONE WELL, BUT IT IS TIME TO CHANGE OUR TACTICS.
YOU ARE RIGHT, VON KLUTZ, JA!
AND SOON AFTER, A TERRIFYING WAVE OF EXPLOSIONS OCCURS THROUGHOUT IRELAND!
THEN THE ARSENAL AT AN AMERICAN CAMP IS BLOWN UP!
NOT A SINGLE CLUE! THIS HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED, MAYOR!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
U.S. ARMY AMBUL
"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC." THE I.R.A.
2

I.R.A.! THE OUTLAWED IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY!
ROUND UP EVERY FORMER LEADER OF THE I.R.A. IMMEDIATELY!
YES SIR!
I.R.A.
WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY FOUR HOURS...
INTO THAT CELL, YOU TERRORISTS! WE'LL HOLD A SPEEDY TRIAL ONCE WE PICK UP THE REST OF YE!
TERRORISTS! SURE, AN' YER MAKIN' A MISTAKE!
MEANWHILE, VON KLUTZ SNEERS.
FIRST, THE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS— THEN WE PLANT A "NOTE" CASTING SUSPICION ON THE I.R.A.
SURE. AND THE IRISH WILL NEVER SUSPECT US, VON KLUTZ.
DYN
T.N.T
SHAMROCK
I.R.A. LEADERS FORMER JAILED FOR EXPLOSIONS SABOTAGE!
BEFORE WE HAVE FINISHED, IRISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS WILL BE STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT!
HOWEVER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SUB-MARINER IS BREAKING THE SURFACE OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND, ON A MISSION OF THE UTMOST SECRECY.
THERE'S THE CONVOY THAT DELIVERED THE LAST BATCH OF OUR SOLDIERS TO IRELAND. THINK I'LL SAY HELLO.
HI, CAPTAIN! HOW'S THE EMERALD ISLE?
THINGS ARE'N'T GOING SO WELL, SUB-MARINER.
411
3

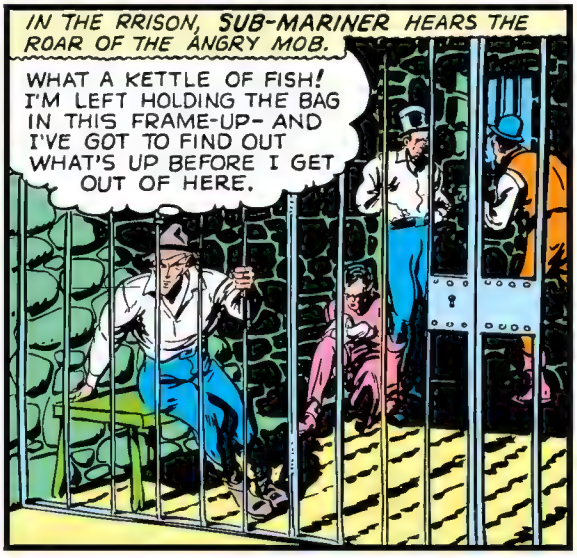

AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAS EXPLAINED···
THE I.R.A.???— WHY SHOULD THEY MIX WITH AMERICAN SOLDIERS. AMERICA IS A GREAT CHAMPION!
411
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT STORY, CAP. I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
THERE'S THE IRISH COAST— BLACK AS COAL EXCEPT FOR THAT LIGHT— THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A BLACKOUT!!!
SUB-MARINER FINDS THAT THE LIGHT COMES FROM A NEARBY DRYDOCK, WHERE···
HA! THIS AMERICAN BATTLESHIP WILL BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
RUN! IT WILL GO OFF ANY MINUTE!
BUT···
AHA! SO YOU'RE THE TROUBLE-MAKERS!
WHO'S THAT?
4

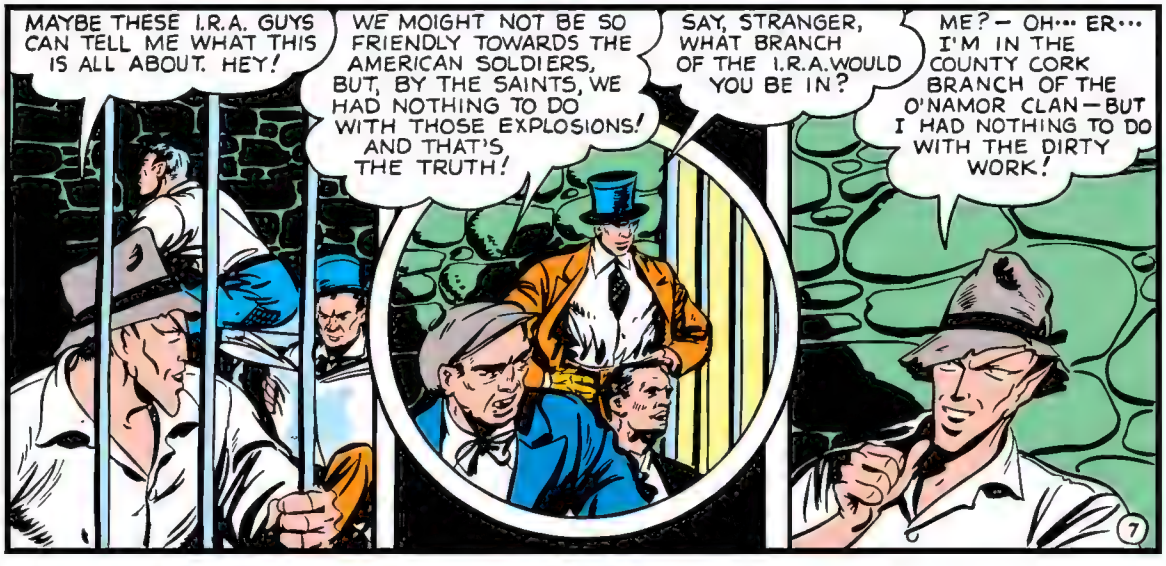
IF I COULD SEE YOU BETTER, I'D SLAM YOU HARDER!
OWW!
THE FUSE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
TOO LATE TO PUT THAT FUSE OUT!— I HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE.
AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HE SEIZES THE BOMB...
...AND HURLS IT ONTO A NEARBY STRIP OF SANDY BEACH!
BOOM
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
AND THIS IS CLOSER!
U.S. NAVY DRYDOCKS. WARNING!
MEDDLER!
GOOD WORK, VON KLUTZ!
KEEP THE LIGHTS OUT— AND GIVE ME THE CLOTHES. THE EXPLOSION WILL BRING GUARDS. HURRY!
5

A FEW MINUTES LATER··· AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND ENGLISH GUARDS RUSH TO THE SCENE.
THERE'S ONE OF 'EM KNOCKED OUT BY THE EXPLOSION!
DON'T LET 'IM GIT AWAY. 'E TRIED TO BLOW UP THE AMERICAN SHIP— BLIMEY!
HIT'S ANOTHER NOTE AN' HIT SAYS: "DOWN WITH AMERICA". SIGNED BY THE I.R.A.···
ALL RIGHT, MISTER I.R.A.— ONE FUNNY MOVE AND I PLUG YA!
HEY! YOU MUGS ARE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NO I.R.A. MAN!
WE CAUGHT YA WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME!
DESPITE SUB-MARINER'S PROTEST—
GIT ALONG WITH YE, AND JOIN YER FEATHERED FRIENDS, ME BLACK BIRD!
THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE. BOTH THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND THE IRISH POPULACE ARE AROUSED.
DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!
WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN JUSTICE!
I SAY LYNCH HIM! STORM THE JAIL HOUSE!
AYE— AYE! STORM THE JAIL HOUSE!
6


THE IRISH PATRIOTS MOVE ON THE JAIL WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.
KILL THE SABOTEUR NOW!
SURE, AND WE'LL GIVE HIM SWIFT PUNISHMENT!
JAIL

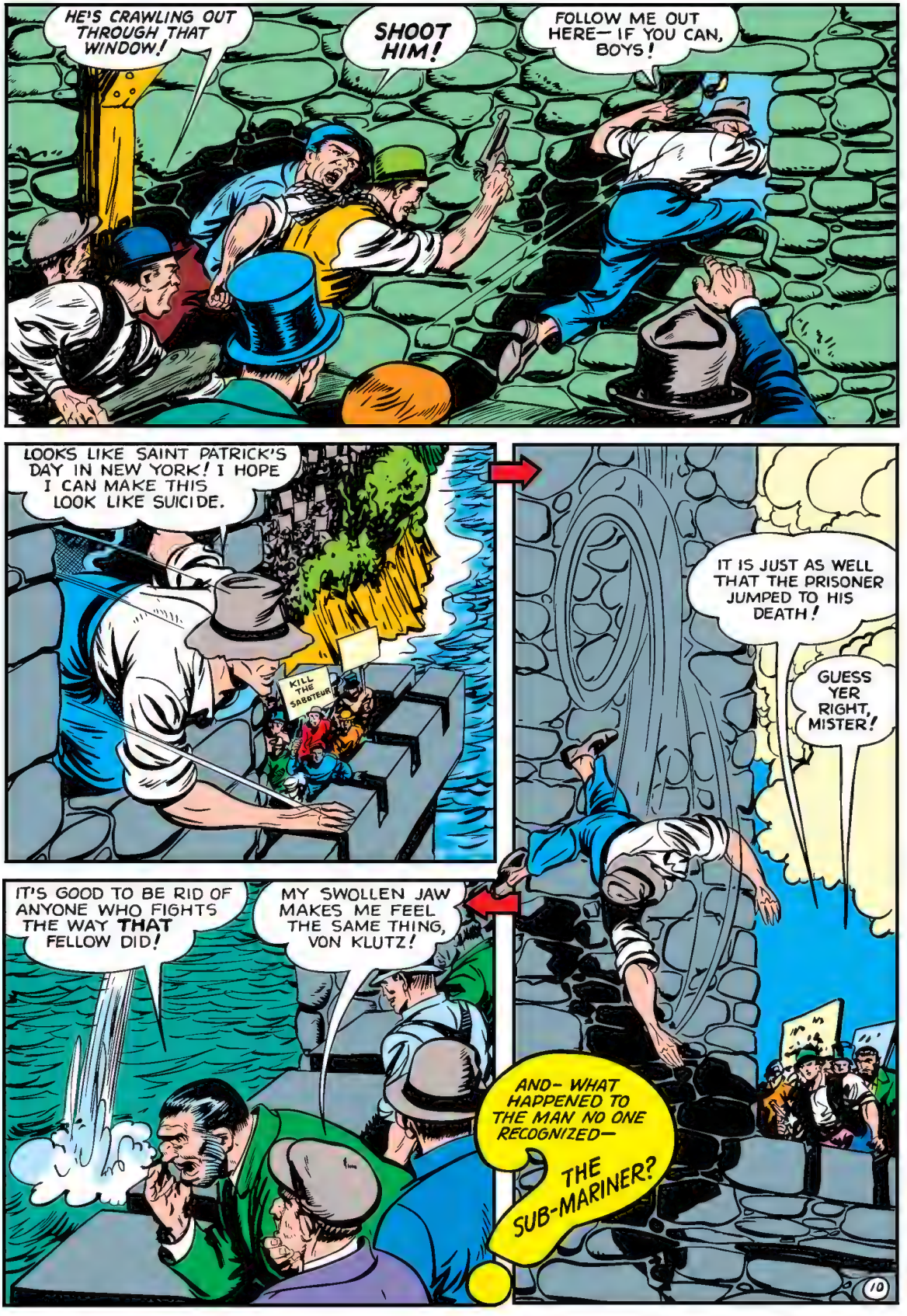
MEANWHILE, THE REAL CULPRITS ENJOY THE VICIOUS SCENE.
HA! AT LAST WE HAVE SOMEONE TO BLAME! IT WILL NOW BE EASIER THAN EVER TO DO OUR WORK- JA!
IRELAN
FROM THE SABOTEU

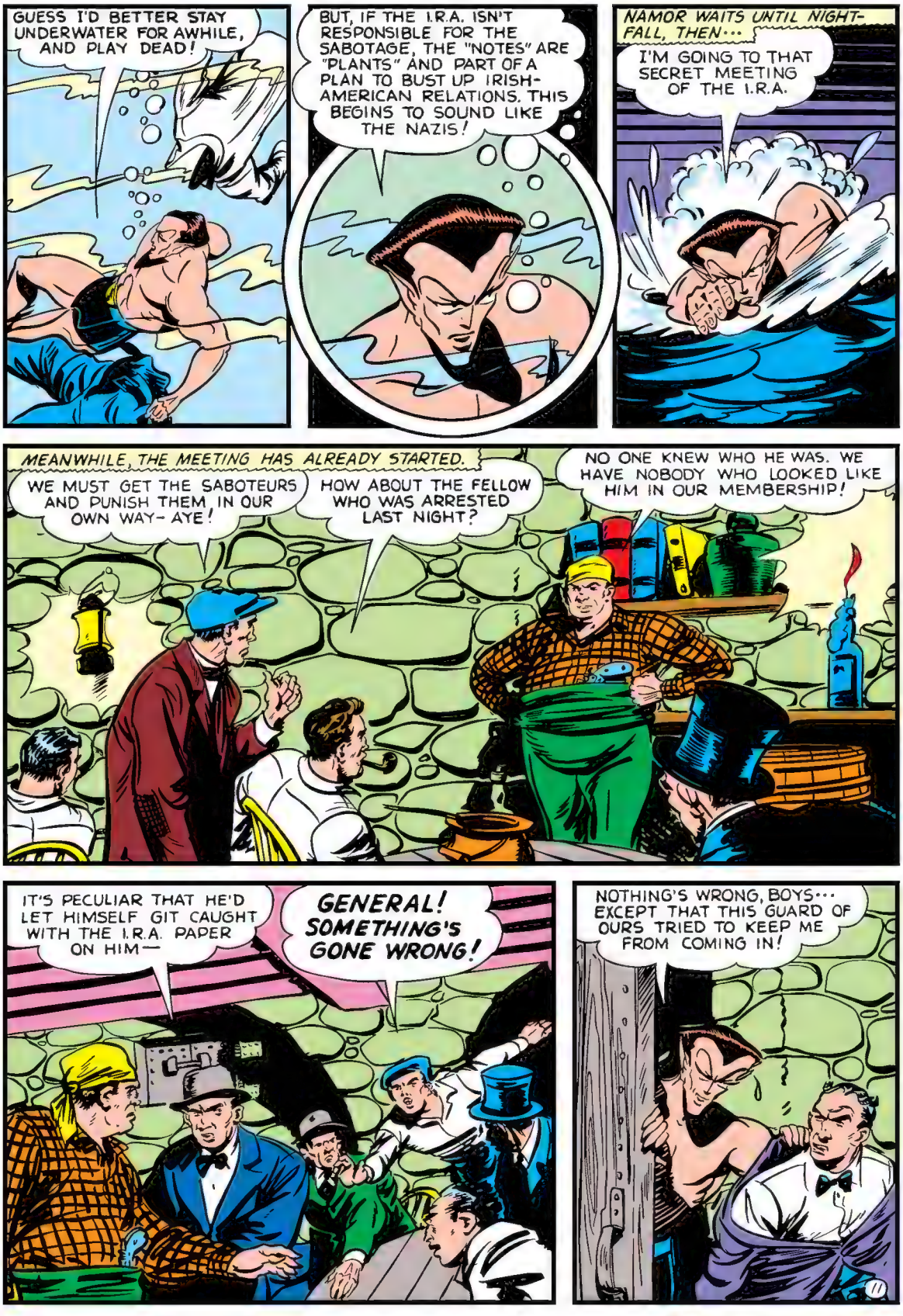

IN THE PRISON, SUB-MARINER HEARS THE ROAR OF THE ANGRY MOB.
WHAT A KETTLE OF FISH! I'M LEFT HOLDING THE BAG IN THIS FRAME-UP- AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP BEFORE I GET OUT OF HERE.

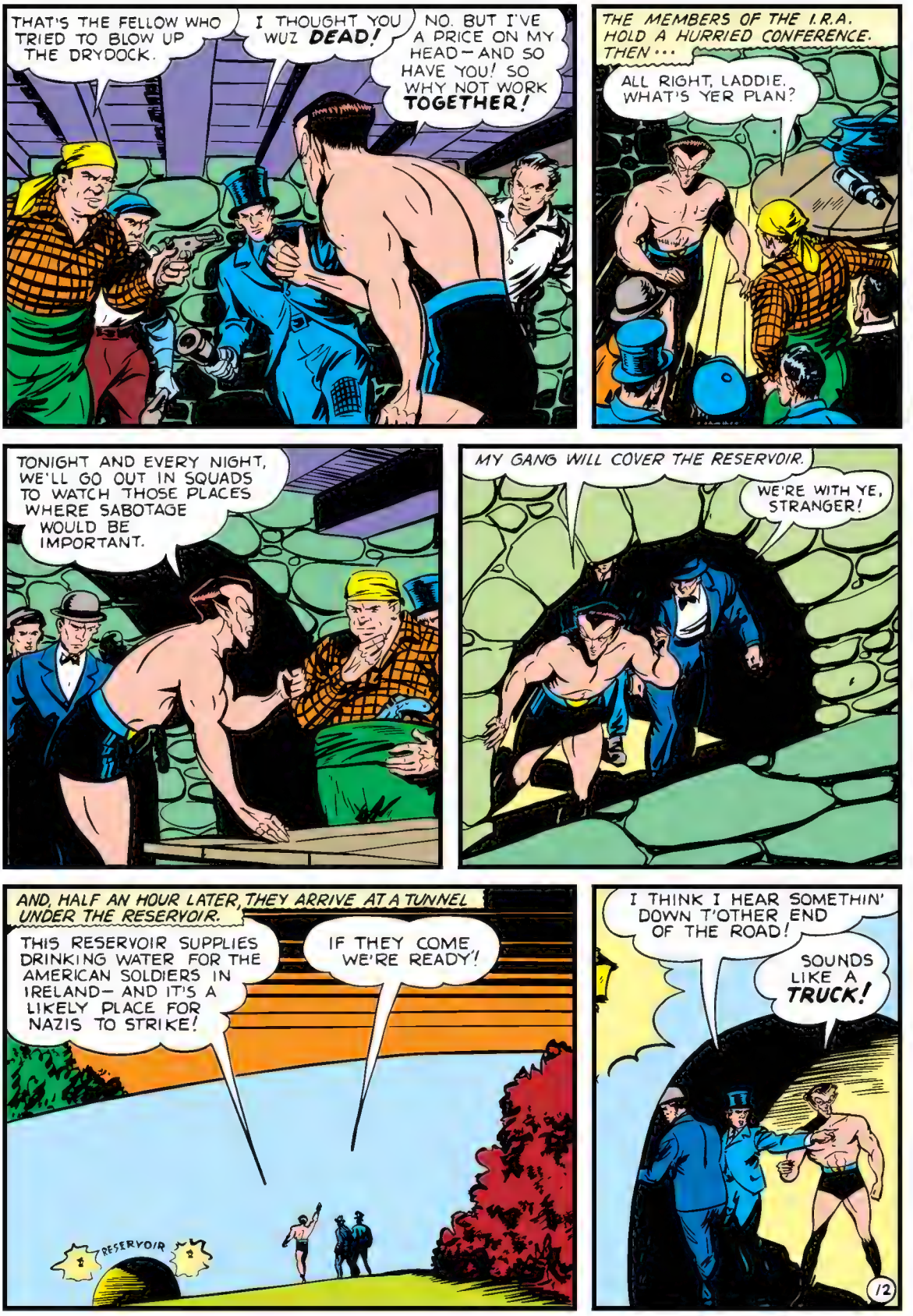

MAYBE THESE I.R.A. GUYS CAN TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT. HEY!
WE MOIGHT NOT BE SO FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BUT, BY THE SAINTS, WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE EXPLOSIONS! AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!
SAY, STRANGER, WHAT BRANCH OF THE I.R.A. WOULD YOU BE IN?
ME? — OH··· ER··· I'M IN THE COUNTY CORK BRANCH OF THE O'NAMOR CLAN — BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DIRTY WORK!
7

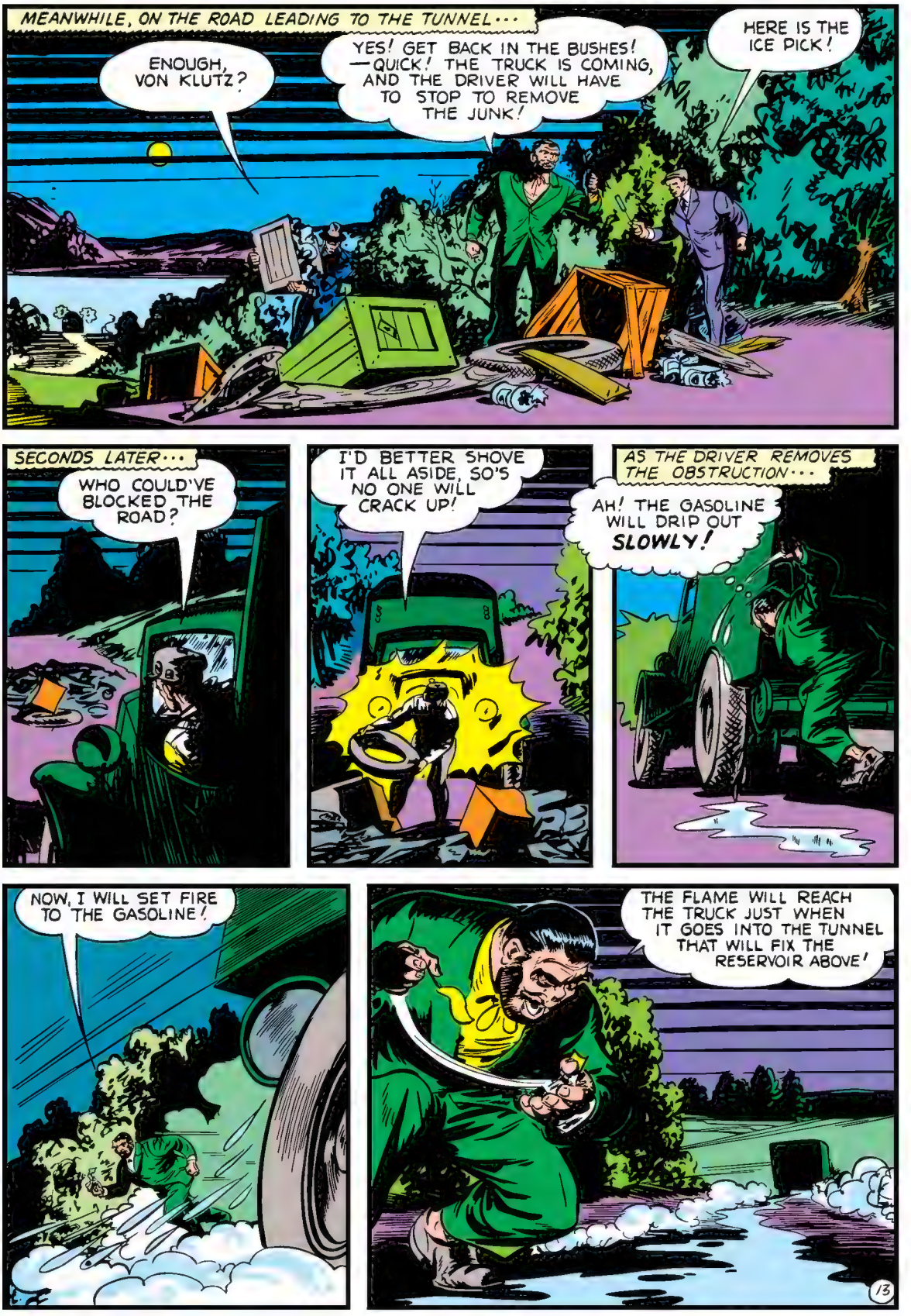
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PRISON BY TONIGHT. HAVE YE ANY IDEAS?
HUH?
THE I.R.A. IS HOLDIN' A MEETIN' IN THE UNDER-GROUND NEAR THE RIVER SHANNON!
WE CAN'T ATTEND IF WE'RE JAILED, BUT— LISTEN!
SOUNDS LIKE THE MOB'S TRYIN' TO PUSH THE GATES IN!
THEY'RE BUSTING IN THE FRONT DOOR NOW!
RELENTLESSLY, THE ANGRY MOB SURGES FORWARD.
WE WANT THOSE SABOTEURS!
ALL TOGETHER, NOW— PUSH!
AND THE PRISON GUARDS ARE FORCED BACK!
WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM!
EVEN THE ARMY COULDN'T HOLD THIS CROWD, CHIEF!
LADY LUCK TOOK A LONG TIME TO GET HERE! OF COURSE I COULD JUST BUST OUT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANY-ONE TO RECOGNIZE ME YET.
8

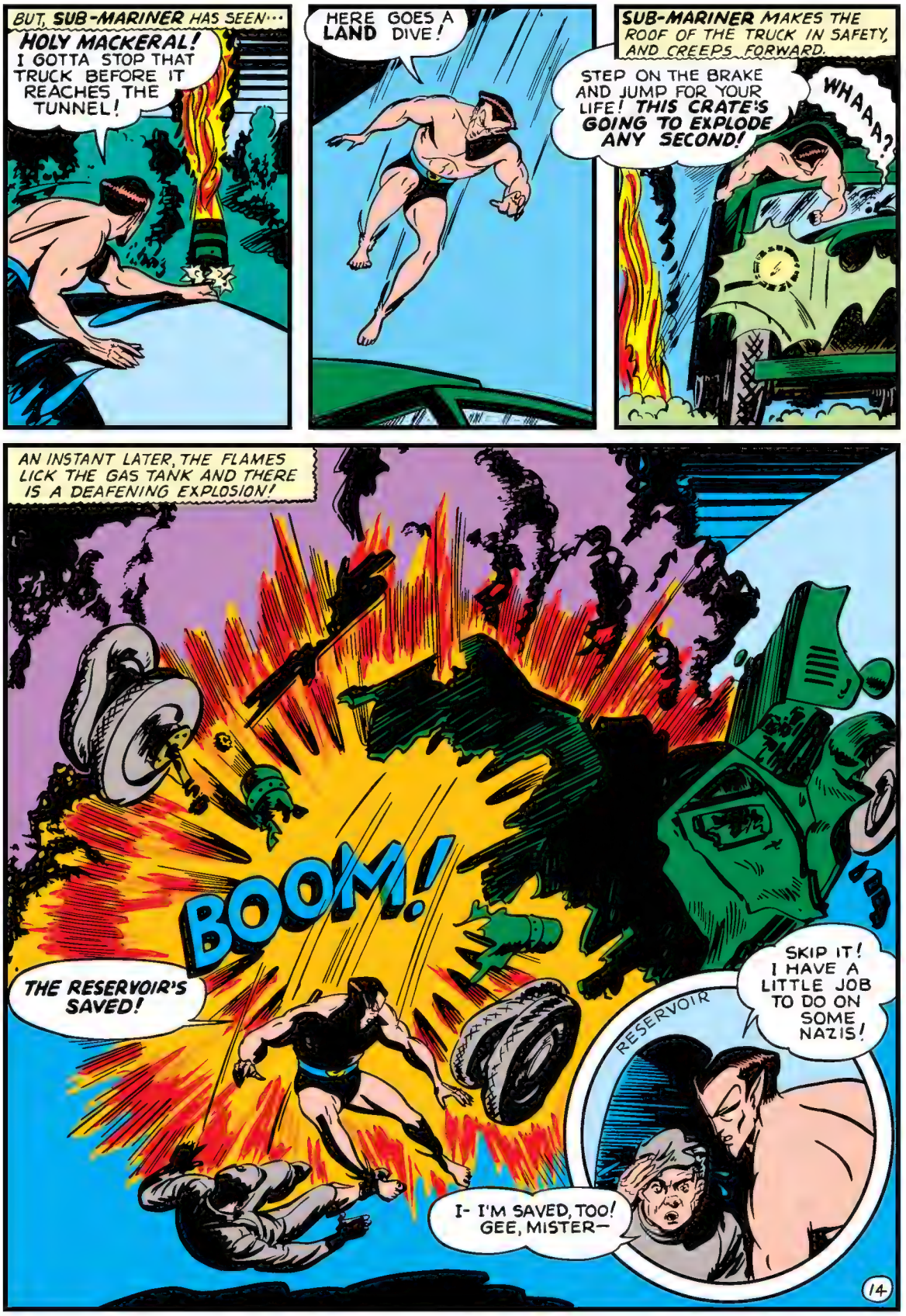
ULP!
NOW, FOR THE KEYS!
WOW! I CAN FEEL THE HOT BREATH OF THE MOB!
HURRY!
THEY'RE A-COMIN'—LOOK!
THERE HE GOES!
IT'S THE SABOTEUR! AFTER HIM!
KILL THE SABOTEUR
HE WON'T GET FAR!
THE JAIL'S SURROUNDED!
THE OCEAN—THAT'S FOR ME. MAYBE IT'LL COOL THEM OFF, TOO!
THEY'RE PRETTY CLOSE! THERE!
GET HIM! HOLD HIM!
9


HE'S CRAWLING OUT THROUGH THAT WINDOW!
SHOOT HIM!
FOLLOW ME OUT HERE— IF YOU CAN, BOYS!
LOOKS LIKE SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK! I HOPE I CAN MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE SUICIDE.
KILL THE SABOTEUR!
IT IS JUST AS WELL THAT THE PRISONER JUMPED TO HIS DEATH!
GUESS YER RIGHT, MISTER!
IT'S GOOD TO BE RID OF ANYONE WHO FIGHTS THE WAY THAT FELLOW DID!
MY SWOLLEN JAW MAKES ME FEEL THE SAME THING, VON KLUTZ!
AND- WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN NO ONE RECOGNIZED— THE SUB-MARINER?
10

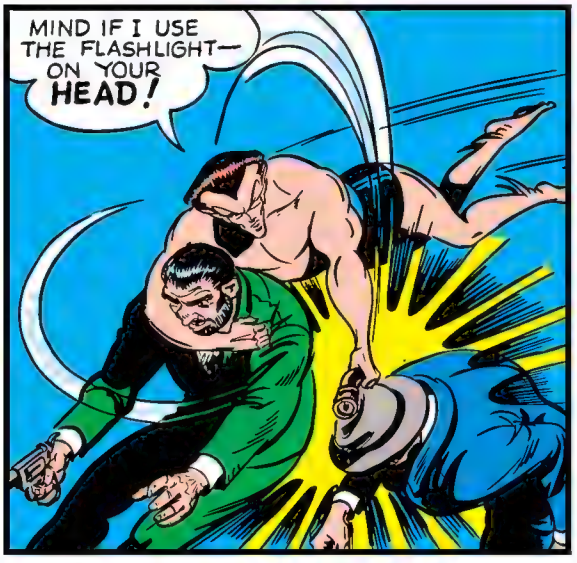

GUESS I'D BETTER STAY UNDERWATER FOR AWHILE, AND PLAY DEAD!
BUT, IF THE I.R.A. ISN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SABOTAGE, THE "NOTES" ARE "PLANTS" AND PART OF A PLAN TO BUST UP IRISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS. THIS BEGINS TO SOUND LIKE THE NAZIS!
NAMOR WAITS UNTIL NIGHT-FALL, THEN···
I'M GOING TO THAT SECRET MEETING OF THE I.R.A.
MEANWHILE, THE MEETING HAS ALREADY STARTED.
WE MUST GET THE SABOTEURS AND PUNISH THEM IN OUR OWN WAY- AYE!
HOW ABOUT THE FELLOW WHO WAS ARRESTED LAST NIGHT?
NO ONE KNEW WHO HE WAS. WE HAVE NOBODY WHO LOOKED LIKE HIM IN OUR MEMBERSHIP!
IT'S PECULIAR THAT HE'D LET HIMSELF GIT CAUGHT WITH THE I.R.A. PAPER ON HIM—
GENERAL! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
NOTHING'S WRONG, BOYS··· EXCEPT THAT THIS GUARD OF OURS TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM COMING IN!


THAT'S THE FELLOW WHO TRIED TO BLOW UP THE DRYDOCK.
I THOUGHT YOU WUZ DEAD!
NO. BUT I'VE A PRICE ON MY HEAD—AND SO HAVE YOU! SO WHY NOT WORK TOGETHER!
THE MEMBERS OF THE I.R.A. HOLD A HURRIED CONFERENCE. THEN...
ALL RIGHT, LADDIE. WHAT'S YER PLAN?
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT, WE'LL GO OUT IN SQUADS TO WATCH THOSE PLACES WHERE SABOTAGE WOULD BE IMPORTANT.
MY GANG WILL COVER THE RESERVOIR.
WE'RE WITH YE, STRANGER!
AND, HALF AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT A TUNNEL UNDER THE RESERVOIR.
THIS RESERVOIR SUPPLIES DRINKING WATER FOR THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN IRELAND—AND IT'S A LIKELY PLACE FOR NAZIS TO STRIKE!
IF THEY COME, WE'RE READY!
RESERVOIR
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHIN' DOWN T'OTHER END OF THE ROAD!
SOUNDS LIKE A TRUCK!
12

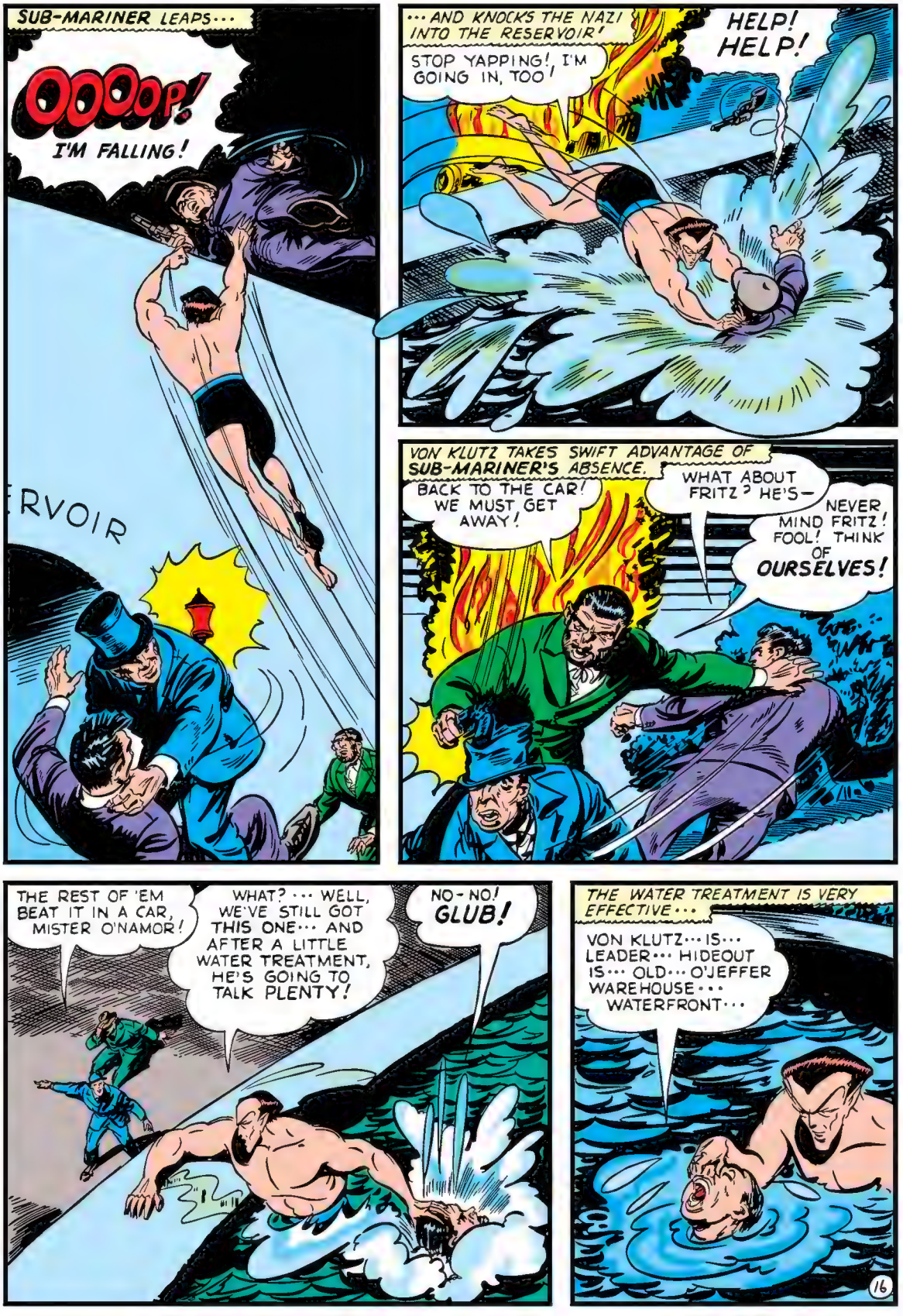

MEANWHILE, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO THE TUNNEL···
ENOUGH, VON KLUTZ?
YES! GET BACK IN THE BUSHES! —QUICK! THE TRUCK IS COMING, AND THE DRIVER WILL HAVE TO STOP TO REMOVE THE JUNK!
HERE IS THE ICE PICK!
SECONDS LATER···
WHO COULD'VE BLOCKED THE ROAD?
I'D BETTER SHOVE IT ALL ASIDE, SO'S NO ONE WILL CRACK UP!
AS THE DRIVER REMOVES THE OBSTRUCTION···
AH! THE GASOLINE WILL DRIP OUT SLOWLY!
NOW, I WILL SET FIRE TO THE GASOLINE!
THE FLAME WILL REACH THE TRUCK JUST WHEN IT GOES INTO THE TUNNEL THAT WILL FIX THE RESERVOIR ABOVE!
13


BUT, SUB-MARINER HAS SEEN···
HOLY MACKERAL! I GOTTA STOP THAT TRUCK BEFORE IT REACHES THE TUNNEL!
HERE GOES A LAND DIVE!
SUB-MARINER MAKES THE ROOF OF THE TRUCK IN SAFETY, AND CREEPS FORWARD.
STEP ON THE BRAKE AND JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE! THIS CRATE'S GOING TO EXPLODE ANY SECOND!
WHAAA?
AN INSTANT LATER, THE FLAMES LICK THE GAS TANK AND THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
BOOM!
THE RESERVOIR'S SAVED!
SKIP IT! I HAVE A LITTLE JOB TO DO ON SOME NAZIS!
RESERVOIR
I- I'M SAVED, TOO! GEE, MISTER—
14

MEANWHILE, THE TWO I.R.A. MEN GO TO WORK.
SO, YER THE REAL TERRORISTS!
WHEN I'M THROUGH YE'LL THINK THE BLARNEY STONE FELL ON YER HEAD!
RESERVOIR
BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY···
WE ESCAPE AND THEY GET BLAMED AGAIN, EH, VON KLUTZ?
THESE ARE I.R.A. MEN— I KILL THEM!
WHERE IN—!
THE RIGHT GUYS GET BLAMED THIS TIME!

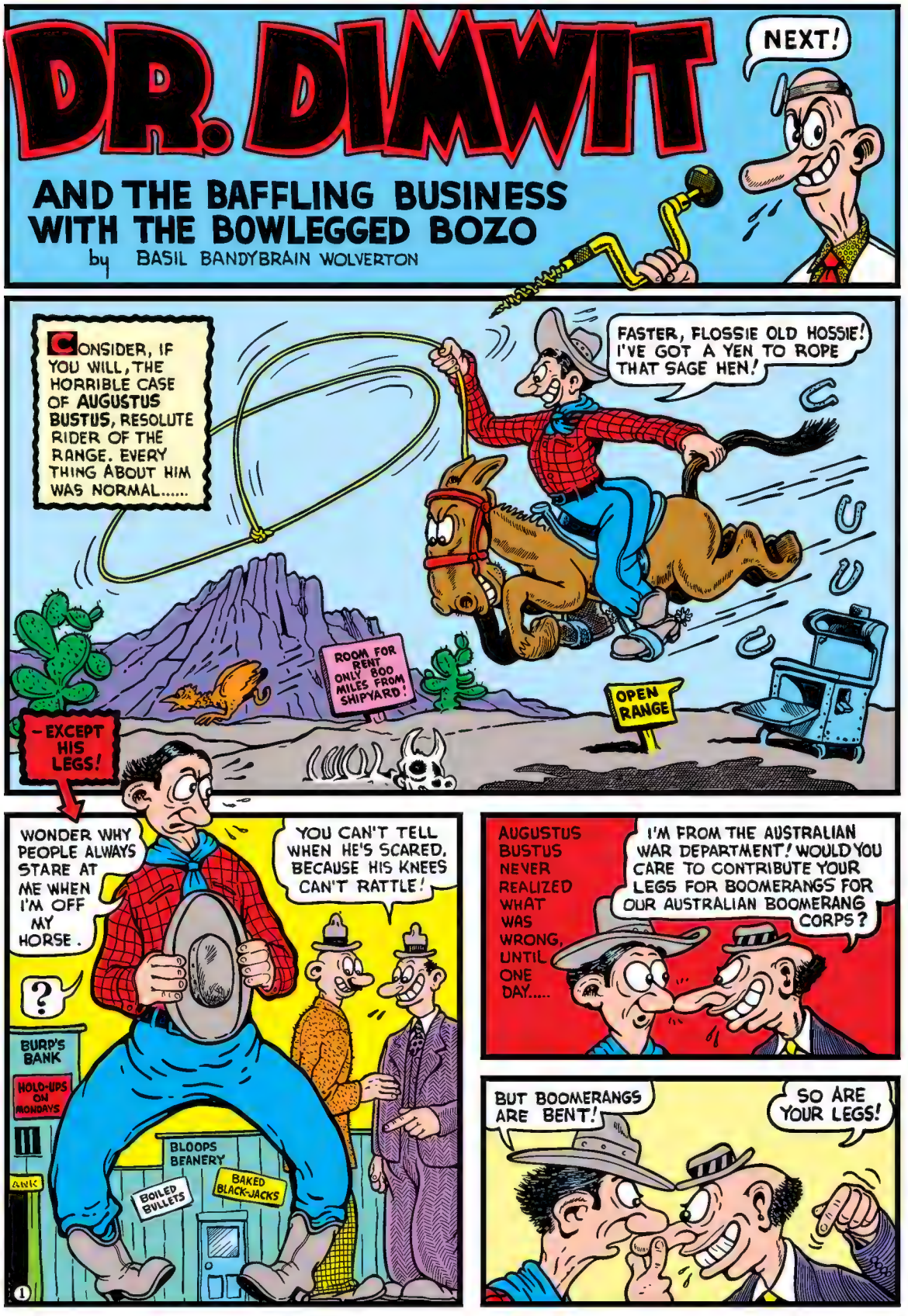

MIND IF I USE THE FLASHLIGHT— ON YOUR HEAD!

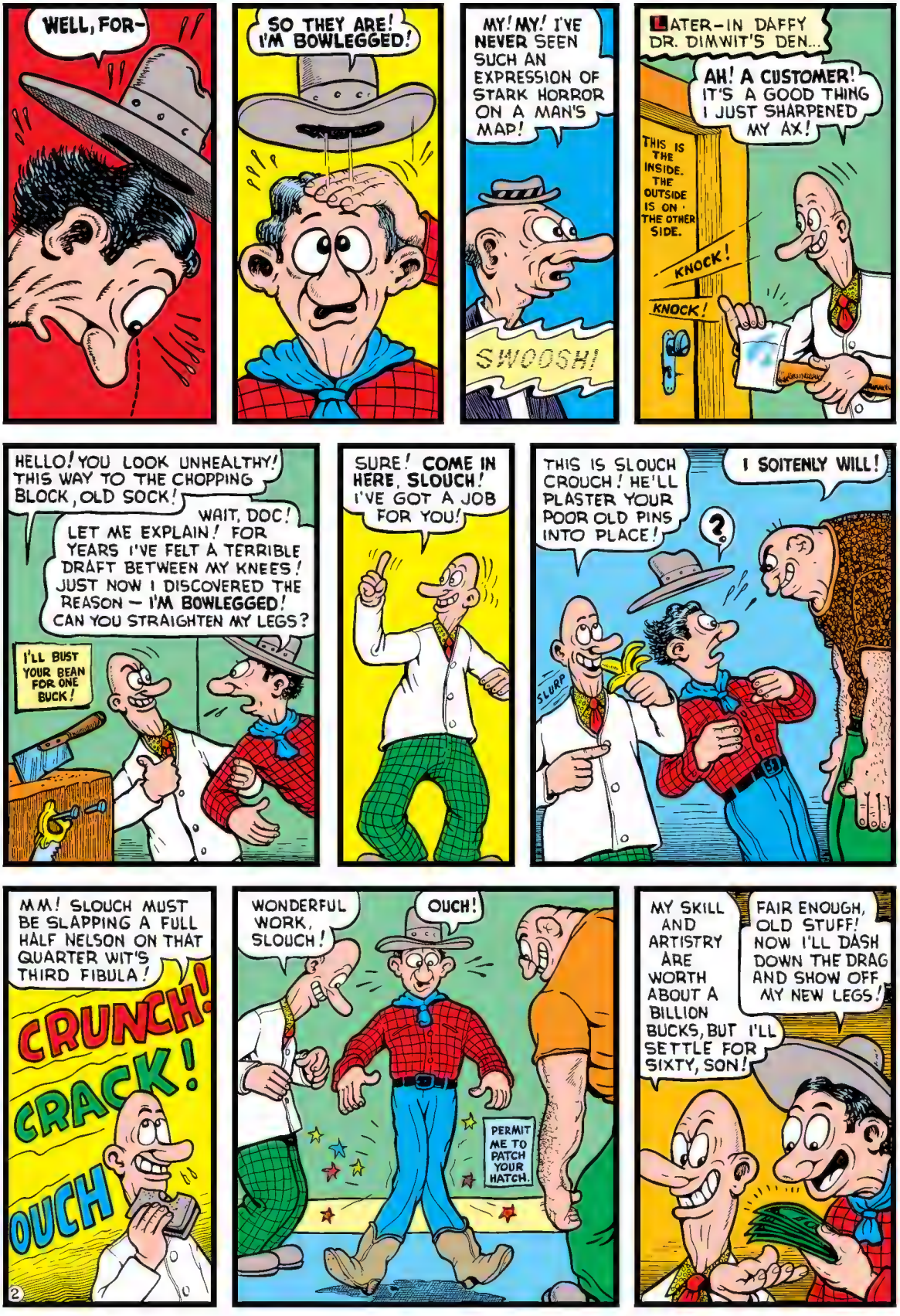
SILENTLY, ONE OF THE TREACHEROUS NAZIS CLIMBS THE CONCRETE WALL OF THE RESERVOIR.
WELL, LOOK AT THE CLIMBING HEEL!
AH!— A PERFECT TARGET!

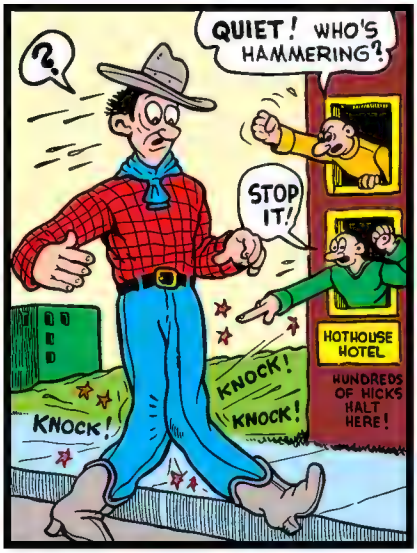

SUB-MARINER LEAPS···
OOOOP!
I'M FALLING!
RVOIR
···AND KNOCKS THE NAZI INTO THE RESERVOIR!
STOP YAPPING! I'M GOING IN, TOO!
HELP! HELP!
VON KLUTZ TAKES SWIFT ADVANTAGE OF SUB-MARINER'S ABSENCE.
BACK TO THE CAR! WE MUST GET AWAY!
WHAT ABOUT FRITZ? HE'S—
NEVER MIND FRITZ! FOOL! THINK OF OURSELVES!
THE REST OF 'EM BEAT IT IN A CAR, MISTER O'NAMOR!
WHAT? ··· WELL, WE'VE STILL GOT THIS ONE··· AND AFTER A LITTLE WATER TREATMENT, HE'S GOING TO TALK PLENTY!
NO-NO! GLUB!
THE WATER TREATMENT IS VERY EFFECTIVE···
VON KLUTZ··· IS··· LEADER··· HIDEOUT IS··· OLD··· O'JEFFER WAREHOUSE··· WATERFRONT···
16

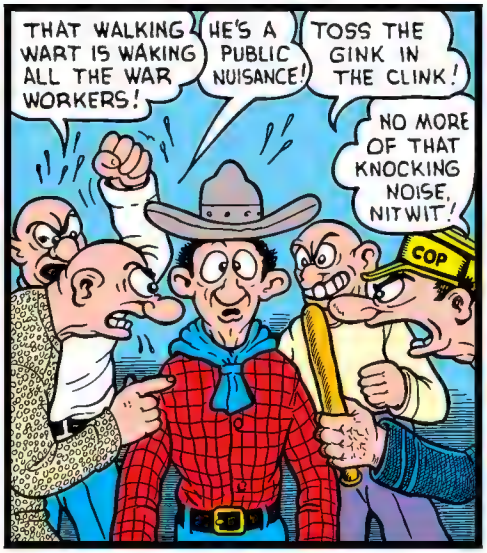
SUB-MARINER TURNS THE SPY OVER TO THE I.R.A. MEN···
WE'LL ROUND UP OUR MEN AND MEET YOU, O'NAMOR.
YOU'RE GOING TO O'JEFFER'S BY WATER?
YEAH!
ESERVOIR
I TRAVEL FASTER THIS WAY!
AFTER SWIMMING AT BREAK-NECK SPEED, NAMOR ARRIVES AT THE NAZI HIDEOUT.
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
O'JEFFER'S WAREHOUSE
MEANWHILE, AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS, VON KLUTZ DESPERATELY CALLS FOR HELP!
I HAVE CONTACTED OUR SUBMARINE!
T.N.T.
EXPLOSIVE
N.T.
DYNAMITE
TELL THEM TO STAND BY. TAKE ALL OF OUR IMPORTANT PAPERS AND MAPS WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
IRELAND
THE MOTORBOAT IS READY, VON KLUTZ!
17

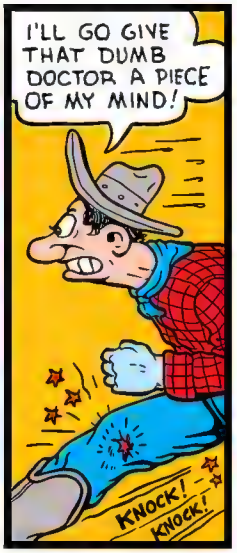
ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE IS CUT OFF WHEN SUB-MARINER BREAKS INTO THE ROOM.
I- IT'S THE SUB-MARINER
YOU NAZIS KNOW ME BETTER NOW, EH?
I'M GOING TO LET THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS KNOW THE TRUTH, VON KLUTZ- AND I'M ALSO GOING TO LET THE RIGHT PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THAT SUBMARINE!
THE I.R.A. MEN HAVE QUIETLY FOLLOWED.
WE'D LIKE TO TAKE CARE OF THESE SPIES IN OUR OWN WAY, SUB-MARINER. WE KNOW YOU WON'T MIND!
SUB-MARINER DOESN'T MIND AT ALL!
WE'LL HOLD A TRIAL IMMEDIATELY. WON'T YOU JOIN US? THE I.R.A. COULD USE A FIGHTER OF YOUR TYPE.
THANKS, BOYS, BUT YOU DO OKAY BY YOURSELVES!
AND, I SORT OF LIKE TO KEEP MY EYE ON THE REST OF THE WORLD.
SUB-MARINER IS KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE GREAT BATTLE FOR FREEDOM GOING ON ALL OVER THE WORLD, HELPING OUR COURAGEOUS ARMY AND NAVY ALONG THE ROAD TO VICTORY!
YOU, TOO, CAN HELP YOURSELF TO A SHARE OF VICTORY BY BUYING WAR STAMPS UNTIL YOU HAVE A WAR BOND!


DR. DIMWIT
AND THE BAFFLING BUSINESS WITH THE BOWLEGGED BOZO
by BASIL BANDYBRAIN WOLVERTON
NEXT!
CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE HORRIBLE CASE OF AUGUSTUS BUSTUS, RESOLUTE RIDER OF THE RANGE. EVERY THING ABOUT HIM WAS NORMAL.....
FASTER, FLOSSIE OLD HOSSIE! I'VE GOT A YEN TO ROPE THAT SAGE HEN!
ROOM FOR RENT ONLY 800 MILES FROM SHIPYARD!
OPEN RANGE
-EXCEPT HIS LEGS!
WONDER WHY PEOPLE ALWAYS STARE AT ME WHEN I'M OFF MY HORSE.
?
YOU CAN'T TELL WHEN HE'S SCARED, BECAUSE HIS KNEES CAN'T RATTLE!
BURP'S BANK
HOLD-UPS ON MONDAYS
BLOOPS BEANERY
BOILED BULLETS
BAKED BLACK-JACKS
1
AUGUSTUS BUSTUS NEVER REALIZED WHAT WAS WRONG, UNTIL ONE DAY.....
I'M FROM THE AUSTRALIAN WAR DEPARTMENT! WOULD YOU CARE TO CONTRIBUTE YOUR LEGS FOR BOOMERANGS FOR OUR AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG CORPS?
BUT BOOMERANGS ARE BENT!
SO ARE YOUR LEGS!

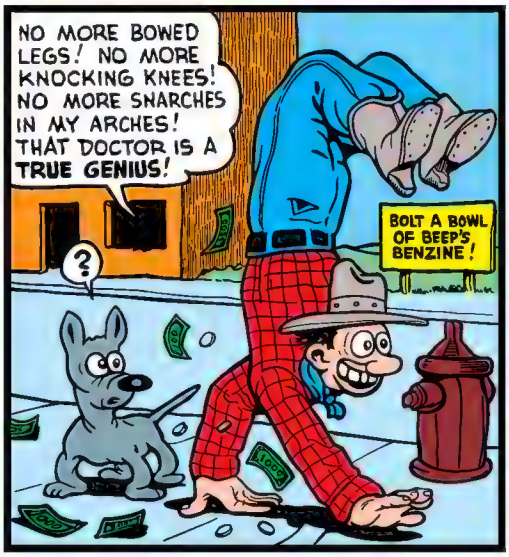

WELL, FOR-
SO THEY ARE! I'M BOWLEGGED!
MY! MY! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH AN EXPRESSION OF STARK HORROR ON A MAN'S MAP!
SWOOSH!
LATER—IN DAFFY DR. DIMWIT'S DEN...
AH! A CUSTOMER! IT'S A GOOD THING I JUST SHARPENED MY AX!
THIS IS THE INSIDE. THE OUTSIDE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
HELLO! YOU LOOK UNHEALTHY! THIS WAY TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK, OLD SOCK!
WAIT, DOC! LET ME EXPLAIN! FOR YEARS I'VE FELT A TERRIBLE DRAFT BETWEEN MY KNEES! JUST NOW I DISCOVERED THE REASON — I'M BOWLEGGED! CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN MY LEGS?
I'LL BUST YOUR BEAN FOR ONE BUCK!
SURE! COME IN HERE, SLOUCH! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU!
THIS IS SLOUCH CROUCH! HE'LL PLASTER YOUR POOR OLD PINS INTO PLACE!
I SOITENLY WILL!
?
SLURP
MM! SLOUCH MUST BE SLAPPING A FULL HALF NELSON ON THAT QUARTER WIT'S THIRD FIBULA!
CRUNCH!
CRACK!
OUCH
WONDERFUL WORK, SLOUCH!
OUCH!
PERMIT ME TO PATCH YOUR HATCH.
MY SKILL AND ARTISTRY ARE WORTH ABOUT A BILLION BUCKS, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR SIXTY, SON!
FAIR ENOUGH, OLD STUFF! NOW I'LL DASH DOWN THE DRAG AND SHOW OFF MY NEW LEGS!
2

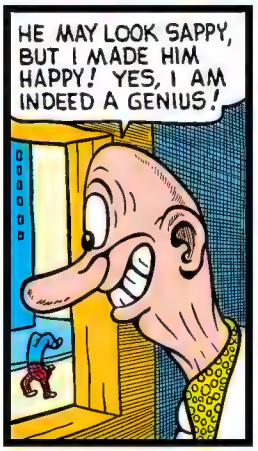



THAT WALKING WART IS WAKING ALL THE WAR WORKERS!
HE'S A PUBLIC NUISANCE!
TOSS THE GINK IN THE CLINK!
NO MORE OF THAT KNOCKING NOISE, NITWIT!
COP



AH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU HAVE SNARCHES IN YOUR ARCHES! IF YOU CONTINUE WALKING ON YOUR FEET, YOUR PEDAL CORDS WILL DROOP, AND I DON'T MEAN THE ONES YOU'RE WEARING!
BUT HOW CAN I WALK IF I DON'T USE MY FEET?
SNIFF!


NO MORE BOWED LEGS! NO MORE KNOCKING KNEES! NO MORE SNARCHES IN MY ARCHES! THAT DOCTOR IS A TRUE GENIUS!
?
BOLT A BOWL OF BEEP'S BENZINE!



MORE OF DR. DIMWIT'S DOPEY DOINGS IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE DAY'S BIGGEST SALE

WITH the ever-present air of cock-suredness that the Chicago World knew so well, Bull Mulligan twirled his fancy malacca cane a couple of times, pulled the brim of his hat down to the usual rakish angle and walked into the small haberdashery store.

The young clerk swiftly laid aside the book he was reading and leaped to attention. He smiled hopefully as he edged himself into the narrow space behind the shirt counter.

There hadn't been many customers in that day and he'd been quite disappointed in himself. You couldn't make much of a living with only a couple of customers a day.

The clerk greeted Bull with unaccustomed effervescence.

"May I help you, Sir?" he asked, his brown eyes quickly taking in Bull's red carnation, flashy tie and prominent buck teeth. "There's a special on white shirts this week, only $1.59 while they last!"

Bull Mulligan laughed. White shirts. indeed! Why. They're only good for undertakers — and my racket's not undertaking!"

"Er . . . I didn't think so, Sir! You dress too nicely for that sombre trade!"

"Thanks for the compliment, Kid! Compliments pay off with Bull—always did!" His searching eyes finally rested on the cheap jewelry counter "There! Think I'll start off with some nice rhinestone cuff-buttons!"

With his peculiar, straight-kneed gait, he strode over to a glass show-case and pointed a ringed index finger at the second shelf.

"Gimme a pair with the initial "M"! If they're OK, I'll put em on right here!"

Anxiously, the clerk pushed over the sliding door of the case and stuck his hand onto the one pair left with the "M" initial, then handed them over to his customer.

"Fine . . . Fine." said Bull, holding the cheap cuff-links up so the light reflected on the rhinestones. "I'll put em on, just like I said.

"Is there something—"

"Something else? . . . Sure! A couple of shirts — nice, bright colors! Nothing sad about me, son. Then you can throw in some flashy ties to match. I take size 16 on the shirts, Kid!

Walt Jones hurried over to the shirt department. He looked over the rows of boxes, wondering what colors each one held. "Gosh." he thought. "Wish I knew the stock better. I sure know how to waste a customer's time—when I finally get a customer!"

HE MADE a stab at the first box marked size "16" cautiously lifted the cover and peeked in.

Pale maroon with a green stripe! Walt was about to put the cover back, figuring "He'll never go for THAT"—when he heard a step behind him and his customer's voice!

"That's swell, Kid! Gimme one like that. I got big doin's tonight and that will be just perfect!"

So the sale went. A cinch.

Walt Jones rang up $21.25 on the old register and thought about how happy his old man would feel when he heard about the good business that went on while he took the day off.

With the two bulky packages under his arm, flashy Bull Mulligan turned to leave.

"You're a good salesman, Son—but kinda young to own one of these one-man stores. You get old fast when you just keep on polishing boxes, looking at four walls and sitting around praying for a customer!"

"You see, Mister, this store is—" started Wait but the interruption came too suddenly to get another word in.

"I know . . . I know! You got plenty of customers! That's what they all say. Well, see you —" Bull Mulligan suddenly snapped his fingers. He had forgotten something and just remembered. "Say, kid. I need some wrapping paper! You sell any?"

"SELL any! Why I've got more than I know what to do with. Just a second and I'll get you all you want, Sir." He hastened over to the back of the little store. Why, every time a package was delivered from some wholesaler or jobber, his father would carefully fold the papers. put them away and never use them.

He'd give them to this customer, create a little good-will and save the trouble of throwing them out—all at the same time.

"Thanks," smiled Bull Mulligan, as he accepted eight or nine of the heavy sheets of wrapping paper. "Got to send some packages to relatives in Frisco and these sure come in handy."

Walt Jones opened the door as his heavily-laden customer walked out. Boy, what a pleasure to serve this guy. If only ALL customers were as easy—and left such nice sales!

He walked to the rear of the store again, picked up the book, found the paragraph where he had left off and sat down on the old chair, tilting it backwards a bit.

BULL MULLIGAN had trouble, getting the key into the lock when he got to the hideout. The packages and the paper were always getting in the way and somehow he couldn't shift them properly. After scraping and scratching for a couple of minutes he gave it up as a bad job and straightened up. Then, bending over, again, he carefully placed the packages on the floor. The sheets of wrapping paper had made things difficult, too — always slipping. Why in the world hadn't he asked that sappy young clerk to wrap everything together in one bundle, anyway?

Wait'll Squinty and Trigger see that pale maroon shirt with the green stripes! They'd laugh for an hour—and those boys sure needed something to laugh about right now.

Tenderly he rubbed out the kink in his back. Then, using his left hand and the free fingers of his right, he picked up the packages again and shifted them over to the left side. Darn —they're slipping again. With the wrapping paper and two boxes, he leaned up against the door and again tried to get the key in the lock. He poked around for a second then jerked his head impatiently.

Every time he fished for that keyhole one of the boxes or the papers would slip down.

He gritted his teeth and made a last attempt to open the door. Behind that door, Squinty Lewis and Trigger Davis nervously edged away from the one table in the scantily furnished room.

SQUINTY'S chair scraped and he cautiously and inconviently twisted his body in order to rise to his feet more silently. Trigger was so thin he could ease himself in and out of most any object capable of making a noise—in his own silently sinister manner.

Squinty's eyelids almost met as his snakey eyes focussed on the door-knob. Trigger's black gum-drop eyes watched Squinty's tensely.

There was that scraping noise again.

The only one who had a key to that door was Bull Mulligan and Bull knew how to use keys. He'd shown that plenty on the jobs he pulled!

Bull was the only one who knew where the hideout was. Squinty and Trigger had a big price on their heads for that cop murder on La Salle Street last week and the scrape on that door didn't sound too good!

Squinty's near-closed eyes turned from the door to meet Trigger's wide-open ones. Almost at the same time, both their heads nodded in agreement on a single thought and each gun hand reached for a tiny, deadly automatic.

COPS!

So their pal Bull Mulligan had sold out to the cops to get a slice of the fat reward!

The dirty stool pigeon! If they could shoot their way out of this one—Mister Bull Mulligan would never rat on them or anyone else!

The place was probably surrounded—so making a break through the window wouldn't do any good! They'd have to shoot fast and trust to luck!

Again that scraping! . . . Trying to open it up with a skeleton key, eh? Well, not on *that* lock!

With a bitter curse that hissed out from between tight lips, Squinty aimed at the wood above the door knob and fired! Trigger opened up, too—and a heavy thud was heard between the wood-splintering shots!

BULL MULLIGAN, key in hand, staggered in, blood dripping from his lips—and fell right on the packages that filled his arms. The collar of a maroon shirt with green stripes thrust itself out of a broken box and pillowed his head as he died!

Squinty and Trigger just stared, open-mouthed, as their still-smoking guns dropped out of shivering hands!

The next morning, young Walt Jones burned his throat with a gulp of hot coffee at the family breakfast table.

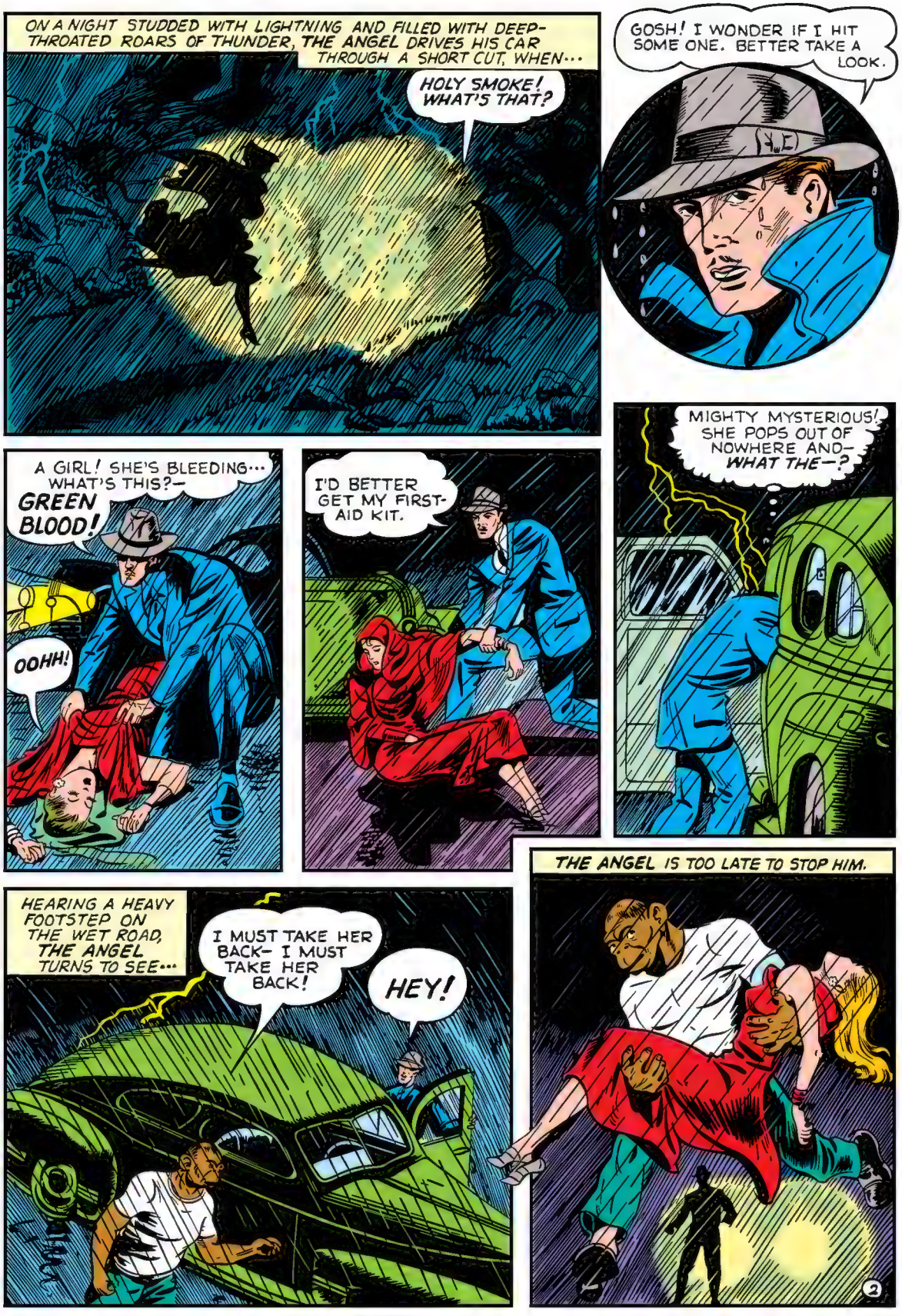
"Pa . . . Pa! Look!" he shouted, pointing to a picture of Bull Mulligan and the two others in the morning paper. "That's the guy I made the $21.25 sale on yesterday!"

Old Mr. Jones put on his glasses and followed his son's finger as he read the news story.

". . . and wrapping paper over freshly purchased haberdashery from the Jones Mens Wear Store lead police to believe that Bull Mulligan had "cased" this place for his next robbery—if death had not intervened."

The End

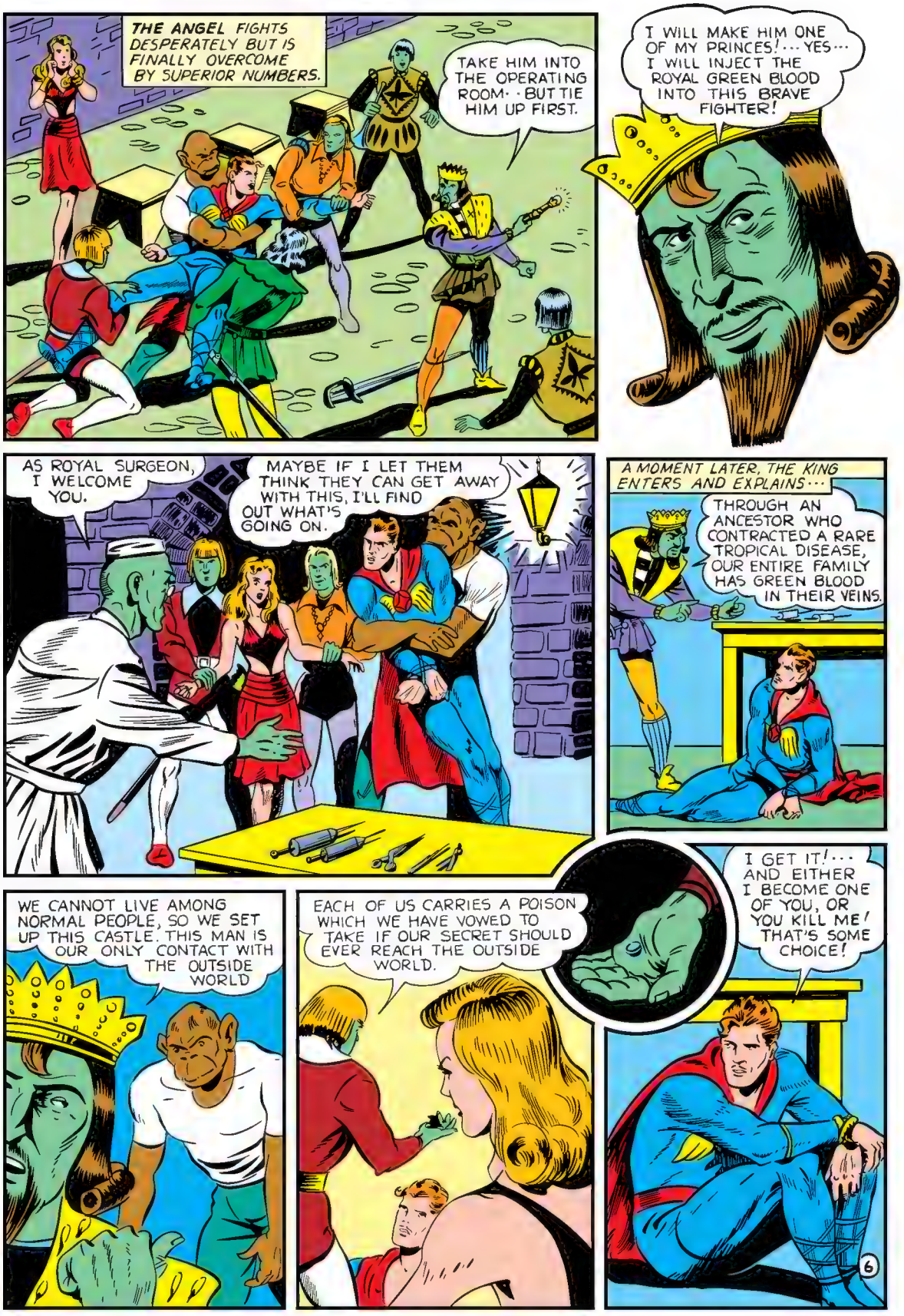
The ANGEL
by SCHROTTER
FROM OUT OF A WORLD OF MYSTERY CAME THE STRANGE FAMILY AND THE SECRET OF ITS ROYAL BLOOD. BUT THE MIGHTY ANGEL RUSHES IN FEARLESSLY TO OVERTHROW THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND!


ON A NIGHT STUDDED WITH LIGHTNING AND FILLED WITH DEEP-THROATED ROARS OF THUNDER, THE ANGEL DRIVES HIS CAR THROUGH A SHORT CUT, WHEN...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THAT?
GOSH! I WONDER IF I HIT SOME ONE. BETTER TAKE A LOOK.
A GIRL! SHE'S BLEEDING... WHAT'S THIS?— GREEN BLOOD!
OOHH!
I'D BETTER GET MY FIRST-AID KIT.
MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS! SHE POPS OUT OF NOWHERE AND— WHAT THE—?
HEARING A HEAVY FOOTSTEP ON THE WET ROAD, THE ANGEL TURNS TO SEE...
I MUST TAKE HER BACK— I MUST TAKE HER BACK!
HEY!
THE ANGEL IS TOO LATE TO STOP HIM.
2

THE ANGEL FOLLOWS BUT...
THEY DISAPPEARED— VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT!
A GIRL WITH GREEN BLOOD— A GORILLA— OUT OF NOWHERE— THEN THEY BOTH VANISH! MAYBE I'M JUST DREAMING...
MAYBE I CAN FIND FOOTPRINTS— HUH?
GREEN BLOOD! IT'S FROM THE CUT ON THAT GIRL'S FACE!
THE TRAIL STOPS WHERE THEY DISAPPEARED
HE STEPS FORWARD AND SUDDENLY...
OOPS!
THE ANGEL DONS HIS UNIFORM...
SO, THIS WHERE THEY WENT! MORE GREEN BLOOD, TOO!
THIS PART OF THE TUNNEL IS PRETTY WET! MUST BE A RIVER OR STREAM ABOVE—AND VOICES!
THE ANGEL FOLLOWS THE SOUND TO A LARGE ROOM...
3

··· WHERE A STRANGE SCENE IS TAKING PLACE.
SO, YOU TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM ME, KING OF CASTLE ISLAND!
SHE IS BLEEDING, YOUR MAJESTY!
MY SCEPTRE WILL STOP THE BLOOD— THERE! SHE WILL BE BETTER IN A MINUTE
I WANTED YOU TO BE MY QUEEN. I HAD ONLY STARTED TO TRANSFUSE MY BLOOD INTO YOU— BUT YOU GOT AWAY···
ORDER THE ROYAL FAMILY TO COME HERE! BRING THE PRINCES!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
SHORTLY, THE "ROYAL" FAMILY ENTERS.
NOW YOU SHALL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO DISOBEY ME. GIVE HER TWENTY LASHES!
NO— OH, NO!
4

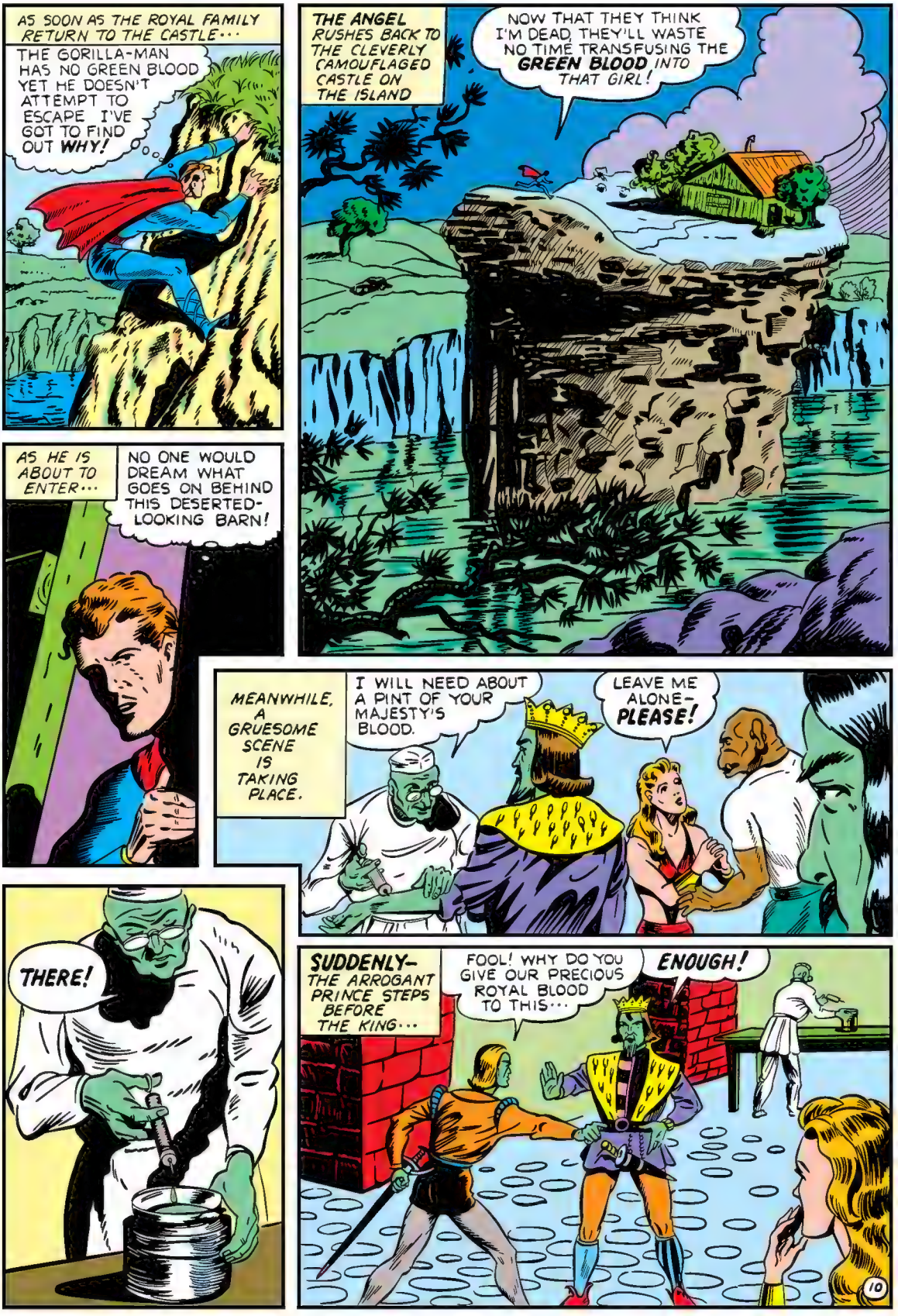
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL ACTS TO SAVE THE GIRL.
STOP! THE ANGEL!
OOOF!
ANY WHIPPING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE...
I'M GOING TO DO!
YIII-I-I!
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
I WANT YOU-
TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!
UGH!
BUT- UNEXPECTEDLY-
WOW! A REAR ATTACK BY THE ROYAL GOONS!
GET HIM! GET HIM!
5


THE ANGEL FIGHTS DESPERATELY BUT IS FINALLY OVERCOME BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS.
TAKE HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM· ·BUT TIE HIM UP FIRST.
I WILL MAKE HIM ONE OF MY PRINCES!···YES··· I WILL INJECT THE ROYAL GREEN BLOOD INTO THIS BRAVE FIGHTER!
AS ROYAL SURGEON, I WELCOME YOU.
MAYBE IF I LET THEM THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
A MOMENT LATER, THE KING ENTERS AND EXPLAINS···
THROUGH AN ANCESTOR WHO CONTRACTED A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE, OUR ENTIRE FAMILY HAS GREEN BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS.
WE CANNOT LIVE AMONG NORMAL PEOPLE, SO WE SET UP THIS CASTLE. THIS MAN IS OUR ONLY CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD
EACH OF US CARRIES A POISON WHICH WE HAVE VOWED TO TAKE IF OUR SECRET SHOULD EVER REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
I GET IT!··· AND EITHER I BECOME ONE OF YOU, OR YOU KILL ME! THAT'S SOME CHOICE!
6

THE KING TURNS TO THE GIRL.
AND YOU, MY QUEEN, WILL HAVE YOUR TRANSFUSION JUST AS SOON AS I AM THROUGH WITH THE ANGEL
YOU'RE MAD!
THEN HE POINTS TO ONE OF HIS PRINCES
STEP FORWARD AND GIVE YOUR ROYAL BLOOD FOR TRANSFUSION INTO THE ANGEL!
NO!
THE ANGEL IS ONLY A COMMONER— HE HAS NO RIGHT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF CASTLE ISLAND
YOU ARE AFRAID HE WILL BE TOO STRONG FOR YOU! DO AS I TELL YOU!
OW
?
AS THE PRINCE REELS BACK UNDER THE BLOW, THE ANGEL SEIZES HIS SWORD
I'D BETTER GO BACK INTO ACTION— THERE!
AND A TWIST OF THE WRIST FREES MY HANDS--- NOW, YOU FREAKS—
DRAW YOUR SWORDS! DON'T LET HIM GET OUT!
7

THE ANGEL STANDS READY TO STRIKE AS HIS STRANGE OPPONENTS CLOSE IN.
I'LL KILL HIM!
WE MUSTN'T LET THE WORLD KNOW ABOUT US!
WOW! YOU CERTAINLY KNOW YOUR FENCING- BUT···
THERE! NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT APE MAN THE KING
I'VE STILL GOT MY FISTS LEFT, YOU GREEN GOBLINS!
WHY DO YOU STAND BACK? GO! - STOP THAT FIEND!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL IS SEIZED FROM BEHIND!
HEY!
DO NOT STRUGGLE!
···AND RUSHED OUT OF THE CASTLE.
I WILL THROW HIM OFF THE CLIFF!
8

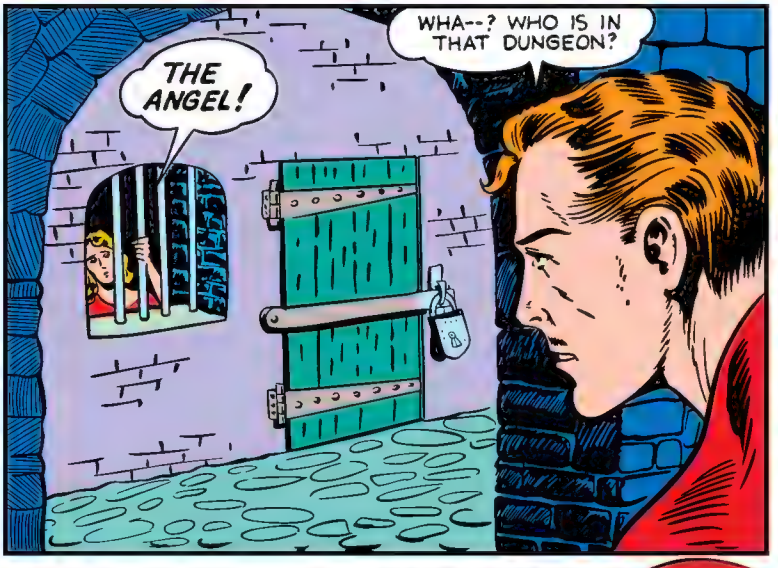
THERE—THE END OF THE ANGEL!
OUR SECRET IS SAFE!
BETTER HE DIED THAN BECOME A MEMBER OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY!
BUT— LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ANGEL WHEN HE WAS FIRST SEIZED--
HEY!
DO NOT FIGHT ME, ANGEL! I WILL HELP YOU!
NOW WE WILL MAKE THE GIRL MY QUEEN··· THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER INTERRUPTIONS OF MY PLANS.
THEN, AS THEY RUSH TOWARDS THE ISLAND'S EDGE···
WHEN I THROW YOU DOWN, CATCH THE LEDGE AND HIDE IN THE CAVE. THEY CANNOT SEE YOU FROM ABOVE
BELIEVING THAT HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF, EVEN IF THE APE-MAN HAS LIED, THE ANGEL DOES NOT FIGHT AND···
I HAD MY ANGEL CLOAK READY IN CASE HE WAS LYING, BUT— THERE'S THE CAVE!
THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF HOLD ON THE GORILLA-MAN. THAT'S WHY HE WANTED TO HELP ME
9


AS SOON AS THE ROYAL FAMILY RETURN TO THE CASTLE···
THE GORILLA-MAN HAS NO GREEN BLOOD YET HE DOESN'T ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY!
THE ANGEL RUSHES BACK TO THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED CASTLE ON THE ISLAND
NOW THAT THEY THINK I'M DEAD, THEY'LL WASTE NO TIME TRANSFUSING THE GREEN BLOOD INTO THAT GIRL!
AS HE IS ABOUT TO ENTER···
NO ONE WOULD DREAM WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THIS DESERTED-LOOKING BARN!
MEANWHILE, A GRUESOME SCENE IS TAKING PLACE.
I WILL NEED ABOUT A PINT OF YOUR MAJESTY'S BLOOD.
LEAVE ME ALONE— PLEASE!
THERE!
SUDDENLY— THE ARROGANT PRINCE STEPS BEFORE THE KING···
FOOL! WHY DO YOU GIVE OUR PRECIOUS ROYAL BLOOD TO THIS···
ENOUGH!
10

ANGRILY, THE KING WHIPS OUT HIS DAGGER.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MEDDLING!
AAAHH!

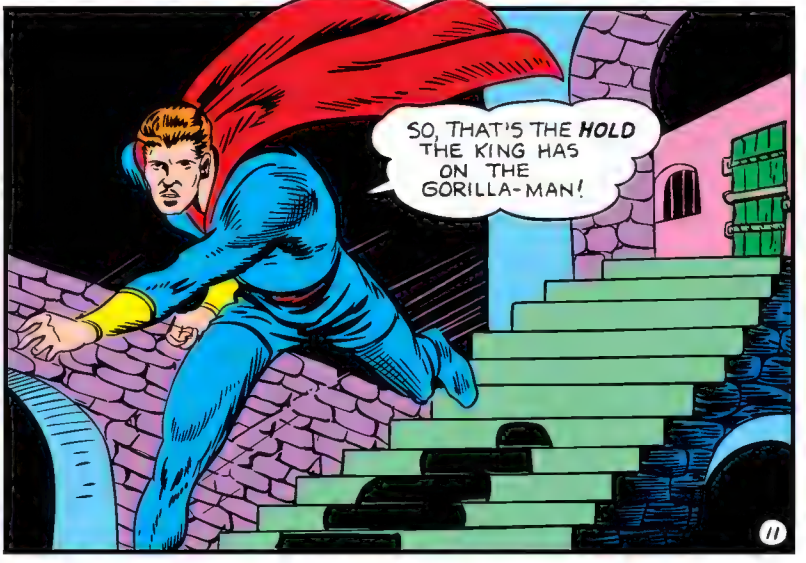
I AM YOUR KING AND THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG! UNDERSTAND?
WE UNDER STAND, YOUR MAJESTY.

MEANWHILE, AS THE ANGEL FINDS HIS WAY BACK TO THE THRONE ROOM...
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

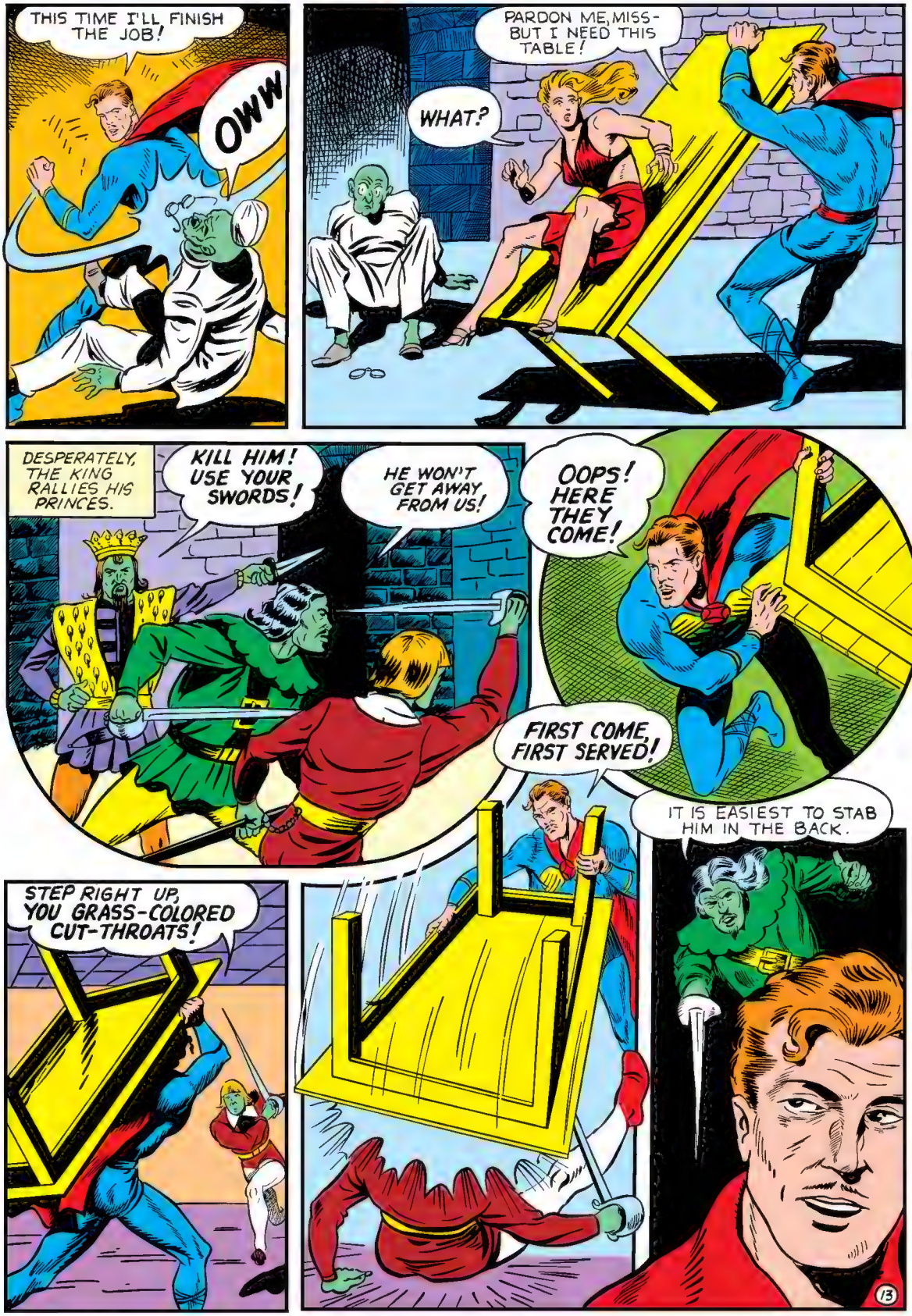

THE ANGEL!
WHA--? WHO IS IN THAT DUNGEON?

I AM THE WIFE OF THE GORILLA-MAN. THESE ARE OUR CHILDREN!

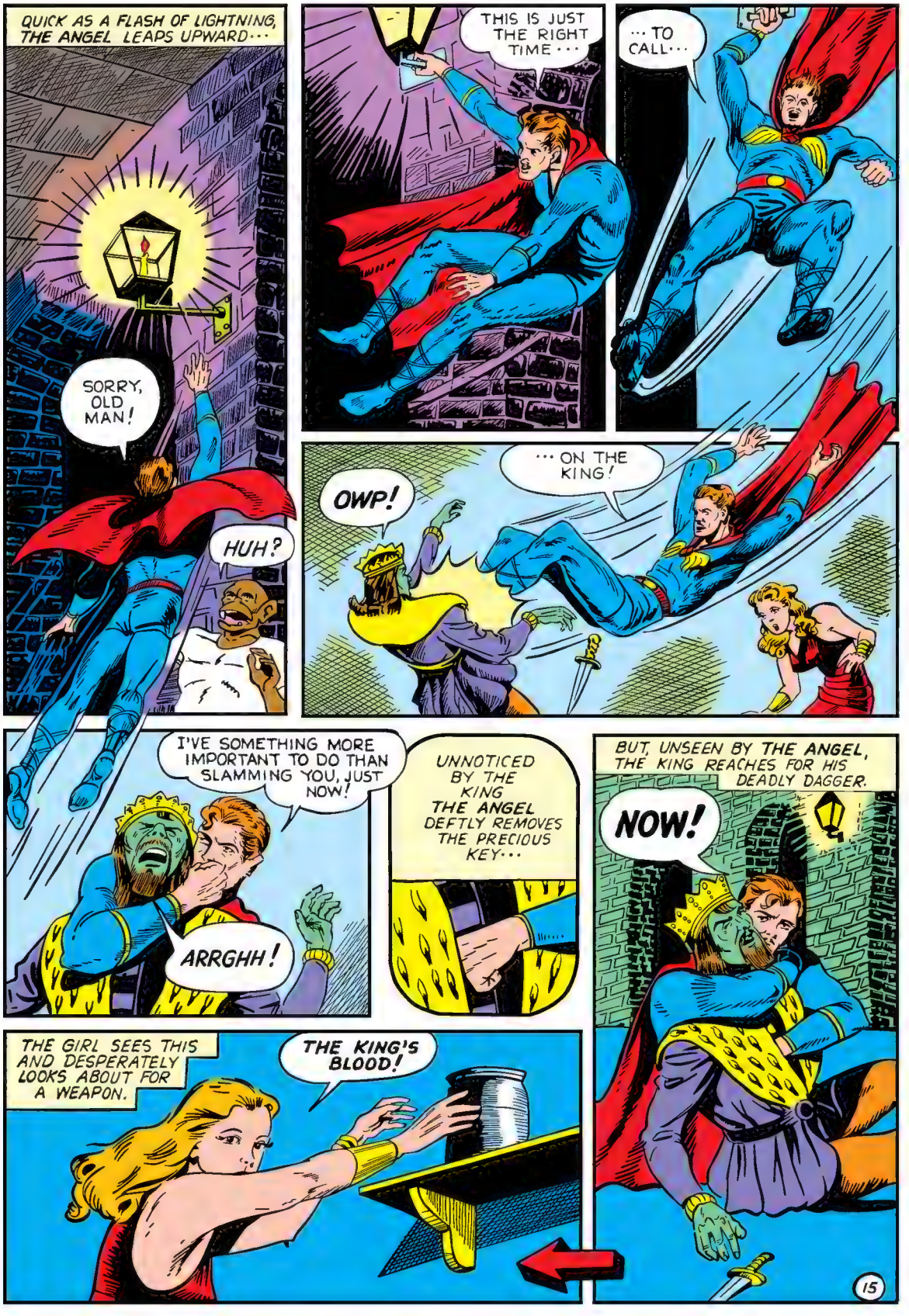
WE WERE KIDNAPPED BY THAT MONSTROUS KING AND PLACED HERE.— THE KING HOLDS THE ONLY KEY TO THIS LOCK.
I'LL COME BACK TO GET YOU OUT


SO, THAT'S THE HOLD THE KING HAS ON THE GORILLA-MAN!

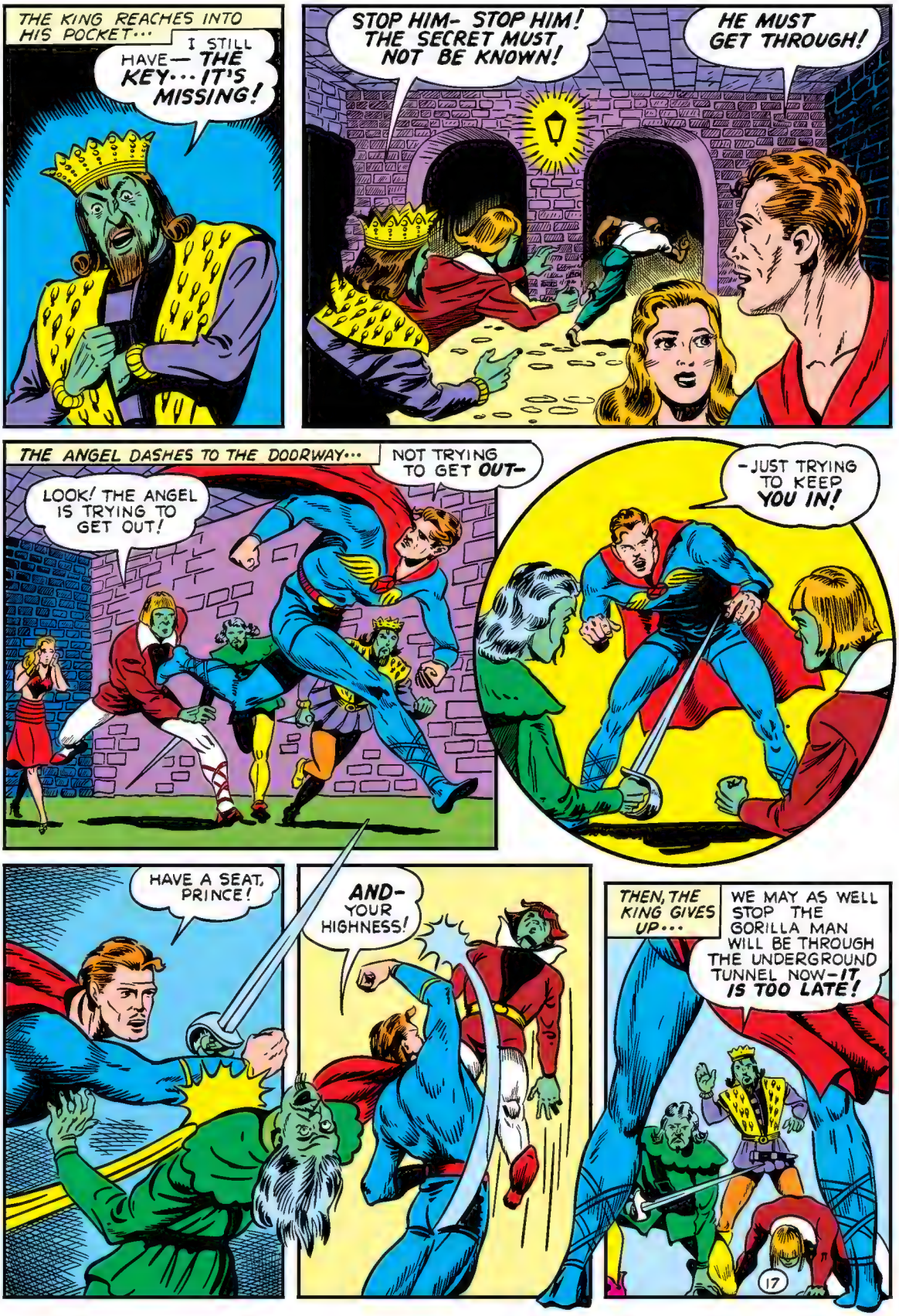
MEANWHILE, IN THE OPERATING ROOM...
I AM READY, MAJESTY.
DON'T! DON'T!
QUIET, MY SWEET. NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU.
ONCE MY GREEN BLOOD IS IN YOUR VEINS, YOU WILL NOT WISH TO ESCAPE!
SHE WILL BE A LOVELY QUEEN, YOUR MAJESTY.
PROCEED, SURGEON!
IT WILL TAKE NO MORE THAN A MINUTE, YOUR MAJESTY
I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
THE ANGEL! BUT HOW—?
12


THIS TIME I'LL FINISH THE JOB!
OWW
PARDON ME, MISS- BUT I NEED THIS TABLE!
WHAT?
DESPERATELY, THE KING RALLIES HIS PRINCES.
KILL HIM! USE YOUR SWORDS!
HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!
OOPS! HERE THEY COME!
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!
IT IS EASIEST TO STAB HIM IN THE BACK.
STEP RIGHT UP, YOU GRASS-COLORED CUT-THROATS!
13

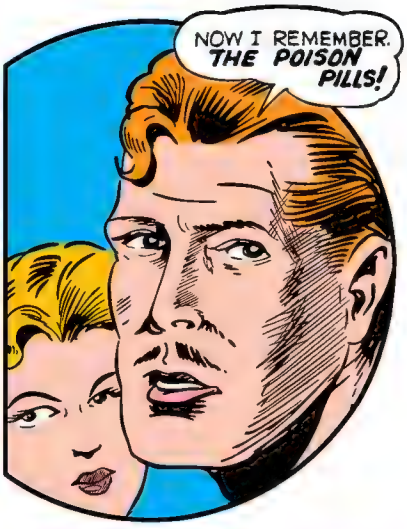
BUT- THE ANGEL WHIRLS AROUND WITH AMAZING SPEED!
YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN MILITARY TRAINING FROM THE JAPS!
CAN'T YOU STOP HIM, YOU COWARDS? WHERE IS THE GORILLA-MAN?
ARE YOU A COWARD, TOO?
N-NO, YOUR MAJESTY.
KILL THE ANGEL! IF YOU DON'T—
PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY-
-I STILL HOLD THE KEY!
I- I··· UNDERSTAND!
UNWILLINGLY, THE HUGE APE MAN MOVES TOWARDS THE ANGEL.
I MUST KILL YOU, ANGEL- OR THE KING WILL KILL MY FAMILY!
THE POOR APE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF!
14


QUICK AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, THE ANGEL LEAPS UPWARD···
SORRY, OLD MAN!
HUH?
THIS IS JUST THE RIGHT TIME···
···TO CALL···
···ON THE KING!
OWP!
I'VE SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO DO THAN SLAMMING YOU, JUST NOW!
ARRGHH!
UNNOTICED BY THE KING THE ANGEL DEFTLY REMOVES THE PRECIOUS KEY···
BUT, UNSEEN BY THE ANGEL, THE KING REACHES FOR HIS DEADLY DAGGER.
NOW!
THE GIRL SEES THIS AND DESPERATELY LOOKS ABOUT FOR A WEAPON.
THE KING'S BLOOD!
15

THIS IS YOURS- TAKE IT!
YOWW! WHERE DID HE GET THAT KNIFE?
THE KING IS HURT! SHE DID IT!
WE MUST HELP HIM.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME!
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, MISS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
LOOK, ANGEL— THAT GORILLA MAN!
I HAVE NO CHOICE,— I MUST KILL YOU, ANGEL!
NO! WAIT!
HERE'S THE KEY! I TOOK IT FROM THE KING.
THE KEY! THE KEY!
JOY AND HAPPINESS SURGE OVER THE GORILLA MAN'S FACE, AND HE SHOUTS, WILDLY!
NOW I WILL TELL THE WORLD THE SECRET OF THE GREEN BLOOD AND THE KING OF CASTLE ISLAND.
THE KING HEARS AND FEEBLY RISES...
YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN CANNOT ESCAPE...
16


THE KING REACHES INTO HIS POCKET...
I STILL HAVE— THE KEY... IT'S MISSING!
STOP HIM- STOP HIM! THE SECRET MUST NOT BE KNOWN!
HE MUST GET THROUGH!
THE ANGEL DASHES TO THE DOORWAY...
LOOK! THE ANGEL IS TRYING TO GET OUT!
NOT TRYING TO GET OUT-
-JUST TRYING TO KEEP YOU IN!
HAVE A SEAT, PRINCE!
AND- YOUR HIGHNESS!
THEN, THE KING GIVES UP...
WE MAY AS WELL STOP THE GORILLA MAN WILL BE THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL NOW- IT IS TOO LATE!

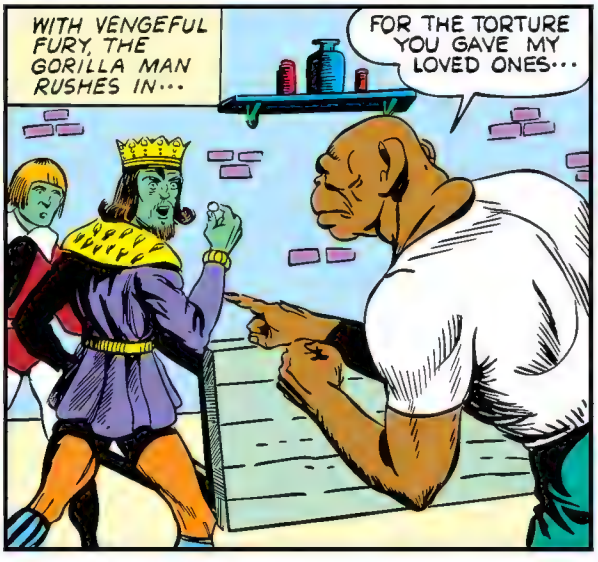
MOURNFULLY, THE PRINCES RISE TO THEIR FEET!
NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW OUR SECRET!
WHAT'S THIS—?


NOW I REMEMBER. THE POISON PILLS!

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO. I WILL DIE!
OR FACE A NICE, LONG STAY IN JAIL IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PACT, EACH PRINCE BRINGS FORTH A POISON PILL.
WE HAVE FAILED, MY PRINCES, SO···

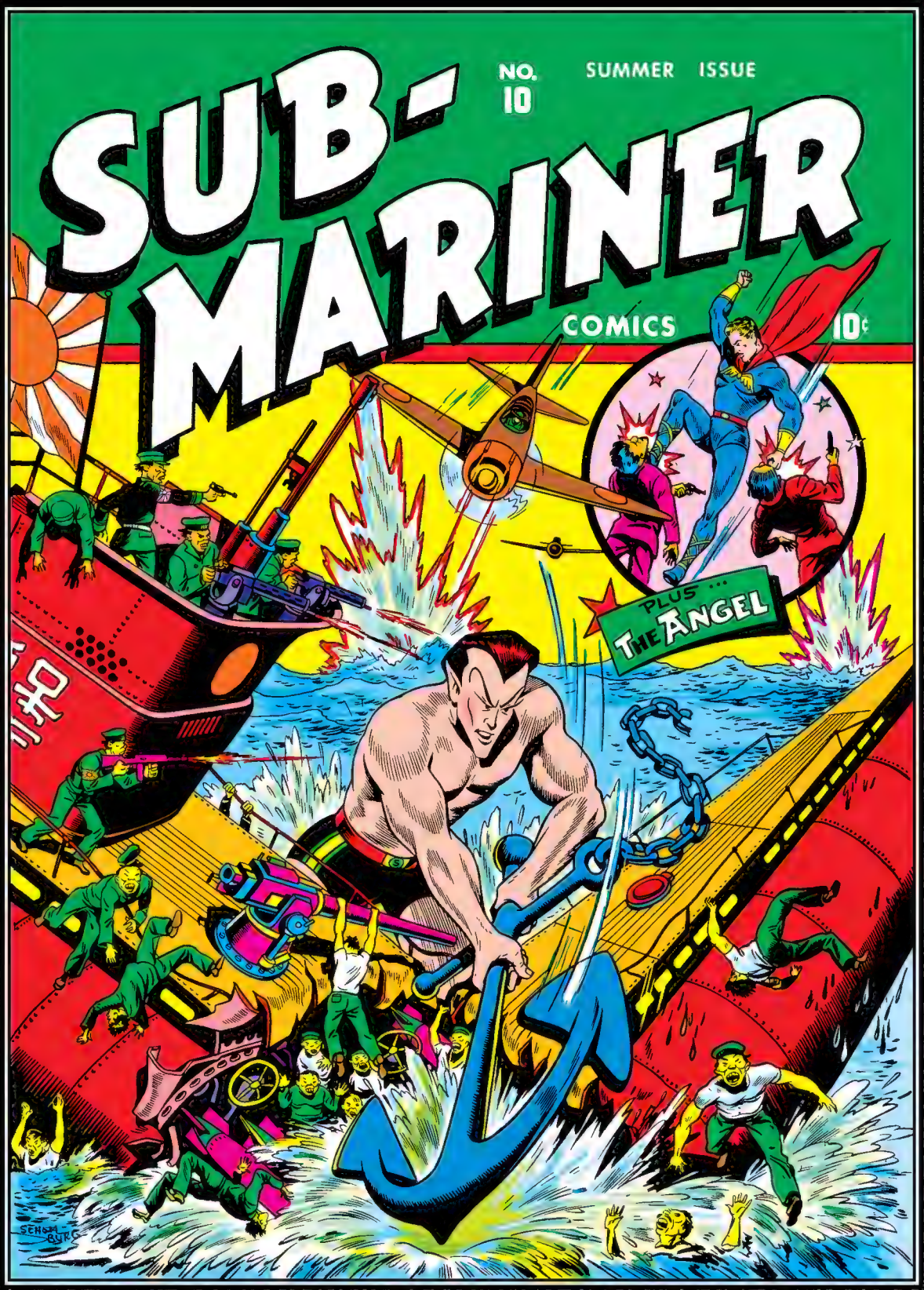
AT THAT INSTANT···
WAIT!


WITH VENGEFUL FURY, THE GORILLA MAN RUSHES IN···
FOR THE TORTURE YOU GAVE MY LOVED ONES···

···I WILL HELP YOU TO GET THAT PILL DOWN YOUR THROAT FASTER!
UGG!
18

THE KING SWALLOWS AND···
AGHRR!
THAT'S THE END OF HIM!
I RELEASED MY FAMILY AND SENT THEM FOR THE POLICE.
THE POLICE WILL DO NO GOOD, ANGEL!
THEY'VE TAKEN THE PILLS, TOO!
IT'S JUST AS WELL!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER···
I THINK YOU STILL HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!
Y-YES.
I WAS FORCED TO KIDNAP THE GIRL BECAUSE THE KING WANTED A NEW QUEEN. HIS FIRST WIFE DIED A SHORT TIME AGO.
AFTER THE SURGEON BEGAN TO INJECT THE KING'S BLOOD, I ESCAPED. THAT'S WHY BLOOD WAS STILL FLOWING WHEN YOU FIRST FOUND ME.
THEN-
COME. THERE'S ONE SURPRISE LEFT, ANGEL!
19

HE LEADS THE ANGEL TO A SOUNDPROOF DUNGEON, WHERE...
I WAS FORCED TO CAPTURE THESE MEN, TOO.
THE KING COULD NOT GIVE THE GREEN BLOOD TO ALL OF THEM AT ONCE, SO THEY WERE HELD. ... THEY WERE TO BECOME HIS SUBJECTS AND SERVANTS.
FREE!
THE ANGEL EXPLAINS TO THE FREED CAPTIVES...
... AND THE GORILLA MAN SHOULD BE EXCUSED FOR HAVING KIDNAPPED YOU! HE WAS COMPELLED TO DO IT!
THE MEN ALL AGREE AND HASTEN FROM THE DANK DUNGEON.
I'LL WAIT TILL MY WIFE AND KIDS COME BACK WITH THE POLICE.
AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE MYSTERIOUS CASTLE, THEY SEE...
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL! GUESS THERE WON'T BE MUCH FOR US TO DO!
SOME TIME LATER, THE ANGEL AND THE GIRL EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL...
THERE'S MY CAR- THE HEADLIGHTS ARE STILL BURNING!
THE ANGEL APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS AND IN EACH ISSUE OF SUB-MARINER.

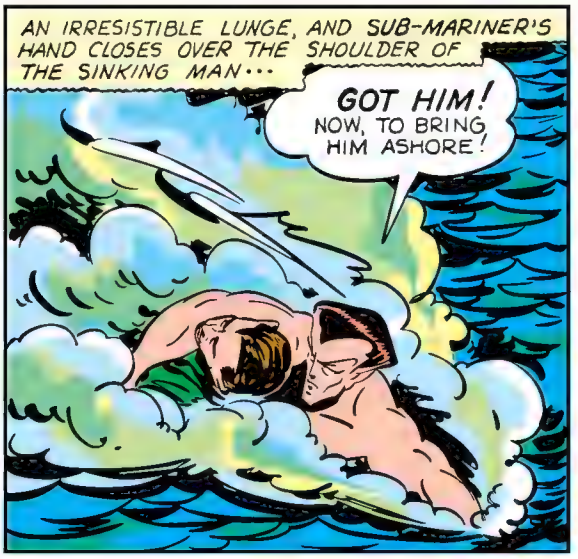

NO. 10
SUMMER ISSUE
SUB-MARINER
COMICS
10¢
PLUS ... THE ANGEL
SEHOM BURG

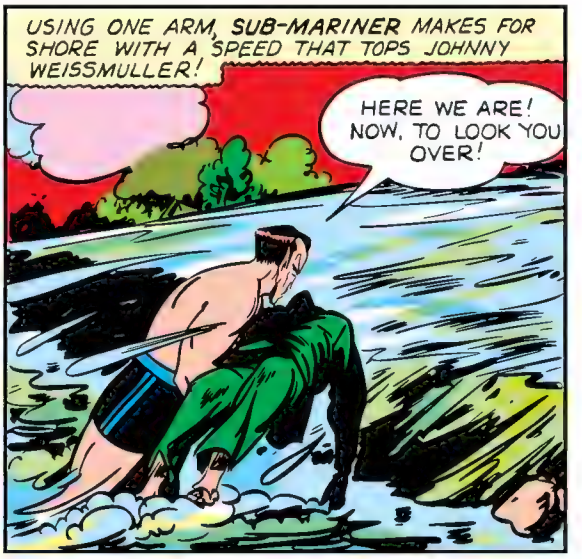
SUB-MARINER
"THE DEN OF SERPENTS"

THIS TALE BEGINS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL OHIO TOWN.
I, DOLVIN; WARN YOU! THE OHIO WILL FLOOD AGAIN! THE RIVER GOD IS ANGRY— ANGRY!
THE RIVER GOD WANTS PEACE. THE AXIS WANTS PEACE. BUT THE UNITED STATES WON'T NEGOTIATE! IT DEMANDS UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER IF THERE WERE PEACE, THE FLOODS WOULD CEASE!
SO, I PREDICT THE NEXT FLOOD WILL STRIKE A 4:15 P.M. TOMORROW! IT WILL NOT BE SEVERE BUT TAKE WARNING! THERE WILL BE OTHERS— WORSE FLOODS!
NEXT DAY···
JIM! LOOK! SHE'S RISING!
YEAH— RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, TOO!
EXTRA
FLOOD STRIKES AS DOLVIN PREDICTED!
BIG PROPERTY LOSS
LATER, AS THE WATERS SUBSIDE, WE SEE A FAMILIAR FIGURE PLOWING UPRIVER— SUB-MARINER!
NO ONE CAN TELL ME A GUY CAN PREDICT FLOODS! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT DOLVIN!
HERE'S HOPING I MEET— HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
HE-L-L-L-P!
2

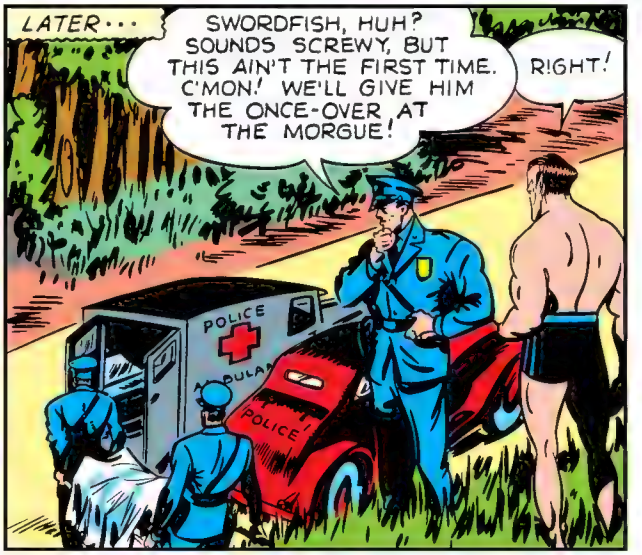
THAT SHRIEK CAME FROM AROUND THE BEND HERE GOES!
HIS MUSCLES COILING LIKE SNAKES, SUB-MARINER CHURNS THE WATER AT HIGH SPEED!
ALMOST THERE— WOW!
A SCENE TERRIBLE ENOUGH TO FREEZE ONE'S BLOOD UNFOLDS BEFORE SUB-MARINER'S EYES
LOOKS LIKE A MONSTROUS SWORDFISH. THAT POOR GUY STUCK ON THE SWORD LOOKS WASHED UP— BUT I'M NOT!
HEARING THE APPROACHING ONRUSH OF SUB-MARINER'S BODY, THE HORROR RIPS ITS SWORD FROM THE MAN'S CHEST!
E-E-E-E-E-E!
TRYING TO DUCK, EH? I LIKE DIVING, TOO!
3

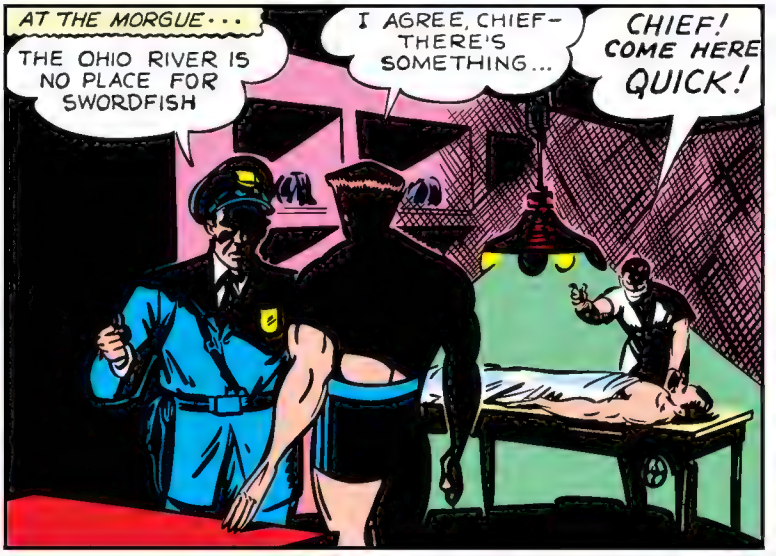
WITH A SPEED GREATER THAN THAT OF THE FASTEST SUBMARINE, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWNWARD.
I'D BETTER WATCH OUT IF IT TURNS ON ME WITH THAT SCHNOZZLE—
BUT THE MONSTER RESORTS TO OTHER TACTICS, CHURNING THE WATER INTO A CLOUD OF MUD!
WOW!
I CAN'T SEE AHEAD OF ME!
WATER'S CLEARING NOW, BUT I DON'T SEE MISTER KNIFE-NOSE!
OUTSMARTED ME! NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GO UP AND SEE HOW THAT GUY IS WHO GOT RIPPED!
OH-OH! HE'S SINKING!
4


AN IRRESISTIBLE LUNGE, AND SUB-MARINER'S HAND CLOSES OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE SINKING MAN···
GOT HIM! NOW, TO BRING HIM ASHORE!

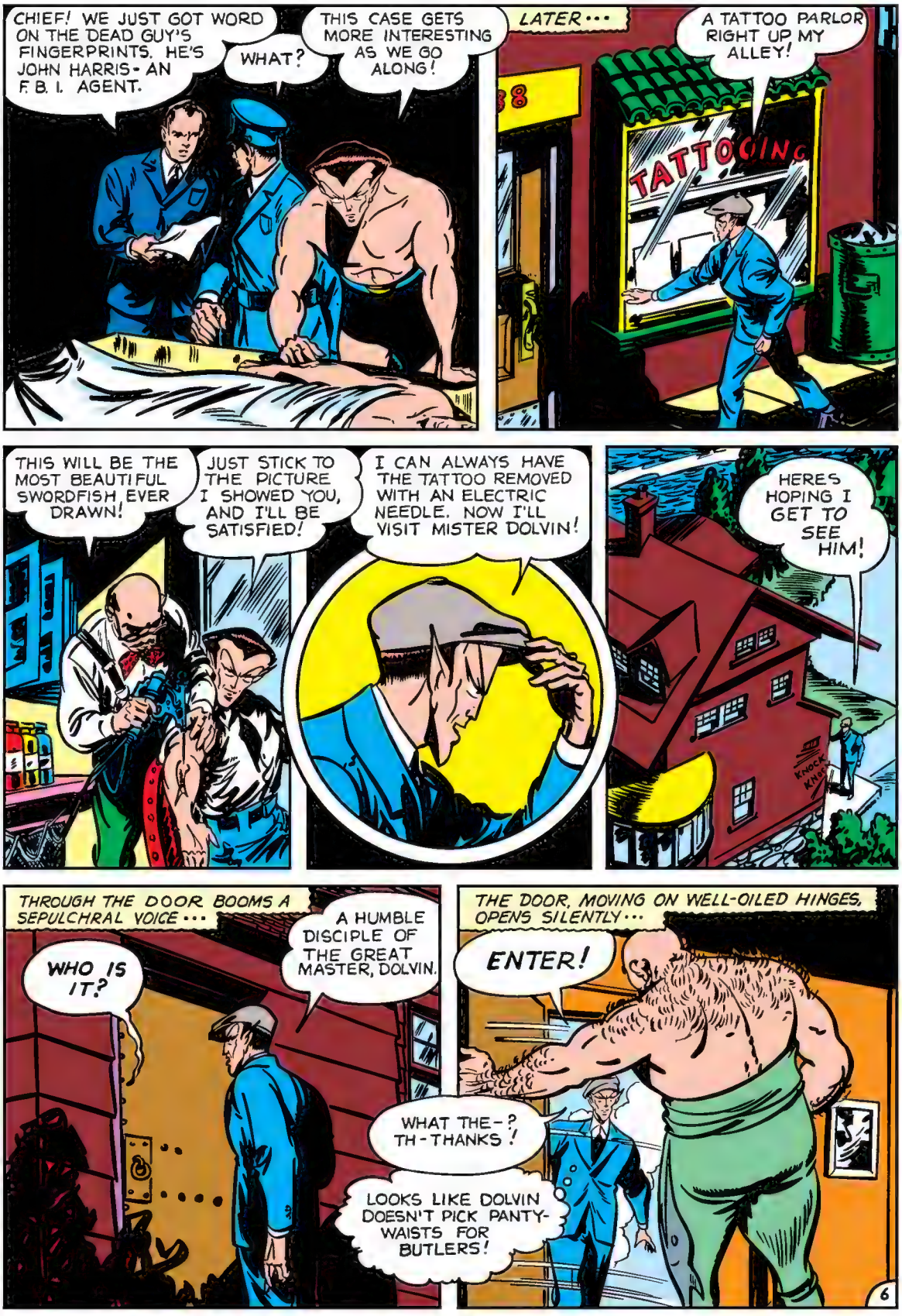

USING ONE ARM, SUB-MARINER MAKES FOR SHORE WITH A SPEED THAT TOPS JOHNNY WEISSMULLER!
HERE WE ARE! NOW, TO LOOK YOU OVER!

TOUGH! THE POOR GUY'S DEAD! BETTER CALL THE POLICE!


LATER···
SWORDFISH, HUH? SOUNDS SCREWY, BUT THIS AIN'T THE FIRST TIME. C'MON! WE'LL GIVE HIM THE ONCE-OVER AT THE MORGUE!
RIGHT!
POLICE
POLICE

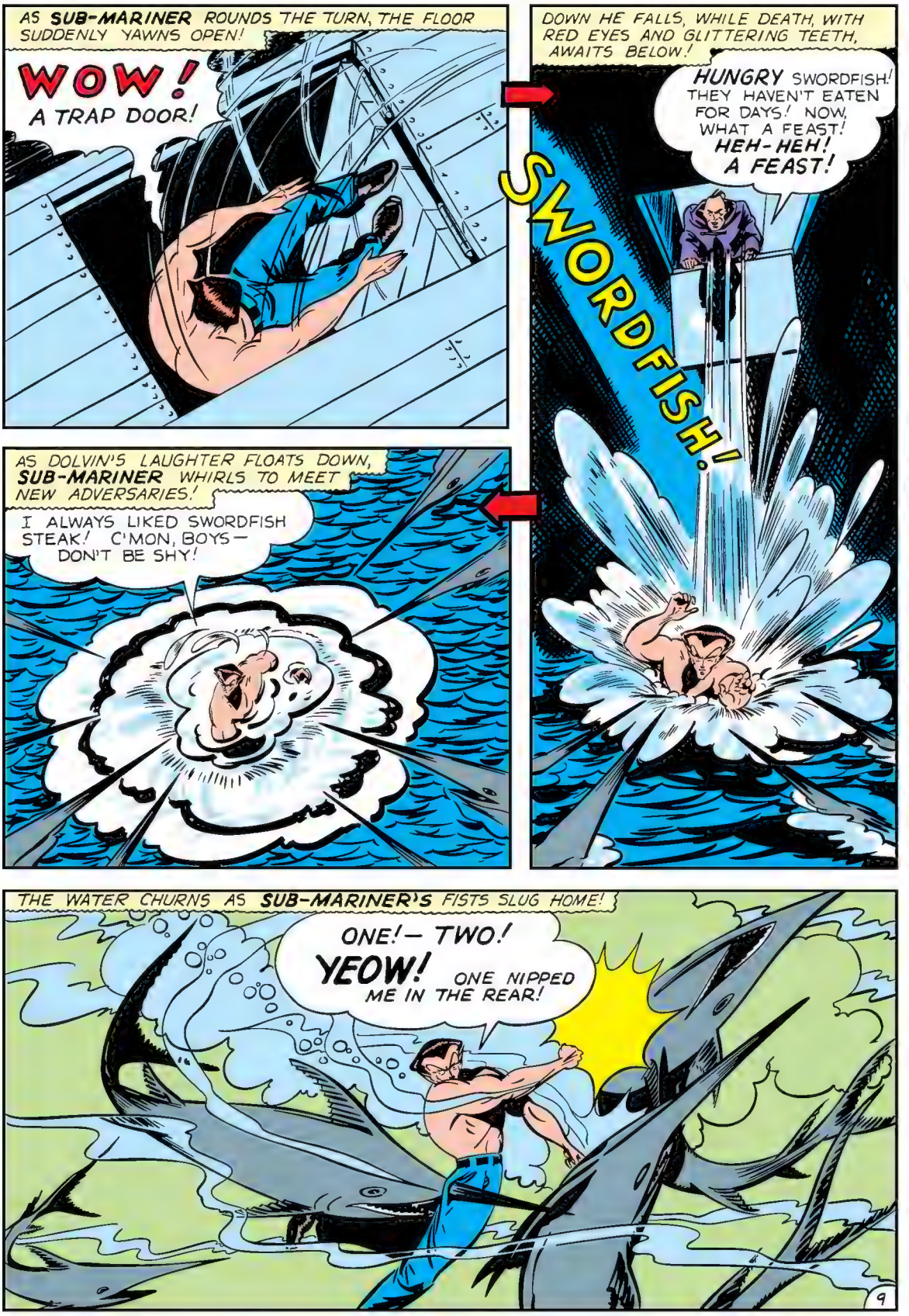

AT THE MORGUE···
THE OHIO RIVER IS NO PLACE FOR SWORDFISH
I AGREE, CHIEF— THERE'S SOMETHING...
CHIEF! COME HERE QUICK!

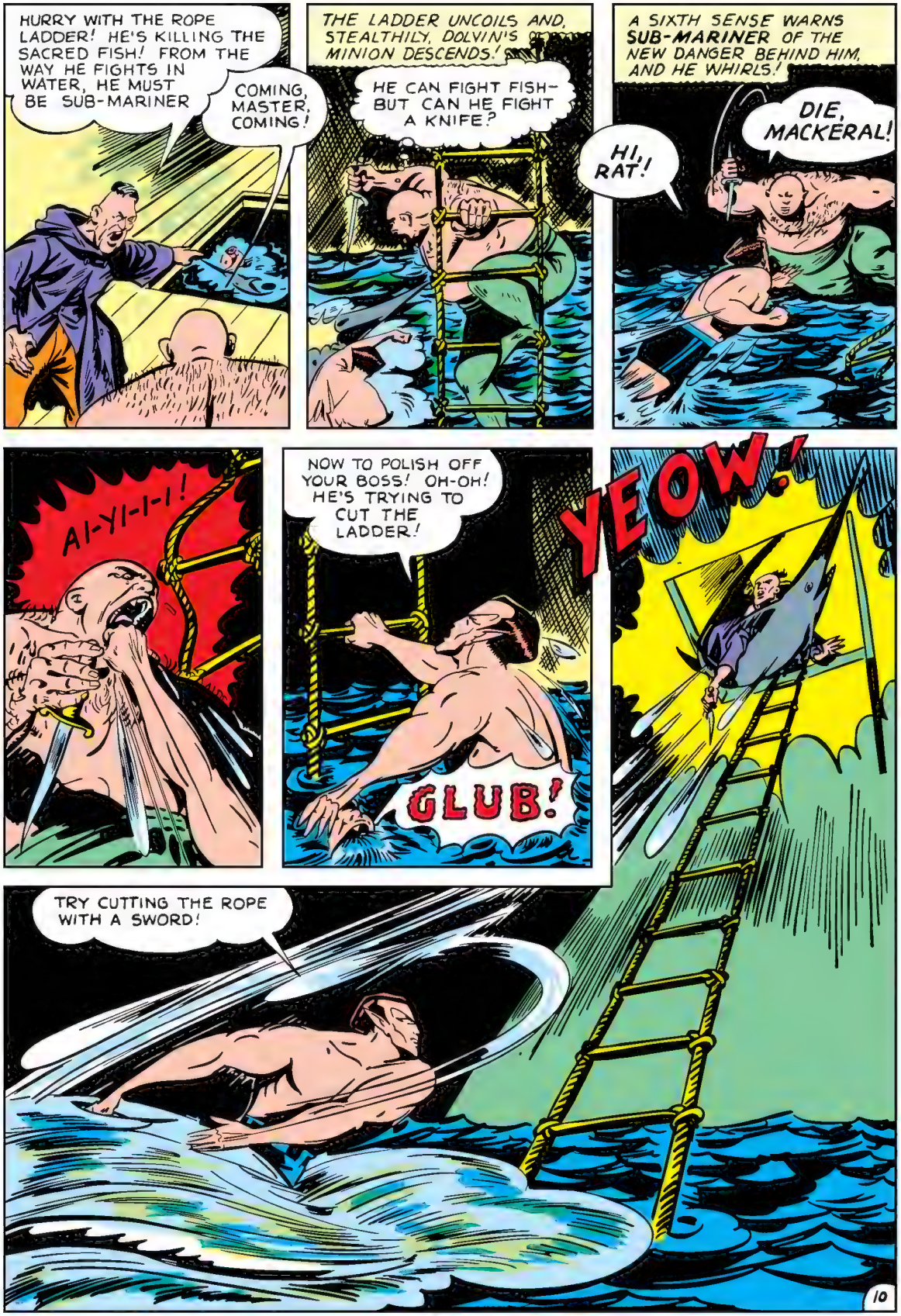
YOU SAY A SWORDFISH KILLED HIM? MAYBE IT'S A COINCIDENCE - BUT LOOK AT THAT TATTOO ON HIS ARM!
5

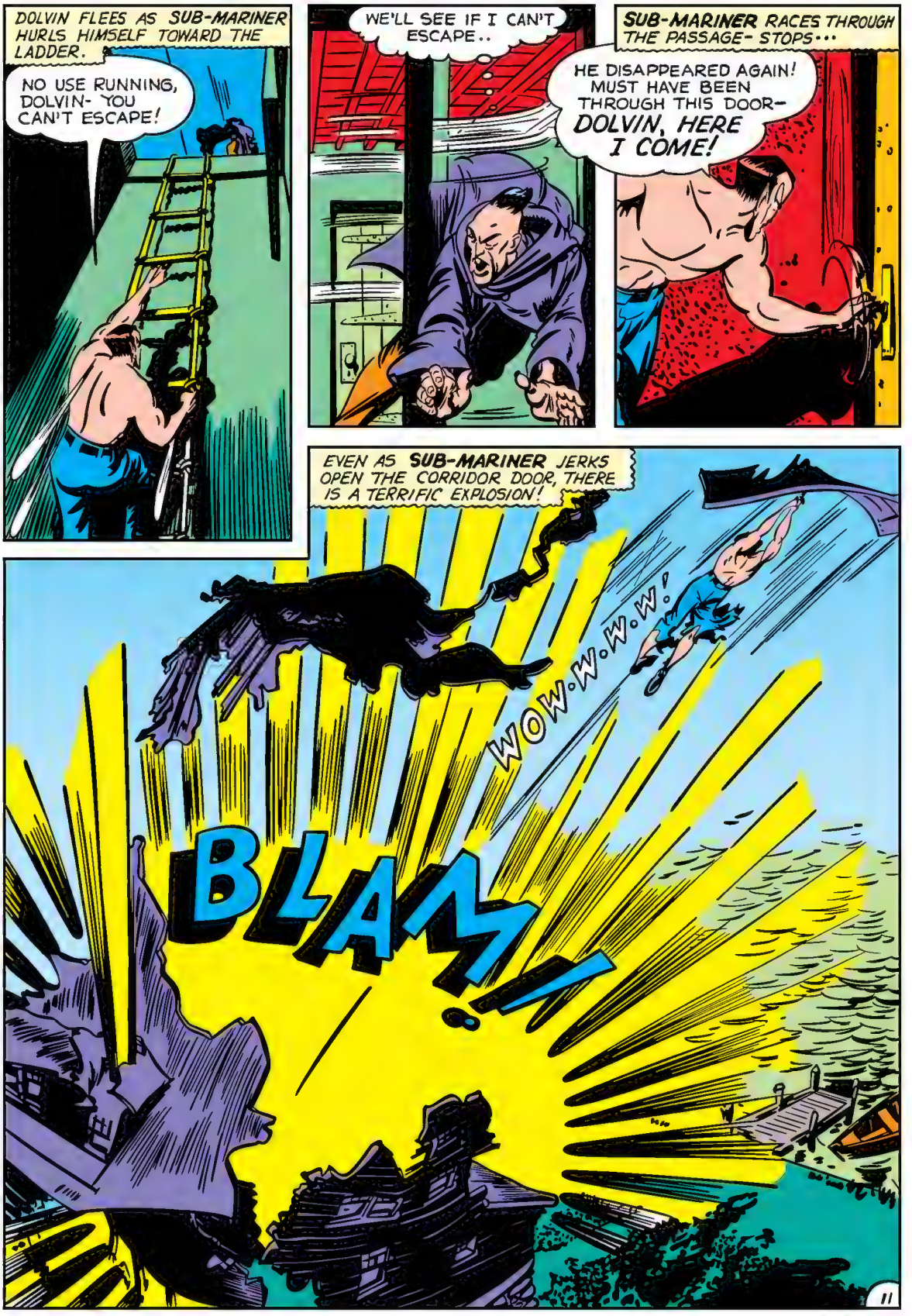

CHIEF! WE JUST GOT WORD ON THE DEAD GUY'S FINGERPRINTS. HE'S JOHN HARRIS - AN F.B.I. AGENT.
WHAT?
THIS CASE GETS MORE INTERESTING AS WE GO ALONG!
LATER...
A TATTOO PARLOR RIGHT UP MY ALLEY!
TATTOOING
THIS WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SWORDFISH EVER DRAWN!
JUST STICK TO THE PICTURE I SHOWED YOU, AND I'LL BE SATISFIED!
I CAN ALWAYS HAVE THE TATTOO REMOVED WITH AN ELECTRIC NEEDLE. NOW I'LL VISIT MISTER DOLVIN!
HERES HOPING I GET TO SEE HIM!
KNOCK KNOCK
THROUGH THE DOOR BOOMS A SEPULCHRAL VOICE...
WHO IS IT?
A HUMBLE DISCIPLE OF THE GREAT MASTER, DOLVIN.
THE DOOR, MOVING ON WELL-OILED HINGES, OPENS SILENTLY...
ENTER!
WHAT THE-? TH-THANKS!
LOOKS LIKE DOLVIN DOESN'T PICK PANTY-WAISTS FOR BUTLERS!
6

SUB-MARINER IS USHERED INTO A HUGE, DAZZLING-WHITE ROOM.
I AM DOLVIN. PRESENT YOUR CREDENTIALS!
YES, MASTER— AS SOON AS I GET MY COAT OFF.
THIS PROVES I'M OKAY, DOESN'T IT?
THAT SWORDFISH PROVES YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!
THE FISH REPRESENTING OUR CULT HAS 26 UPPER TEETH! YOURS HAS ONLY 25!
GARGO!
OH-OH!
SEIZE HIM!
WITH PLEASURE, DOLVIN!
AS THREE POWERFUL BODIES HURTLE TOWARD HIM, SUB-MARINER SWINGS INTO ACTION!
THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!
POW!
YEOW!
7

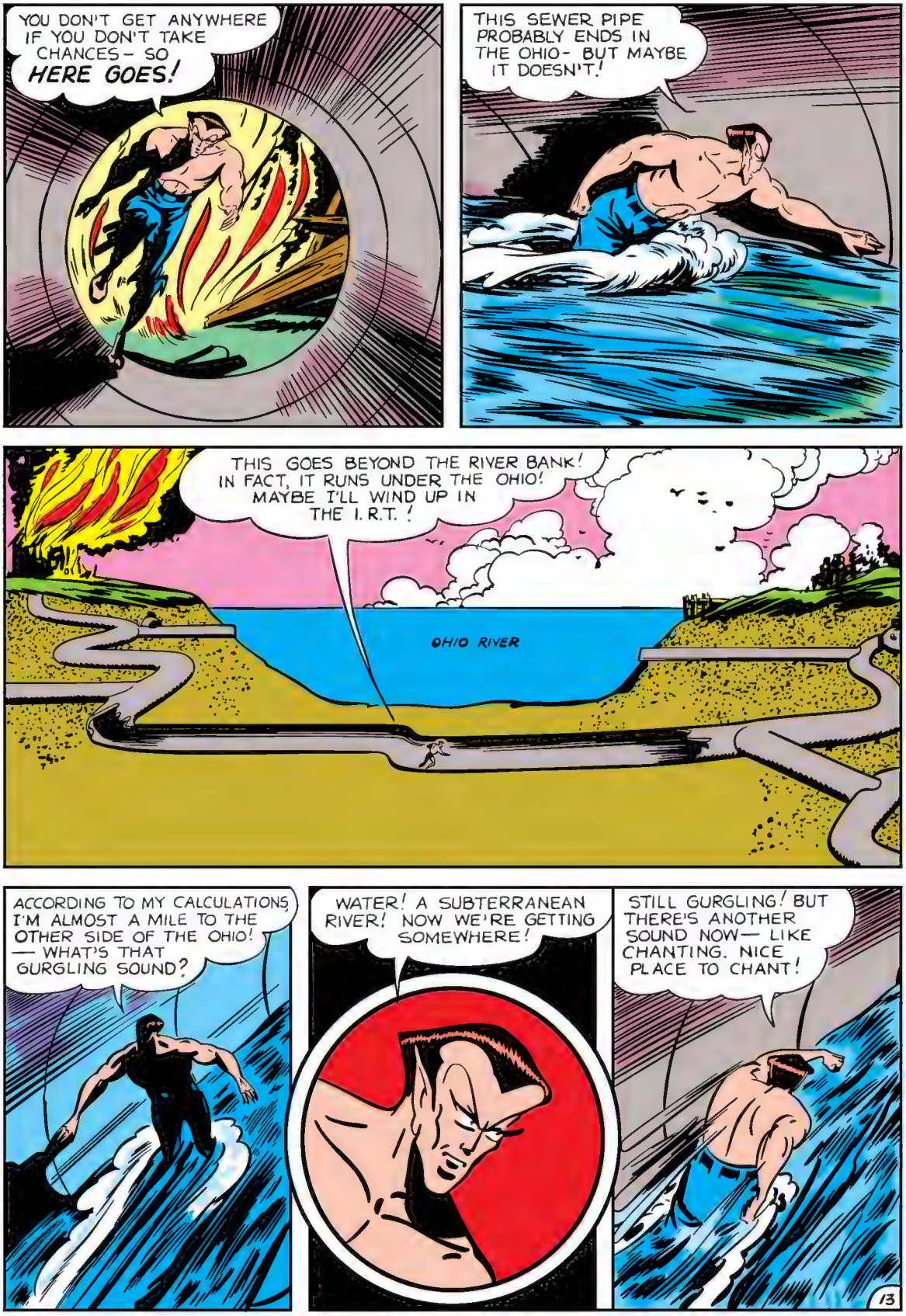
BUT A SURPRISE TACKLE SENDS SUB-MARINER HURTLING FORWARD!
GOOD WORK!
RECOVERING FROM HIS SURPRISE, SUB-MARINER TWISTS AND KICKS OUT...
WELL, I'LL BE—
I LIKE FOOTBALL TOO!
THAT'S THAT! NOW, TO— HEY! DOLVIN'S GONE!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASY, DOLVIN!
HE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT BUTTON—
NOW! THIS WILL DISPOSE OF HIM! HA-HA-HA!
8


AS SUB-MARINER ROUNDS THE TURN, THE FLOOR SUDDENLY YAWNS OPEN!
WOW!
A TRAP DOOR!
DOWN HE FALLS, WHILE DEATH, WITH RED EYES AND GLITTERING TEETH, AWAITS BELOW!
HUNGRY SWORDFISH! THEY HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS! NOW, WHAT A FEAST! HEH-HEH! A FEAST!
SWORDFISH!
AS DOLVIN'S LAUGHTER FLOATS DOWN, SUB-MARINER WHIRLS TO MEET NEW ADVERSARIES!
I ALWAYS LIKED SWORDFISH STEAK! C'MON, BOYS— DON'T BE SHY!
THE WATER CHURNS AS SUB-MARINER'S FISTS SLUG HOME!
ONE!— TWO!
YEOW! ONE NIPPED ME IN THE REAR!
9


HURRY WITH THE ROPE LADDER! HE'S KILLING THE SACRED FISH! FROM THE WAY HE FIGHTS IN WATER, HE MUST BE SUB-MARINER
COMING, MASTER, COMING!
THE LADDER UNCOILS AND, STEALTHILY, DOLVIN'S MINION DESCENDS!
HE CAN FIGHT FISH— BUT CAN HE FIGHT A KNIFE?
A SIXTH SENSE WARNS SUB-MARINER OF THE NEW DANGER BEHIND HIM, AND HE WHIRLS!
HI, RAT!
DIE, MACKERAL!
AI-YI-I-I!
NOW TO POLISH OFF YOUR BOSS! OH-OH! HE'S TRYING TO CUT THE LADDER!
GLUB!
YEOW!
TRY CUTTING THE ROPE WITH A SWORD!

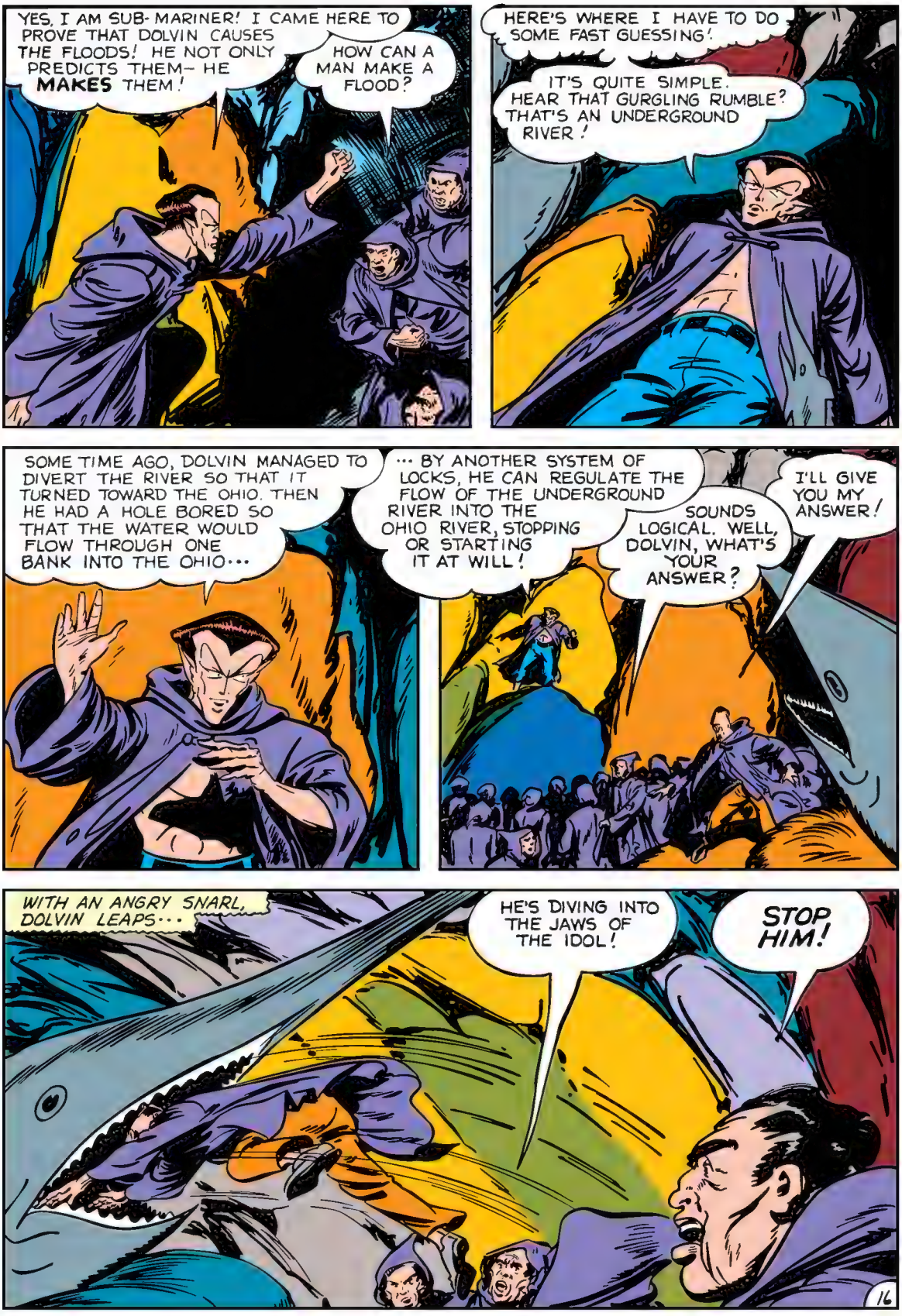

DOLVIN FLEES AS SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF TOWARD THE LADDER.
NO USE RUNNING, DOLVIN- YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!
WE'LL SEE IF I CAN'T ESCAPE..
SUB-MARINER RACES THROUGH THE PASSAGE- STOPS...
HE DISAPPEARED AGAIN! MUST HAVE BEEN THROUGH THIS DOOR- DOLVIN, HERE I COME!
EVEN AS SUB-MARINER JERKS OPEN THE CORRIDOR DOOR, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
WOW.W.W.W!
BLAM!
11

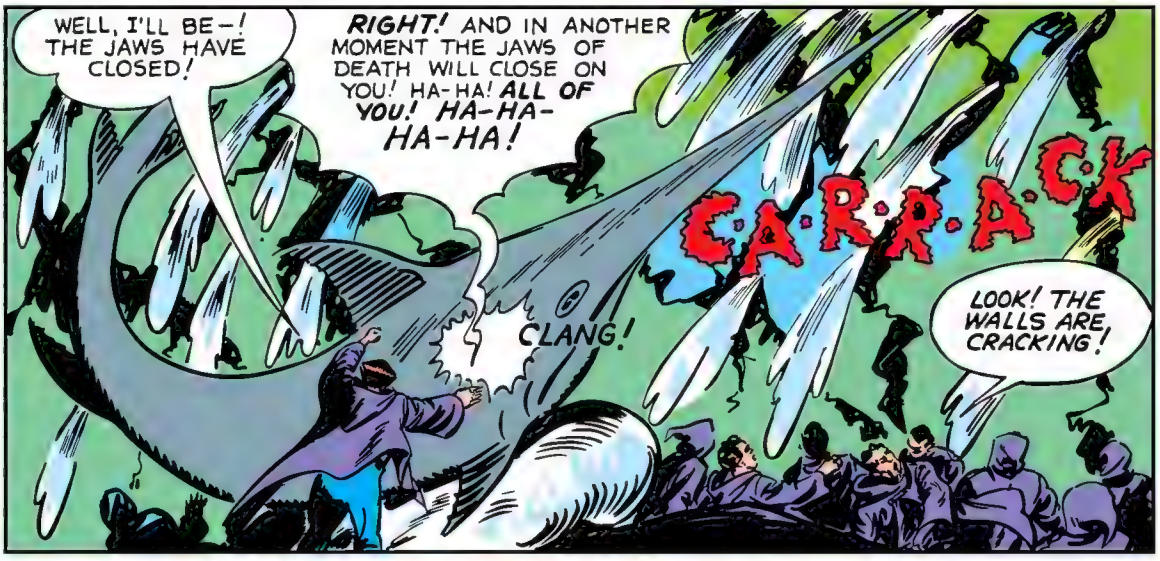
SUB-MARINER'S BODY DESCRIBES A GRACEFUL ARC THAT ENDS IN THE OHIO RIVER.
PLOP!
THE COLD WATER QUICKLY REVIVES HIM···
NICE WAY FOR DOLVIN TO COMMIT SUICIDE— IF HE DID! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK INTO THAT HOUSE··· WHAT'S LEFT OF IT··· AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY EVIDENCE.
THAT'S A SIREN— HERE'S HOPING I CAN GET IN THERE BEFORE THE SMOKE-EATERS ARRIVE!
WHO-O-O-O-O-O!
WITHOUT HESITATION, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES INTO THE INFERNO OF SMOKE AND FLAME!
WOW!
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE TORCH AND THAT LITTLE SQUIRT, TORO!
GASPING FOR BREATH, HE MAKES HIS WAY TO A STAIRWAY AND HEADS DOWNWARD TO THE CELLAR.
NOT SO BAD— HEY! WHAT'S THAT? A HOLE OPENING ON A SEWER PIPE! THEN DOLVIN DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE! THERE'S A CHANCE, THOUGH, THAT THIS MIGHT BE LIKE THAT DOORWAY— WIRED TO T.N.T.!
12

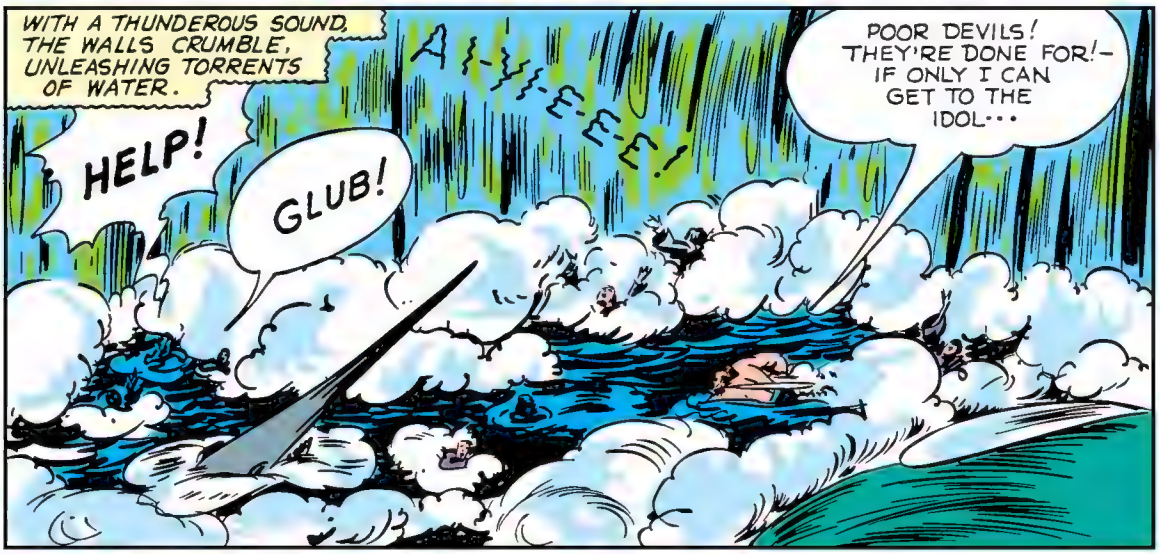

YOU DON'T GET ANYWHERE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CHANCES – SO HERE GOES!
THIS SEWER PIPE PROBABLY ENDS IN THE OHIO – BUT MAYBE IT DOESN'T!
THIS GOES BEYOND THE RIVER BANK! IN FACT, IT RUNS UNDER THE OHIO! MAYBE I'LL WIND UP IN THE I. R. T. !
OHIO RIVER
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, I'M ALMOST A MILE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OHIO! — WHAT'S THAT GURGLING SOUND?
WATER! A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!
STILL GURGLING! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER SOUND NOW — LIKE CHANTING. NICE PLACE TO CHANT!
13

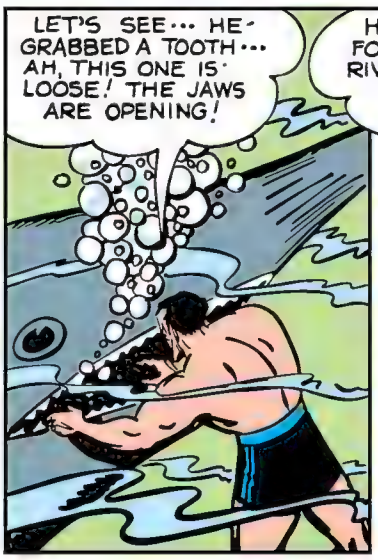
THE BIG PIPE ENDS- IN A ROOM CHOPPED OUT OF SOLID ROCK, BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.
HMMM- LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL··· HOODS AND ROBES! MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO DOLVIN AND HIS PALS!
DONNING ONE OF THE WEIRD COSTUMES, SUB-MARINER MAKES HIS WAY INTO A HUGE AMPITHEATER!
QUITE A CROWD! AND THEY'RE WORSHIPPING A SWORDFISH IDOL! BET THE HIGH PRIEST IS DOLVIN!
RISE, FOLLOWERS OF THE RIVER GOD! RISE AND LISTEN TO THIS WARNING!
AS SUB-MARINER UNOBTRUSIVELY JOINS THE WORSHIPPERS, DOLVIN'S VOICE RISES TO A SCREECH!
FROM NOW ON, I, YOUR LEADER, MUST WORK BEHIND THE SCENES. THERE IS A SPY YOU MUST WATCH OUT FOR! I SUSPECT HE IS THE SUB-MARINER!
BUT WE WILL CONTINUE OUR WORK OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF PEACE. WARN THE PEOPLE IN YOUR AREAS TO SEND TELEGRAMS TO CONGRESSMEN, STAGE PROTEST MARCHES TO WASHINGTON- PICKET THE WHITE HOUSE!
IF THEY DO NOT FORCE THE GOVERNMENT TO SIGN A PEACE WITH GERMANY, SOON- THE WORST FLOOD IN THE HISTORY OF THE OHIO RIVER WILL TAKE PLACE!

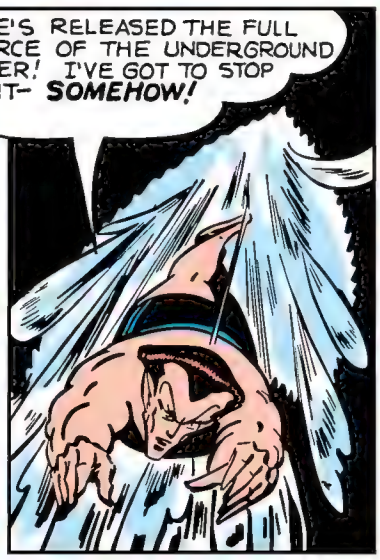
I HAVE SPOKEN! NOW, HOW MANY WERE HERE WHEN THE MEETING BEGAN?
I COUNTED 124, MASTER.
COUNT AGAIN! WE MUST TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION TO PREVENT F.B.I. AGENTS FROM AGAIN ENTERING OUR MEETINGS!
AS SUB-MARINER REALIZES THE IMPORT OF THESE WORDS, HE STARTS···
I GET IT NOW! DOLVIN MUST HAVE BEEN THE MONSTER THAT KILLED HARRIS OF THE F.B.I. HE PROBABLY USED A SWORDFISH MASK, WITH A SWORD MADE OF STEEL!
THEY'LL DISCOVER ME AS SOON AS THEY COUNT NOSES. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BRAZEN IT OUT!
FRIENDS! LISTEN TO ME!
WHAT THE—?
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO THE REAL SPY IS?—DOLVIN! HE SEEKS TO DIVIDE OUR COUNTRY, TO BRING US A FALSE PEACE - TO GIVE HITLER TIME TO RECOVER FROM THE BLOWS OF THE UNITED NATIONS!
HE LIES! HE IS SUB-MARINER, THE SPY I WARNED YOU ABOUT!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
15

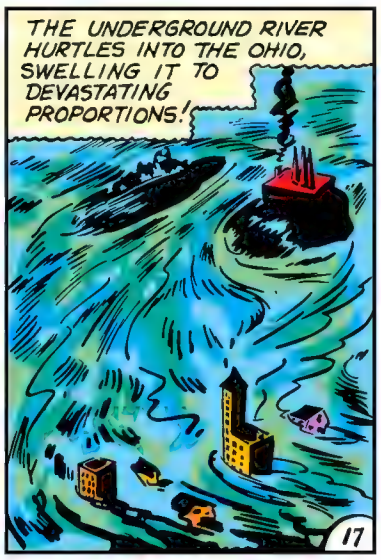

YES, I AM SUB-MARINER! I CAME HERE TO PROVE THAT DOLVIN CAUSES THE FLOODS! HE NOT ONLY PREDICTS THEM— HE MAKES THEM!
HOW CAN A MAN MAKE A FLOOD?
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE TO DO SOME FAST GUESSING!
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE. HEAR THAT GURGLING RUMBLE? THAT'S AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
SOME TIME AGO, DOLVIN MANAGED TO DIVERT THE RIVER SO THAT IT TURNED TOWARD THE OHIO. THEN HE HAD A HOLE BORED SO THAT THE WATER WOULD FLOW THROUGH ONE BANK INTO THE OHIO···
··· BY ANOTHER SYSTEM OF LOCKS, HE CAN REGULATE THE FLOW OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER INTO THE OHIO RIVER, STOPPING OR STARTING IT AT WILL!
SOUNDS LOGICAL. WELL, DOLVIN, WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?
I'LL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER!
WITH AN ANGRY SNARL, DOLVIN LEAPS···
HE'S DIVING INTO THE JAWS OF THE IDOL!
STOP HIM!

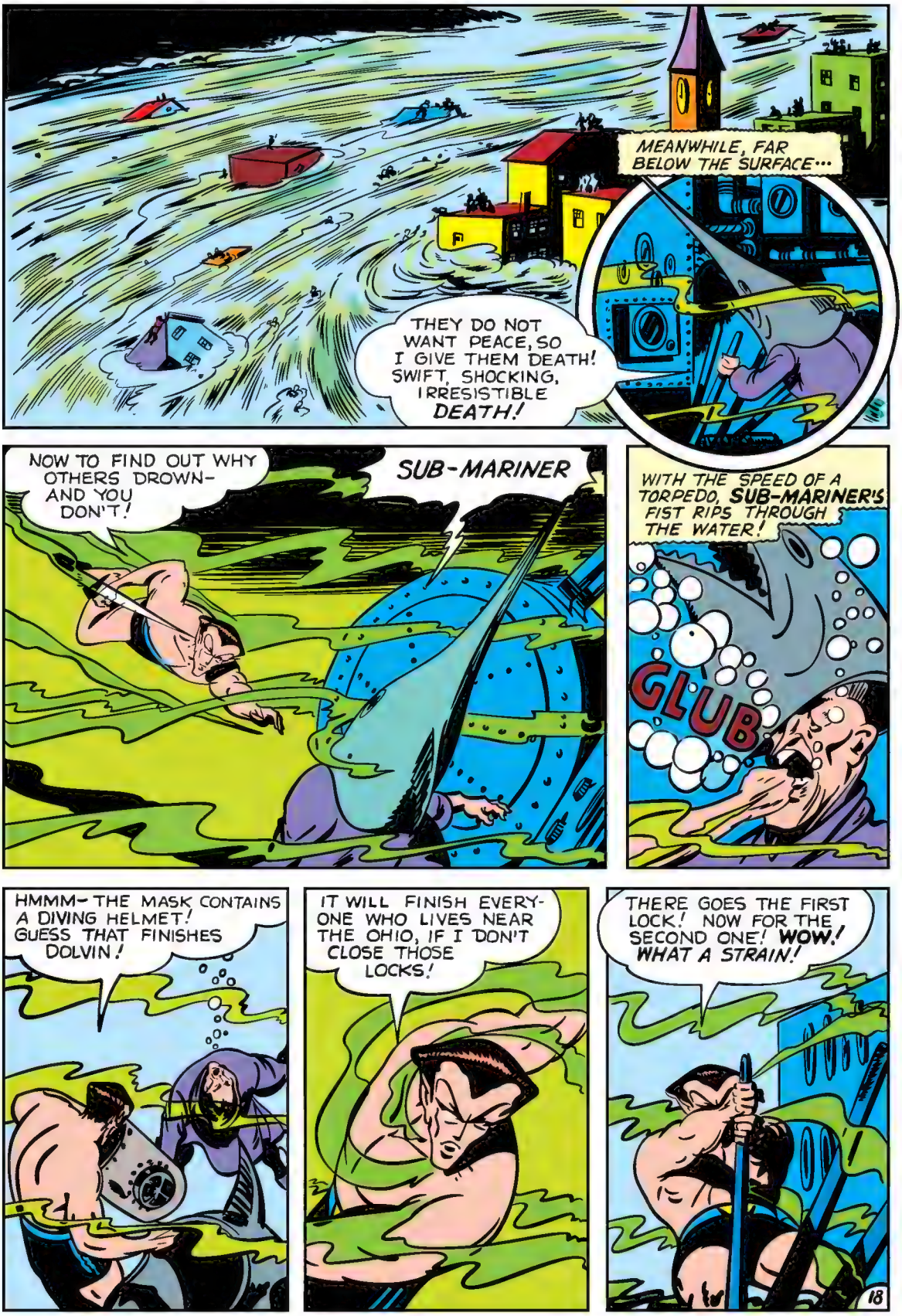

WELL, I'LL BE—! THE JAWS HAVE CLOSED!
RIGHT! AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE JAWS OF DEATH WILL CLOSE ON YOU! HA-HA! ALL OF YOU! HA-HA-HA-HA!
CLANG!
C-A-R-R-A-C-K
LOOK! THE WALLS ARE CRACKING!

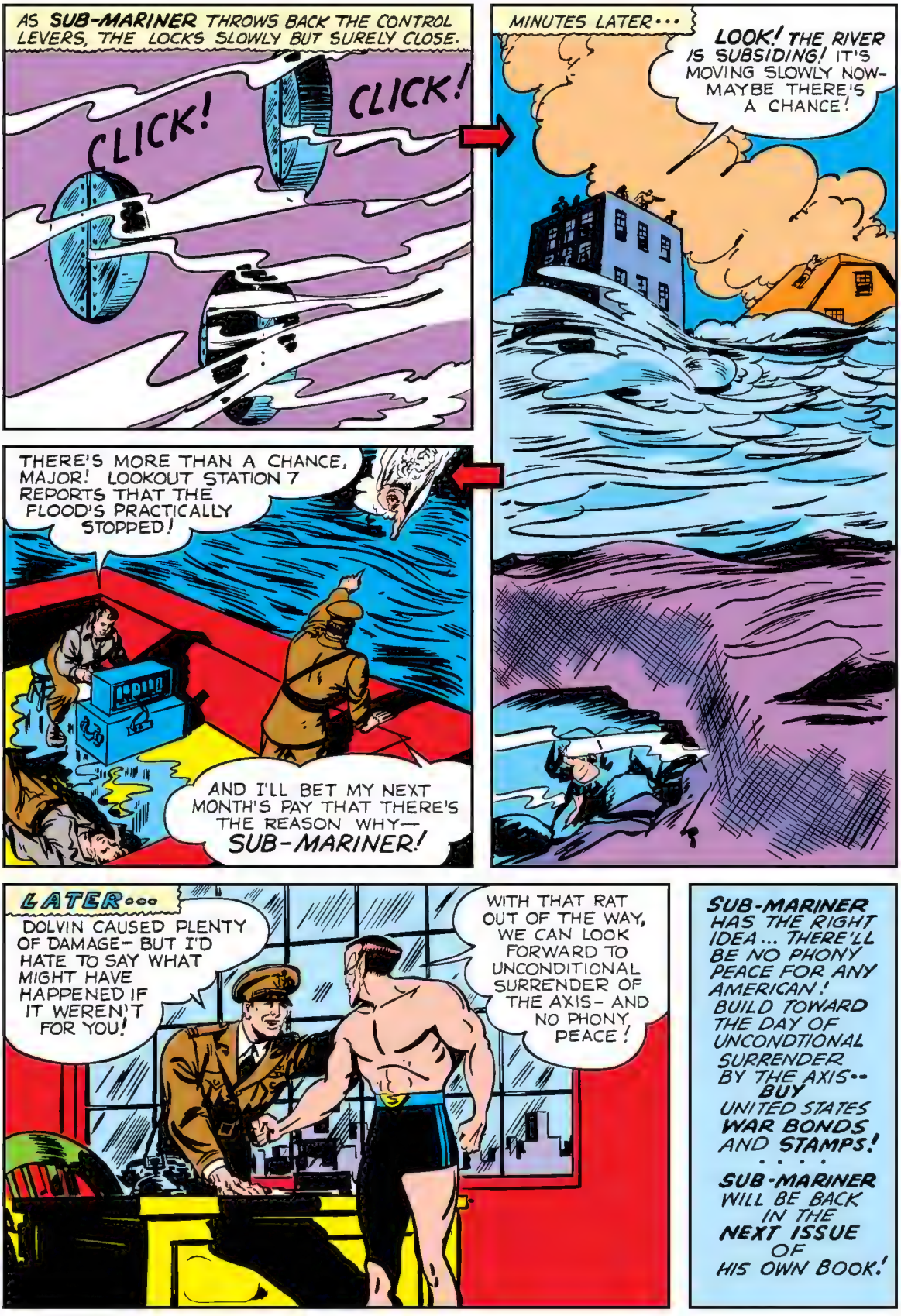

WITH A THUNDEROUS SOUND, THE WALLS CRUMBLE, UNLEASHING TORRENTS OF WATER.
HELP!
GLUB!
A-A-E-E-E-E!
POOR DEVILS! THEY'RE DONE FOR!— IF ONLY I CAN GET TO THE IDOL···


LET'S SEE··· HE GRABBED A TOOTH··· AH, THIS ONE IS LOOSE! THE JAWS ARE OPENING!


HE'S RELEASED THE FULL FORCE OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT— SOMEHOW!


THE UNDERGROUND RIVER HURTLES INTO THE OHIO, SWELLING IT TO DEVASTATING PROPORTIONS!


MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE...
THEY DO NOT WANT PEACE, SO I GIVE THEM DEATH! SWIFT, SHOCKING, IRRESISTIBLE DEATH!
NOW TO FIND OUT WHY OTHERS DROWN— AND YOU DON'T!
SUB-MARINER
WITH THE SPEED OF A TORPEDO, SUB-MARINER'S FIST RIPS THROUGH THE WATER!
GLUB
HMMM— THE MASK CONTAINS A DIVING HELMET! GUESS THAT FINISHES DOLVIN!
IT WILL FINISH EVERY-ONE WHO LIVES NEAR THE OHIO, IF I DON'T CLOSE THOSE LOCKS!
THERE GOES THE FIRST LOCK! NOW FOR THE SECOND ONE! WOW! WHAT A STRAIN!
18


AS SUB-MARINER THROWS BACK THE CONTROL LEVERS, THE LOCKS SLOWLY BUT SURELY CLOSE.
CLICK!
CLICK!
MINUTES LATER...
LOOK! THE RIVER IS SUBSIDING! IT'S MOVING SLOWLY NOW- MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE!
THERE'S MORE THAN A CHANCE, MAJOR! LOOKOUT STATION 7 REPORTS THAT THE FLOOD'S PRACTICALLY STOPPED!
AND I'LL BET MY NEXT MONTH'S PAY THAT THERE'S THE REASON WHY— SUB-MARINER!
LATER...
DOLVIN CAUSED PLENTY OF DAMAGE— BUT I'D HATE TO SAY WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!
WITH THAT RAT OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF THE AXIS— AND NO PHONY PEACE!
SUB-MARINER HAS THE RIGHT IDEA... THERE'LL BE NO PHONY PEACE FOR ANY AMERICAN! BUILD TOWARD THE DAY OF UNCONDTIONAL SURRENDER BY THE AXIS-- BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HIS OWN BOOK!

HIS BEST FRIEND

IT WOULD be, Cleve told himself with satisfaction, the perfect crime.

"If I muff this," Cleve informed Skat, the shaggy shepherd dog, "I ought to have my head examined. Skat, old man, we're about to make our fortune!"

Which probably meant next to nothing to Skat. He gave no indication other than to wag an appreciative tail over the fact that Cleve was talking to him. Skat was always like that. Skat liked Cleve, which isn't to be held against him. Otherwise, Skat was smart.

Cleve picked up a broom. Outside in the wind-swept street there were no people to be seen. Cleve plied his broom, turned at the sound of Pop Andrew's approaching footsteps.

"Business slack again," Pop announced, looking past the big bulk of Cleve's body and out the window.

Cleve nodded, sweeping a little pile of dust, cigarette butts and match cases to one side. "Yep. Folks all home eating. Y'may as well take your snooze."

"Suppose so," Pop admitted, his friendly old face softened with a smile. "People aren't buying much any more—"

"Nothing much to buy," Cleve interrupted with a chuckle. "How can they? At the rate this war's going—"

Pop Andrew turned away, toddling slowly back along the counter, one seamed old hand resting on the gnarled surface as if he loved its touch. Cleve watched him cautiously. Shucks, the old guy had been living here all his life. Living here and running this store.

Cleve waited patiently for the old man to get settled. After he was well asleep, Cleve would get going. It was only a little way to the big two-story house where Pop Andrew lived alone, where he had the accumulated savings of years secreted beneath the hearth-stone of the old fireplace.

Cleve opened the back door with the key he'd rigged up. These old locks wouldn't keep out anyone with any brains. Cleve slid through darkness to the living-room. He squatted down before the fireplace. There was no sound. Skat nosed about, came to sit at the edge of the circle of light from the flash, as Cleve raised the stone and dug into the cache. It made him catch his breath for a second. Why, there was more here than he'd even expected. There was a small fortune. . . .

Cleve darted back through the night to the rear of the store, let himself cautiously in. He closed the door, poked his head into the back room and saw, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the old man was still sound asleep. He'd stay so until Cleve woke him. . . .

"Imagine me playing nursemaid to that old coot," Cleve marveled. "But, he's paying me well. Very well!"

CLEVE didn't sleep well that night. Even Skat seemed to be troubled, for Cleve heard him padding about the little cottage all night.

There was a feeling of tension within him as Cleve walked to the store and unlocked it. Any time now the lid would blow off the works. Evidently the old man hadn't discovered the theft last night, or Cleve would have heard about it. But now . . . any time. . . .

Cleve was sweeping up when he saw Pop Andrew hurrying along the road, hatless, his white hair plastered to his head in the slow fall of rain, his face even at a distance showing lined and pinched. He came panting into the store and caught at the end of the glass case as he paused.

"Cleve!" he croaked. "Cleve—it—it's gone. My . . . my money . . . everything—"

Cleve tried to register genuine alarm. "You must have misplaced it," he insisted, taking hold of the old man's arm and leading him to a chair near the pot-bellied stove. "Here, rest a minute. We'll go back and be sure—"

"I am sure! Sure!" the old man moaned.

"I'll call the sheriff," Cleve said briskly, hurrying to the 'phone hanging against the back wall. "You must be wrong. It'll turn up . . . somewhere!"

And it would, too, Cleve knew, but the turning-up point would be a long way from here. It was, Cleve told himself, pathetic. He should have been moved. Deeply moved. In a sense, he was.

Sheriff Pringle—he was called Pringy by his friends—hurried in, with his mild blue eyes popping, his handle-bar whiskers still tinted with his morning eggs.

"You come back with me, Pop," Pringy told the old man. "Must be some mistake—"

But there wasn't any mistake, and after a few hours things began to look serious. Cleve had to chuckle to himself. For the first time in years business was good. But about all anyone wanted was the latest developments. Yes, Cleve had to take his hat off to himself. After all, Pop was old, about done for. Someone ought to benefit by his years of saving.

THE LOCAL yokels were making the most of it. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before. Glendale had been a sleepy little village carefully hiding in the hills. Crime and the war were things far removed. Now everyone was on edge, seething with rage and yearning to get their hands on the "dastardly criminal" who had dared break their carefully guarded record.

Cleve wondered how long it would last, how long he could safely hang around. He told Pop Andrew one evening: "I may be moving out before long. Gonna get a job in defense. Charlie Skinner's looking for something to do. He was saying the other day that he'd half intended asking you if you could use him in the store. After what's just happened—"

"Charlie Skinner?" Pop Andrew echoed. "The store? Cleve . . . I'm done for. I haven't a penny. People aren't buying any more. I can't live on . . . nothing!"

Cleve shrugged. "It's tough," he agreed. "Most I ever got done out of was a fiver. And I lost that through a hole in my pocket. Must be tough to have everything go like this!"

Tonight Cleve locked up extra early. Pop Andrew's long habit of sleeping evenings was broken now. He was away with the sheriff. People had gone back to their regular eating time and and Cleve saw no use in staying open. He locked up and, with Skat close at his heels, sloshed home through the night and the rain. Cooking and eating supper later, he found his thoughts far away, where there was sunshine and warmth and something to do. With this money in his pockets he would find plenty to do. Maybe he'd go south first. . . .

Skat woofed and a moment later someone knocked. Cleve got up and went to the door. Rain and wind drove the shrouded figures of the sheriff and Pop Andrew into the little hall. Lem Rainer and Charlie Skinner were along. Cleve felt his pulse quicken a little, but he greeted them with a grin.

"Get your duds off," he invited. "I'll put a pot of coffee together—"

"Never mind," Pringy interrupted, his voice gruff and businesslike. "We're here on business, Cleve!"

Cleve gathered himself. What was this? A bluff? It must be. He hadn't slipped anywhere. Hadn't left a single clue!

Pringy said, "Well, Cleve, we've got nothing on you." He hesitated and his now hard blue eyes shifted to Skat sitting beside the stove. Pringy announced, "I've got a warrant of arrest here, Cleve. I'm arresting Skat. For the theft of Pop Andrew's money!"

FOR a moment there was deep silence. Cleve shook his head slowly, trying to clear his senses. What was this? A gag? Skat . . . a warrant for his arrest. . . .

"You're nuts!" Cleve growled. "The whole kaboodle of you—"

"Here's the warrant, Cleve," Pringy said. "Okay, man. Do your duty—"

Lem Rainer stepped forward. He took a stout chain-leash from his pocket—

With a roar Cleve went into action. He drove at Lem Rainer with a snarl of anger, heavy fists plunging. Lem lurched aside, stumbled over Skat, who emitted a howl of anguish. The sound spurred Cleve and he whirled. . . .

Charlie Skinner cowered in front of him. Before Cleve had a chance to think, Charlie's ham-like fist loomed before Cleve's eyes, exploded with an array of amazing lights, followed by a total black-out.

CLEVE opened his eyes. It took a minute or two to pull himself together. He saw that they had Skat chained. . . .

Cleve moved swollen lips painfully. "Skat's . . . innocent."

Pringy said, "I'll do my blamedest to prove he's guilty."

Cleve babbled, "Leave Skat alone! I did it! I'll take the rap!"

Cleve dropped into the rocker and Skat came over to him, wagging his tail. Cleve sat there, patting his friend. "I still don't get it," he complained. "Why you picked on Skat—"

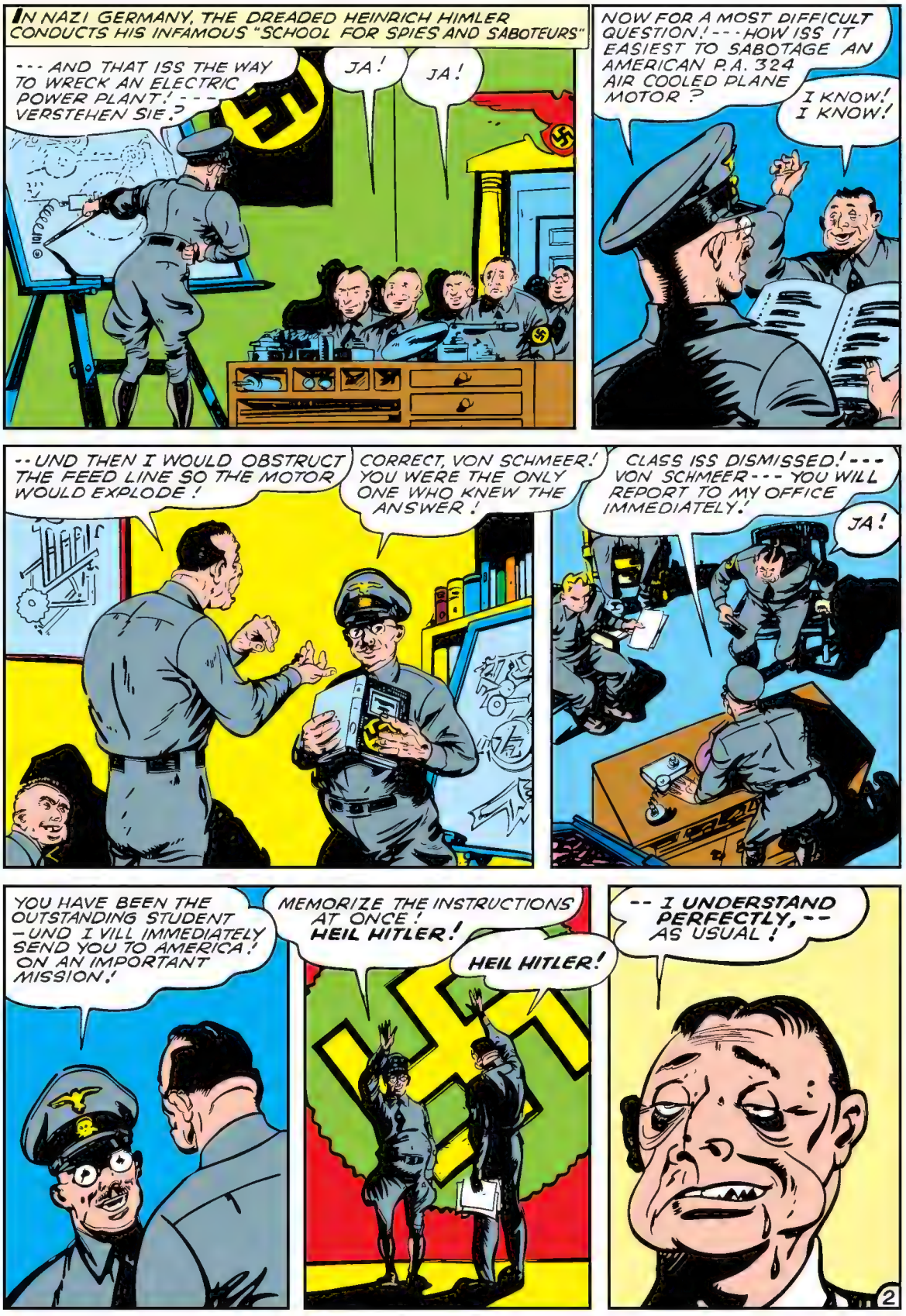
"Easy," Sheriff Pringle said proudly. "You're smart, all right, Cleve. *You* didn't leave a single clue. But Skat did." The sheriff chuckled. "Believe it or not, all animals leave paw-prints that are just as distinctive as human prints. Even their noses do. I heard a lecture about it once, by some professor."

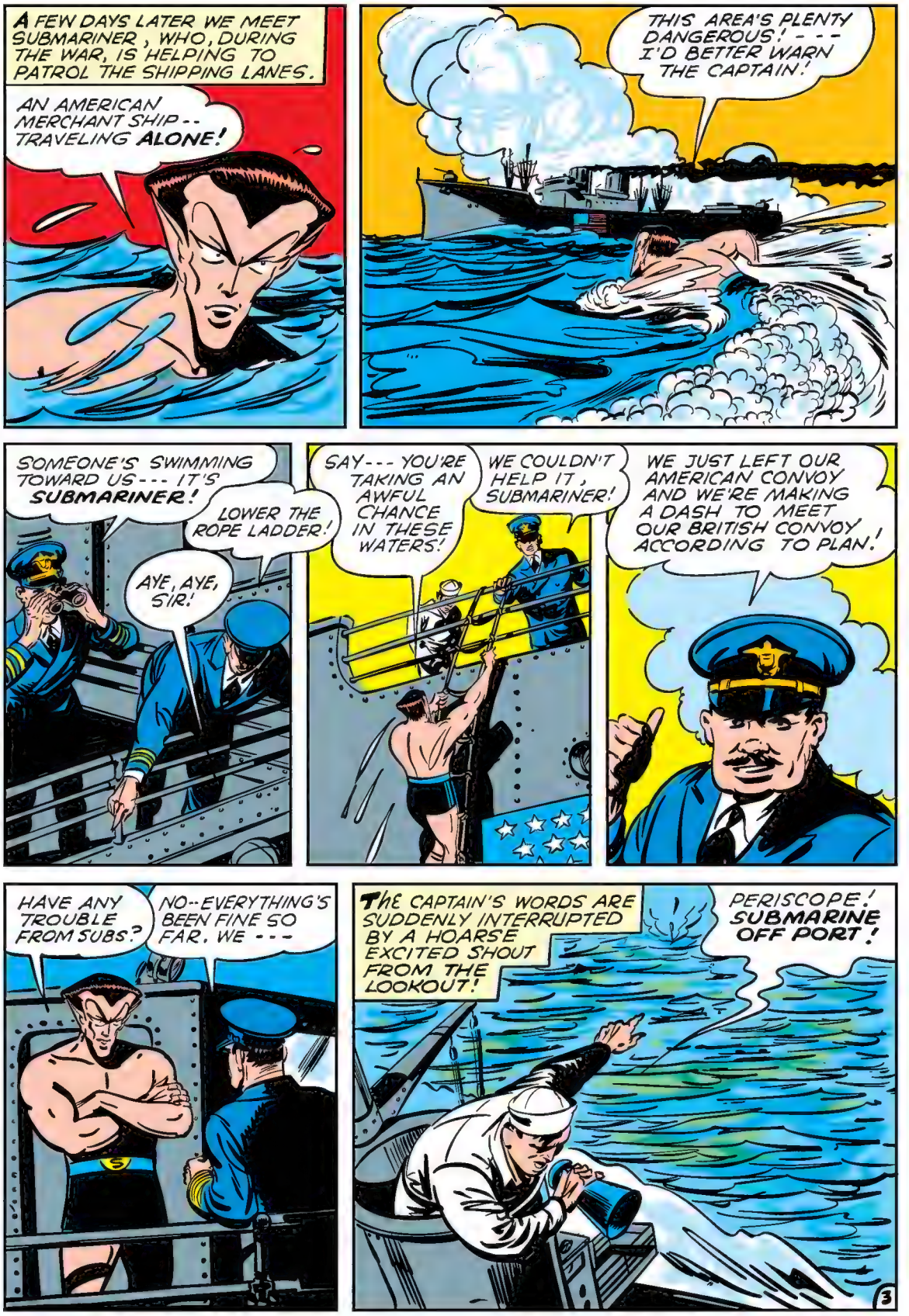
"Skat left the clue I needed, Cleve. He left his paw-prints around the edge of the floor where Pop had just oiled it that day. Later, I got another set from Skat at the store. . . They're the same, Cleve. Skat's prints and the ones in the house!"

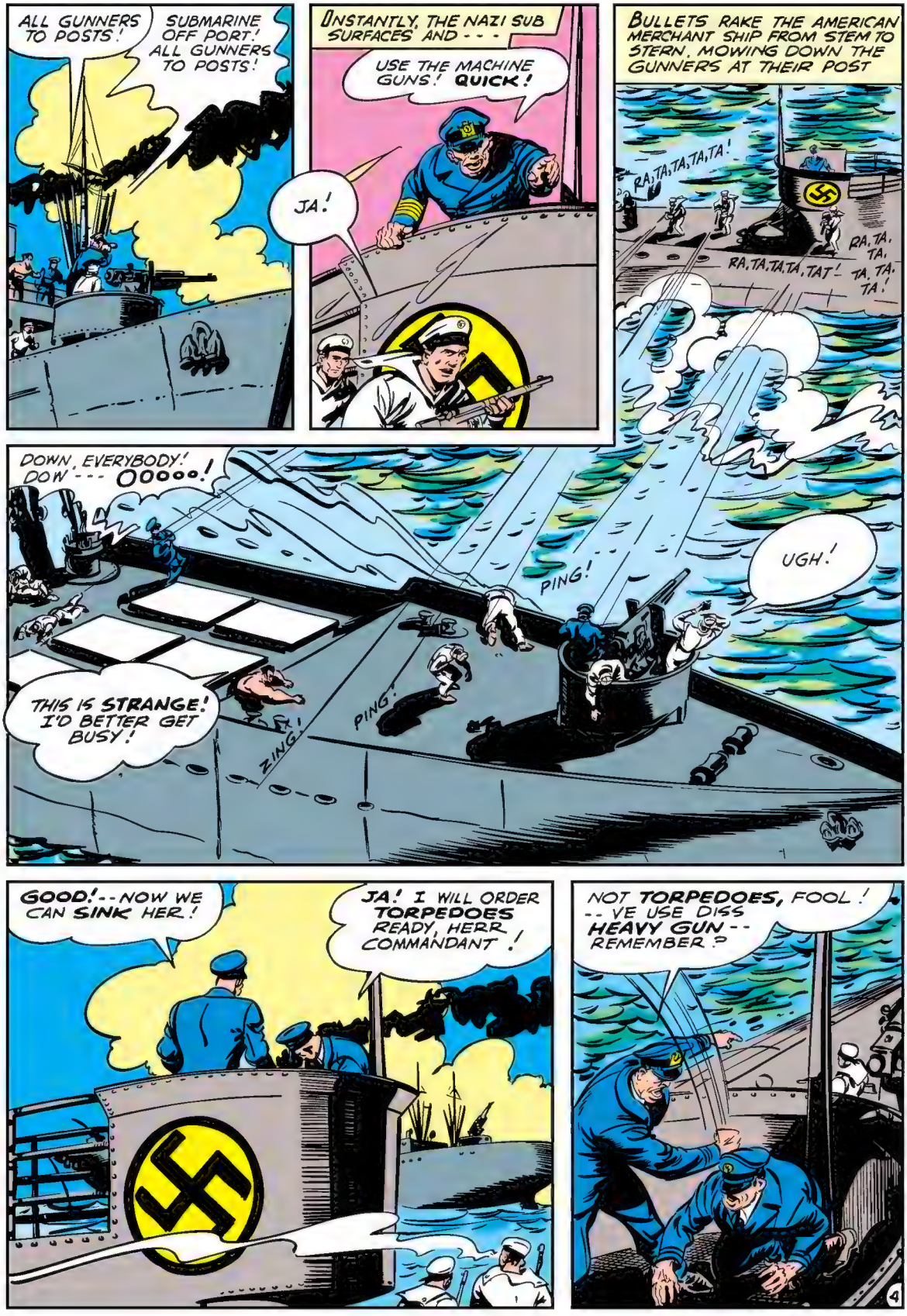
Cleve squared his shoulders. "Imagine!" he muttered. He looked at Skat. Cleve said, "You—you doggone dog!"

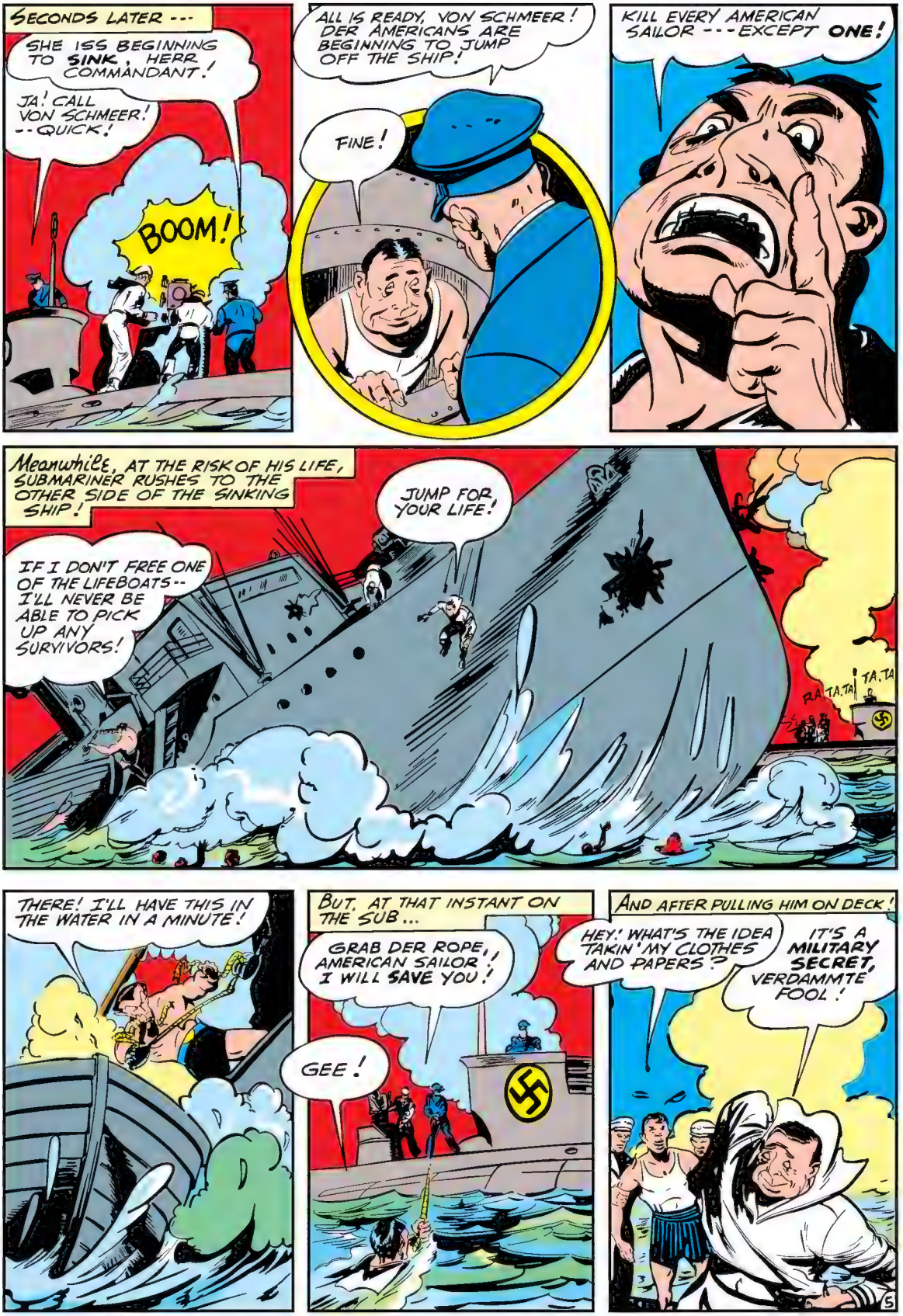
The End.

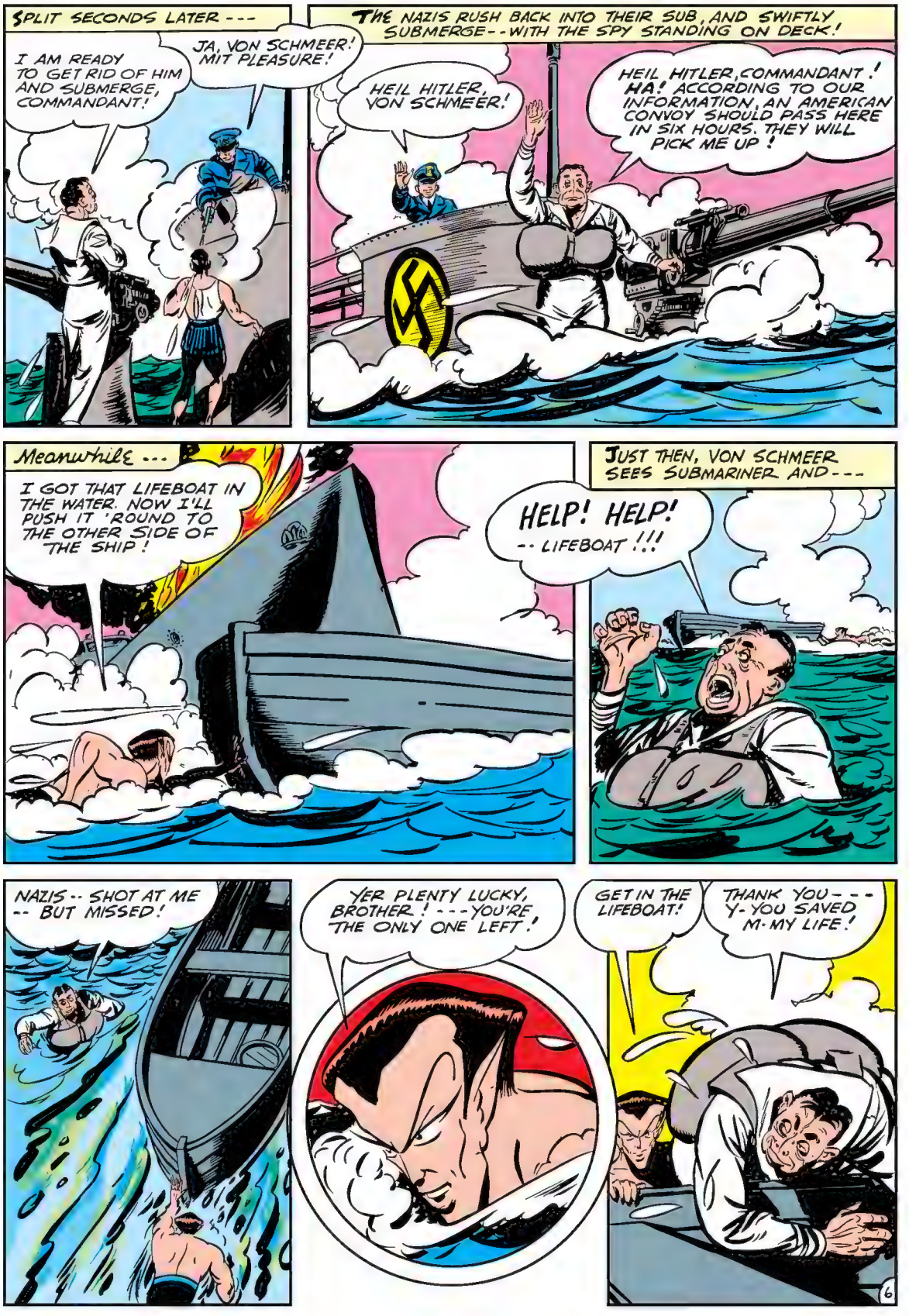
SUB-MARINER
USA
Deciphers THE "CODE OF DEATH"

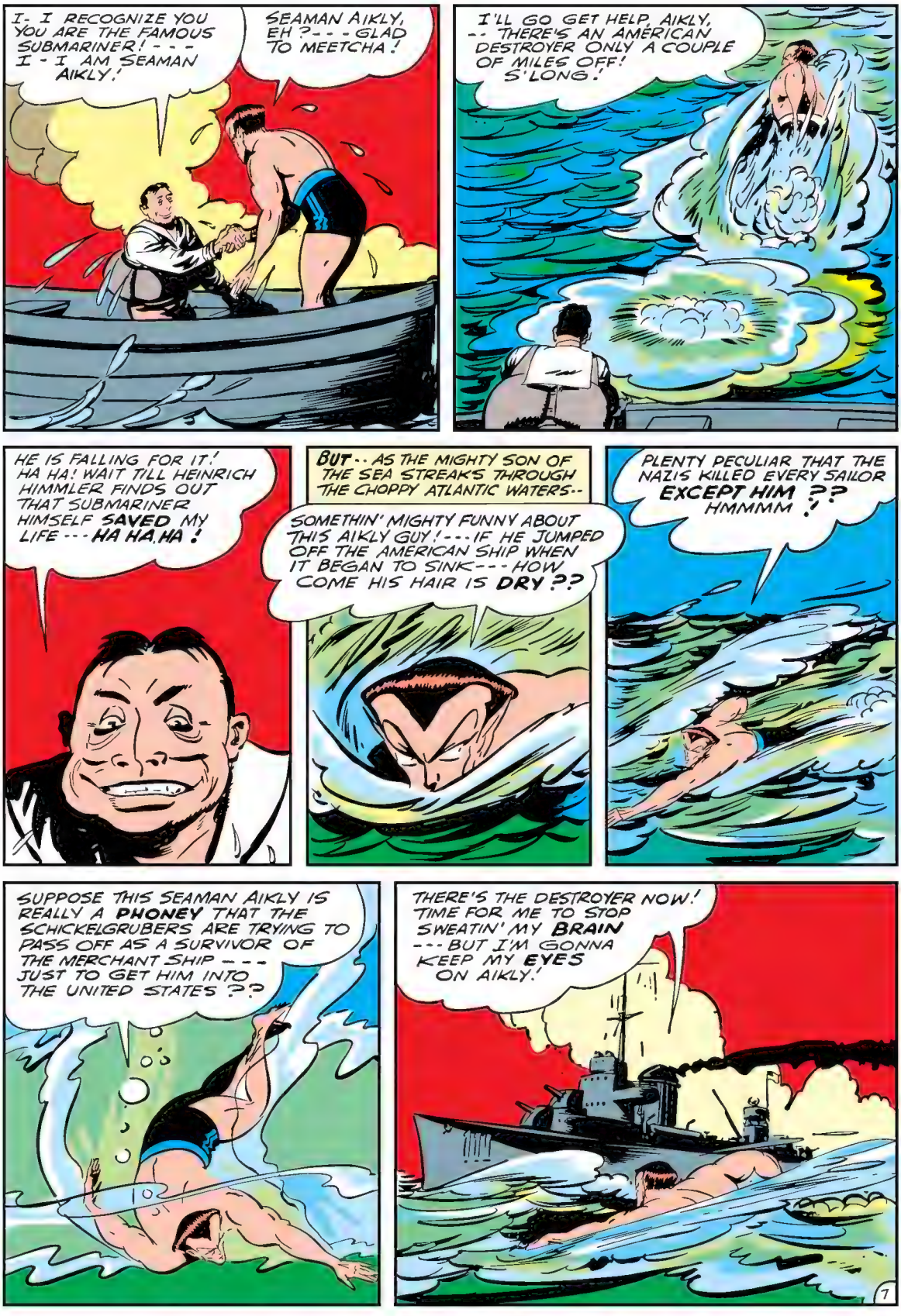

IN NAZI GERMANY, THE DREADED HEINRICH HIMLER CONDUCTS HIS INFAMOUS "SCHOOL FOR SPIES AND SABOTEURS"
--- AND THAT ISS THE WAY TO WRECK AN ELECTRIC POWER PLANT! --- VERSTEHEN SIE?
JA!
JA!
NOW FOR A MOST DIFFICULT QUESTION! --- HOW ISS IT EASIEST TO SABOTAGE AN AMERICAN P.A. 324 AIR COOLED PLANE MOTOR?
I KNOW! I KNOW!
-- UND THEN I WOULD OBSTRUCT THE FEED LINE SO THE MOTOR WOULD EXPLODE!
CORRECT, VON SCHMEER! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THE ANSWER!
CLASS ISS DISMISSED! --- VON SCHMEER --- YOU WILL REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!
JA!
YOU HAVE BEEN THE OUTSTANDING STUDENT -UND I VILL IMMEDIATELY SEND YOU TO AMERICA! ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION!
MEMORIZE THE INSTRUCTIONS AT ONCE! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
-- I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, -- AS USUAL!
2


A FEW DAYS LATER WE MEET SUBMARINER, WHO, DURING THE WAR, IS HELPING TO PATROL THE SHIPPING LANES.
AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP-- TRAVELING ALONE!
THIS AREA'S PLENTY DANGEROUS! - - - I'D BETTER WARN THE CAPTAIN!
SOMEONE'S SWIMMING TOWARD US--- IT'S SUBMARINER!
LOWER THE ROPE LADDER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SAY--- YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE IN THESE WATERS!
WE COULDN'T HELP IT, SUBMARINER!
WE JUST LEFT OUR AMERICAN CONVOY AND WE'RE MAKING A DASH TO MEET OUR BRITISH CONVOY, ACCORDING TO PLAN.!
HAVE ANY TROUBLE FROM SUBS?
NO--EVERYTHING'S BEEN FINE SO FAR. WE - - -
THE CAPTAIN'S WORDS ARE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A HOARSE EXCITED SHOUT FROM THE LOOKOUT!
PERISCOPE! SUBMARINE OFF PORT!
3

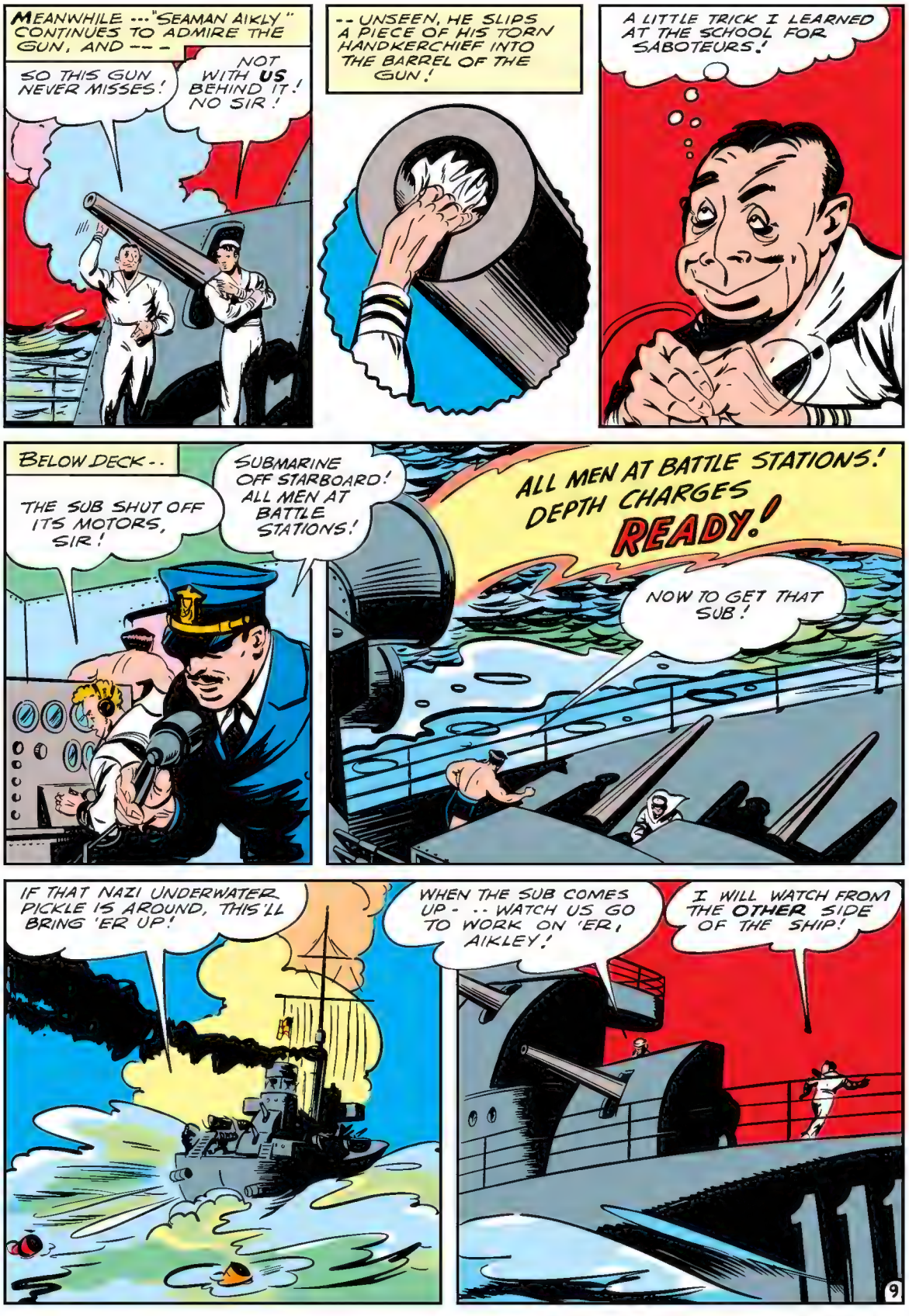

ALL GUNNERS TO POSTS!
SUBMARINE OFF PORT! ALL GUNNERS TO POSTS!
INSTANTLY, THE NAZI SUB SURFACES AND - - -
USE THE MACHINE GUNS! QUICK!
JA!
BULLETS RAKE THE AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN, MOWING DOWN THE GUNNERS AT THEIR POST
RA,TA,TA,TA,TA!
RA,TA,TA,TA,TAT!
RA,TA, TA, TA,TA, TA!
DOWN, EVERYBODY! DOW - - - OOOOO!
PING!
UGH!
THIS IS STRANGE! I'D BETTER GET BUSY!
ZING!
PING!
GOOD! -- NOW WE CAN SINK HER!
JA! I WILL ORDER TORPEDOES READY, HERR COMMANDANT!
NOT TORPEDOES, FOOL! -- VE USE DISS HEAVY GUN -- REMEMBER?
4

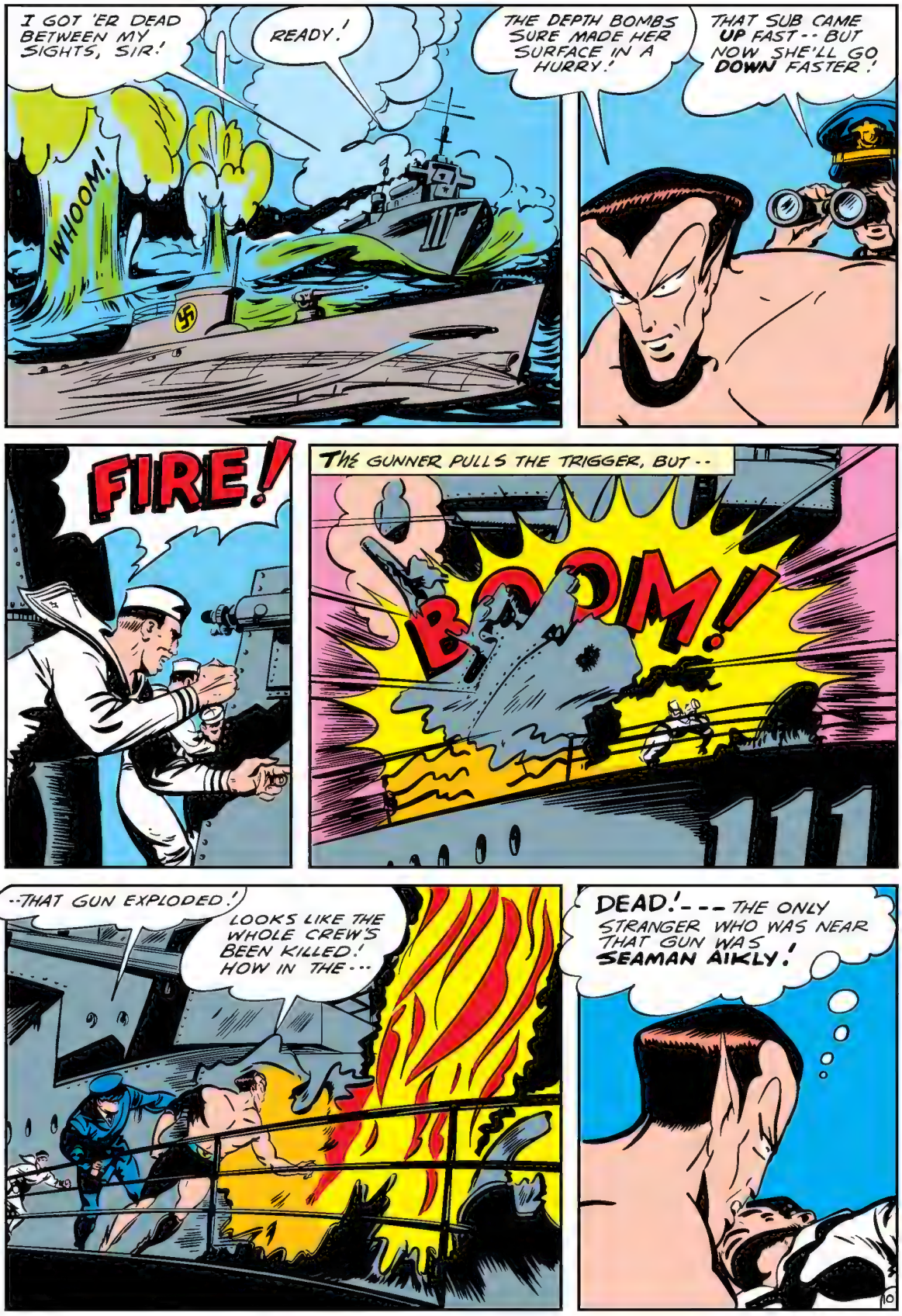

SECONDS LATER ---
SHE ISS BEGINNING TO SINK, HERR COMMANDANT!
JA! CALL VON SCHMEER! --QUICK!
BOOM!
ALL IS READY, VON SCHMEER! DER AMERICANS ARE BEGINNING TO JUMP OFF THE SHIP!
FINE!
KILL EVERY AMERICAN SAILOR ---EXCEPT ONE!
Meanwhile, AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, SUBMARINER RUSHES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SINKING SHIP!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!
IF I DON'T FREE ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS-- I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PICK UP ANY SURVIVORS!
RA TA.TA TA.TA
THERE! I'LL HAVE THIS IN THE WATER IN A MINUTE!
BUT, AT THAT INSTANT ON THE SUB...
GRAB DER ROPE, AMERICAN SAILOR! I WILL SAVE YOU!
GEE!
AND AFTER PULLING HIM ON DECK!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA TAKIN' MY CLOTHES AND PAPERS?
IT'S A MILITARY SECRET, VERDAMMTE FOOL!
5


SPLIT SECONDS LATER ---
I AM READY TO GET RID OF HIM AND SUBMERGE, COMMANDANT!
JA, VON SCHMEER! MIT PLEASURE!
THE NAZIS RUSH BACK INTO THEIR SUB, AND SWIFTLY SUBMERGE--WITH THE SPY STANDING ON DECK!
HEIL HITLER, VON SCHMEER!
HEIL HITLER, COMMANDANT! HA! ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, AN AMERICAN CONVOY SHOULD PASS HERE IN SIX HOURS. THEY WILL PICK ME UP!
Meanwhile ...
I GOT THAT LIFEBOAT IN THE WATER. NOW I'LL PUSH IT 'ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP!
JUST THEN, VON SCHMEER SEES SUBMARINER AND---
HELP! HELP! -- LIFEBOAT!!!
NAZIS -- SHOT AT ME -- BUT MISSED!
YER PLENTY LUCKY, BROTHER! ---YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT!
GET IN THE LIFEBOAT!
THANK YOU--- Y-YOU SAVED M-MY LIFE!
6

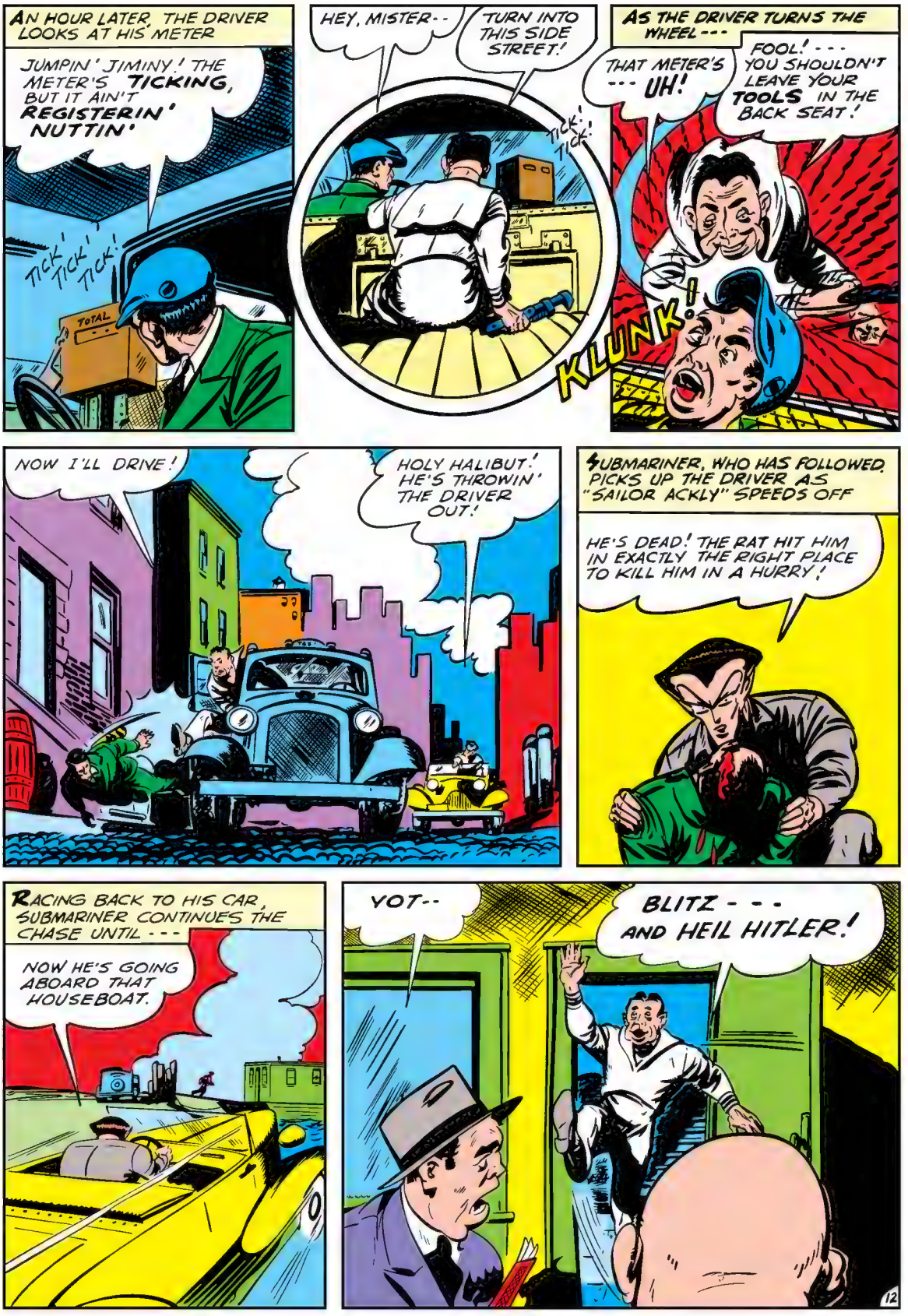

I- I RECOGNIZE YOU YOU ARE THE FAMOUS SUBMARINER! - - - I - I AM SEAMAN AIKLY.'
SEAMAN AIKLY, EH ?- - - GLAD TO MEETCHA!
I'LL GO GET HELP, AIKLY, -- THERE'S AN AMERICAN DESTROYER ONLY A COUPLE OF MILES OFF! S'LONG!
HE IS FALLING FOR IT! HA HA! WAIT TILL HEINRICH HIMMLER FINDS OUT THAT SUBMARINER HIMSELF SAVED MY LIFE - - - HA HA, HA!
BUT - - AS THE MIGHTY SON OF THE SEA STREAKS THROUGH THE CHOPPY ATLANTIC WATERS - -
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS AIKLY GUY! - - - IF HE JUMPED OFF THE AMERICAN SHIP WHEN IT BEGAN TO SINK - - - HOW COME HIS HAIR IS DRY ??
PLENTY PECULIAR THAT THE NAZIS KILLED EVERY SAILOR EXCEPT HIM ?? HMMMM!
SUPPOSE THIS SEAMAN AIKLY IS REALLY A PHONEY THAT THE SCHICKELGRUBERS ARE TRYING TO PASS OFF AS A SURVIVOR OF THE MERCHANT SHIP - - - JUST TO GET HIM INTO THE UNITED STATES ??
THERE'S THE DESTROYER NOW! TIME FOR ME TO STOP SWEATIN' MY BRAIN - - - BUT I'M GONNA KEEP MY EYES ON AIKLY!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE AMERICAN DESTROYER LOCATES THE LONE SURVIVOR---
THIS IS WORKING OUT BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
--- AND "AIKLY" IS TAKEN ABOARD!
A NICE HOT DRINK'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER SAILOR!
TH- THANKS!
MINUTES LATER -- AS THE DESTROYER HUNTS HOPELESSLY FOR THE NAZI SUB ---
A NICE GUN YOU HAVE HERE! YES!
WE LIKE HER, AIKLY! SANK TWO NAZI SHIPS ONLY LAST WEEK!
HMMMM!
A NICE FELLOW, ALL RIGHT! I SAVE HIS LIFE --- SO HE GETS FRIENDLY WITH THE GUN CREW!
SOON AFTER -- A SAILOR RUSHES UP!
OUR LISTENING DEVICES HAVE PICKED UP STRANGE MOTORS, SIR!
I'LL GO BELOW AT ONCE!
I HOPE IT'S THAT SUB, CAPTAIN!
WE'LL SEE!
8


MEANWHILE ... "SEAMAN AIKLY" CONTINUES TO ADMIRE THE GUN, AND - - -
SO THIS GUN NEVER MISSES!
NOT WITH US BEHIND IT! NO SIR!
-- UNSEEN, HE SLIPS A PIECE OF HIS TORN HANDKERCHIEF INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN!
A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED AT THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
BELOW DECK - -
THE SUB SHUT OFF ITS MOTORS, SIR!
SUBMARINE OFF STARBOARD! ALL MEN AT BATTLE STATIONS!
ALL MEN AT BATTLE STATIONS! DEPTH CHARGES READY!
NOW TO GET THAT SUB!
IF THAT NAZI UNDERWATER PICKLE IS AROUND, THIS'LL BRING 'ER UP!
WHEN THE SUB COMES UP - - WATCH US GO TO WORK ON 'ER, AIKLEY!
I WILL WATCH FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP!

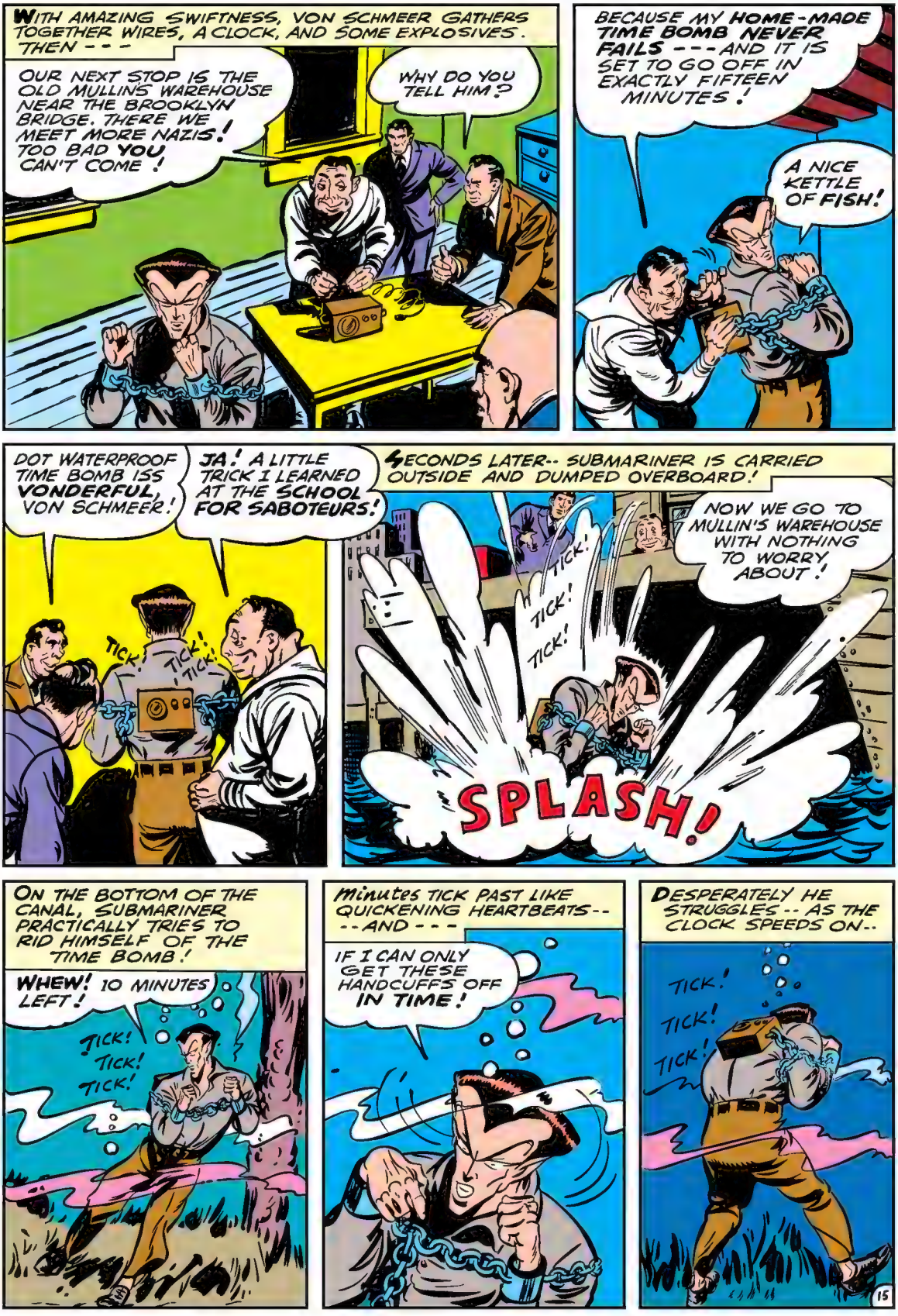

I GOT 'ER DEAD BETWEEN MY SIGHTS, SIR!
READY.!
WHOOM!
THE DEPTH BOMBS SURE MADE HER SURFACE IN A HURRY!
THAT SUB CAME UP FAST -- BUT NOW SHE'LL GO DOWN FASTER!
FIRE!
THE GUNNER PULLS THE TRIGGER, BUT --
BOOM!
--THAT GUN EXPLODED!
LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE CREW'S BEEN KILLED! HOW IN THE---
DEAD!--- THE ONLY STRANGER WHO WAS NEAR THAT GUN WAS SEAMAN AIKLY!

UNSUCCESSFUL IN ITS HUNT, THE DESTROYER HEADS BACK, AND DAYS LATER, REACHES THE UNITED STATES
GOODBYE -- AND THANKS FOR SAVING ME!
S'LONG, CAP! CAN'T STAY NOW - - - I GOT WORK TO DO!
SWIFTLY, SUBMARINER DUCKS BEHIND A WAREHOUSE WALL AND - - -
I'D BETTER PUT THESE ON SO HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME SO EASILY!
INSPECTION
"SEAMAN AIKLY" IS SEARCHED, AND - - -
HE'S O.K LET HIM THROUGH!
THANK YOU!
TAKE ME TO HOPKINSON STREET NEAR GAGE PLACE! HURRY!
HOP IN, BUDDY!
JORDAN'S TAXI SERVICE
FASTER, DRIVER!
HEY- - I HARDLY STARTED!
UNSEEN, THE SPY JABS A PIN INTO THE LOWER PORTION OF THE TAXI METER!
HA! A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
11

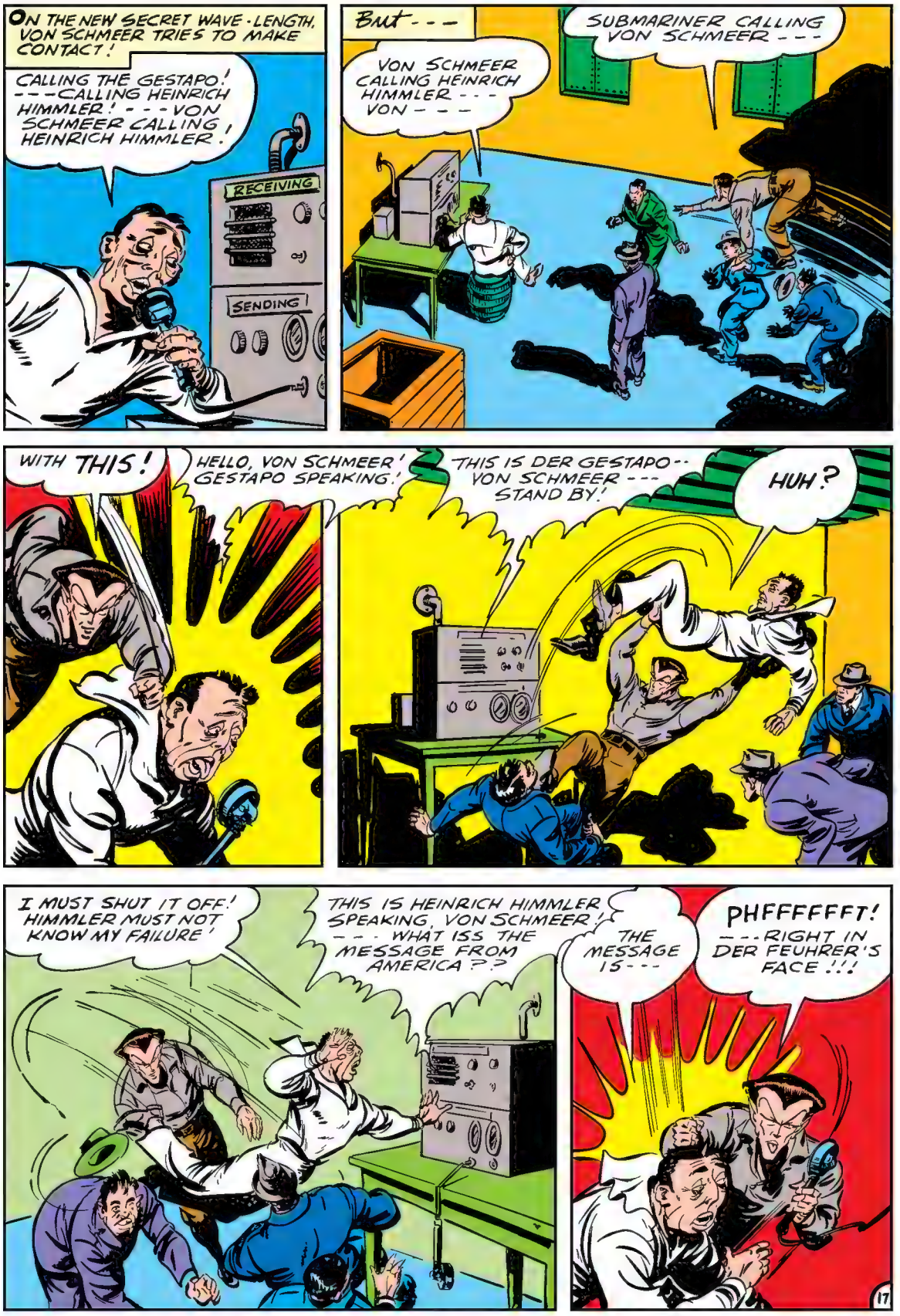

AN HOUR LATER, THE DRIVER LOOKS AT HIS METER
JUMPIN' JIMINY! THE METER'S TICKING, BUT IT AIN'T REGISTERIN' NUTTIN'
TICK! TICK! TICK!
TOTAL
HEY, MISTER--
TURN INTO THIS SIDE STREET!
TICK! TICK!
KLUNK!
AS THE DRIVER TURNS THE WHEEL---
THAT METER'S --- UH!
FOOL! --- YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR TOOLS IN THE BACK SEAT!
NOW I'LL DRIVE!
HOLY HALIBUT! HE'S THROWIN' THE DRIVER OUT!
SUBMARINER, WHO HAS FOLLOWED, PICKS UP THE DRIVER AS "SAILOR ACKLY" SPEEDS OFF
HE'S DEAD! THE RAT HIT HIM IN EXACTLY THE RIGHT PLACE TO KILL HIM IN A HURRY!
RACING BACK TO HIS CAR, SUBMARINER CONTINUES THE CHASE UNTIL ---
NOW HE'S GOING ABOARD THAT HOUSEBOAT.
YOT--
BLITZ - - - AND HEIL HITLER!

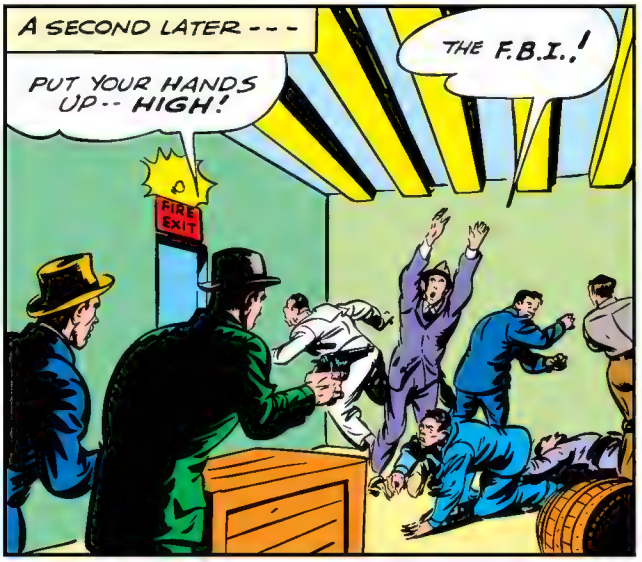
IMMEDIATELY THE NAZIS JUMP TO THEIR FEET!
BLITZ! IT IS DER PASSWORD!
HEIL HITLER!
YOU ARE THE NEW LEADER! WE HAVE LONG EXPECTED YOU!
YES, I BRING AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE --- SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM HEINRICH HIMLER HIMSELF!
THE WAVE LENGTH OF EVERY NAZI SHORT-WAVE RADIO ON THE EAST COAST MUST BE CHANGED! THE GESTAPO HAS INFORMATION THAT THE F.B.I.. IS ON THE TRAIL!
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO CHANGE SENDING INSTRUCTIONS FROM GERMANY, SO I HAD TO COME IN PERSON.
VE UNDERSTAND, YON SCHMEER.- - - VE MUST VARN ALL THE OTHER SPY RINGS AT ONCE!
NOT WE --- I !!! I AM IN CHARGE OF ALL NAZI ACTIVITIES ON THE EAST COAST!
J-JA!
POW!
--- AND I AM IN CHARGE OF ANTI-NAZI ACTIVITIES RIGHT HERE!
SUBMARINER! --- HOW ---
13

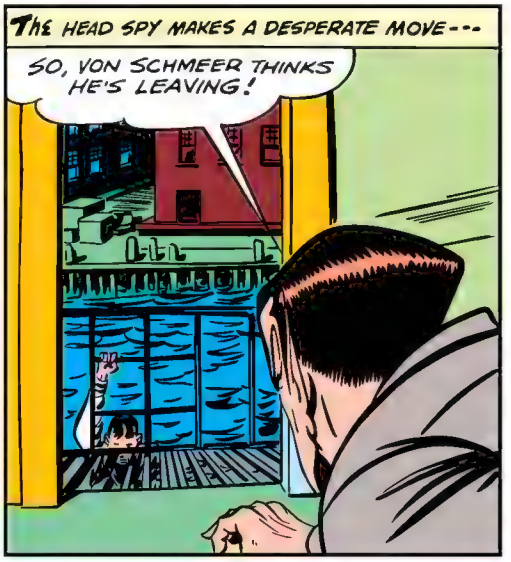
THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, SAILOR AIKLY!
AS FOR YOU HOUSEBOAT HEILERS...
... HAVE A SEAT!
IN A SUDDEN MOVE, THE CHIEF SPY BOLTS FOR THE DOOR BUT - - -
DON'T GO YET - - - I WANT TO LEARN MORE!
HE'S A DEMON!
GOING DOWN - - - 'HITLER-PUSS'!
RUSH HIM!
POUNDING HIS POWERFUL FISTS IN HAVOC-WREAKING ARCS, SUBMARINER FLAILS AWAY AT THE NAZIS, UNTIL - - -
DERE!
CRASH!
UH!
GOOD WORK!
THE FIRST THING I WILL BROADCAST TO HIMMLER ON THE NEW WAVE LENGTH IS, THAT I HAVE CAPTURED SUBMARINER! JA!
14

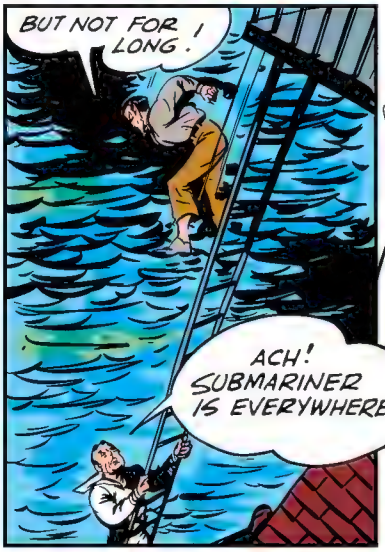

WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS, VON SCHMEER GATHERS TOGETHER WIRES, A CLOCK, AND SOME EXPLOSIVES. THEN - - -
OUR NEXT STOP IS THE OLD MULLINS WAREHOUSE NEAR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. THERE WE MEET MORE NAZIS! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME!
WHY DO YOU TELL HIM?
BECAUSE MY HOME-MADE TIME BOMB NEVER FAILS - - - AND IT IS SET TO GO OFF IN EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES!
A NICE KETTLE OF FISH!
DOT WATERPROOF TIME BOMB ISS VONDERFUL, VON SCHMEER!
JA! A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED AT THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
SECONDS LATER-- SUBMARINER IS CARRIED OUTSIDE AND DUMPED OVERBOARD!
NOW WE GO TO MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE WITH NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
SPLASH!
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL, SUBMARINER PRACTICALLY TRIES TO RID HIMSELF OF THE TIME BOMB!
WHEW! 10 MINUTES LEFT!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
MINUTES TICK PAST LIKE QUICKENING HEARTBEATS-- --AND - - -
IF I CAN ONLY GET THESE HANDCUFFS OFF IN TIME!
DESPERATELY HE STRUGGLES -- AS THE CLOCK SPEEDS ON..
TICK! TICK! TICK!
15

THEN ...
20 SECONDS TO GO..
UH!
HOPE I CAN STILL MAKE IT!
TICK!
TICK!
JUST AS HE REACHES THE SURFACE!
BOOM!
WHEW!
WITH A SWIFT SIGH OF RELIEF, SUBMARINER TURNS TO THE WORK AT HAND.
FIRST I'LL CALL THE F.B.I... THEN FULL SPEED AHEAD TO THE OLD MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE!
MEANWHILE, IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE OVERLOOKING THE EAST RIVER --- NEAR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
DER WAVE-LENGTH MUST BE CHANGED?
MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE
JA! I WILL FIX IT FOR YOU.
THE NIMBLE, WELL-TRAINED FINGERS OF VON SCHMEER SET TO WORK AND, MINUTE-LATER ---
THERE! EVERYTHING IS READY!
REMARKABLE! ONLY A GENIUS COULD WORK SO QUICKLY, VON SCHMEER!
NOW I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE AND ANNOUNCE TO BERLIN THAT SUBMARINER IS DEAD! I, VON SCHMEER, HAVE KILLED HIM!
NDING
CLICK!
16

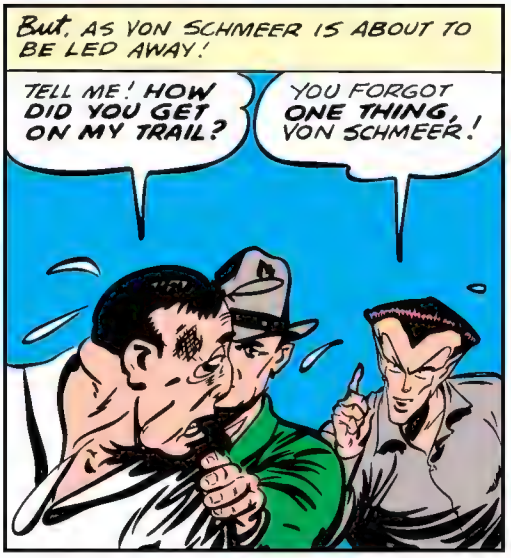

ON THE NEW SECRET WAVE-LENGTH, VON SCHMEER TRIES TO MAKE CONTACT!
CALLING THE GESTAPO! ---CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER! ---VON SCHMEER CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER!
RECEIVING
SENDING
But---
VON SCHMEER CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER --- VON ---
SUBMARINER CALLING VON SCHMEER ---
WITH THIS!
HELLO, VON SCHMEER! GESTAPO SPEAKING!
THIS IS DER GESTAPO-- VON SCHMEER --- STAND BY!
HUH?
I MUST SHUT IT OFF! HIMMLER MUST NOT KNOW MY FAILURE!
THIS IS HEINRICH HIMMLER SPEAKING, VON SCHMEER! --- WHAT ISS THE MESSAGE FROM AMERICA??
THE MESSAGE IS---
PHFFFFFFT! ---RIGHT IN DER FEUHRER'S FACE!!!
17



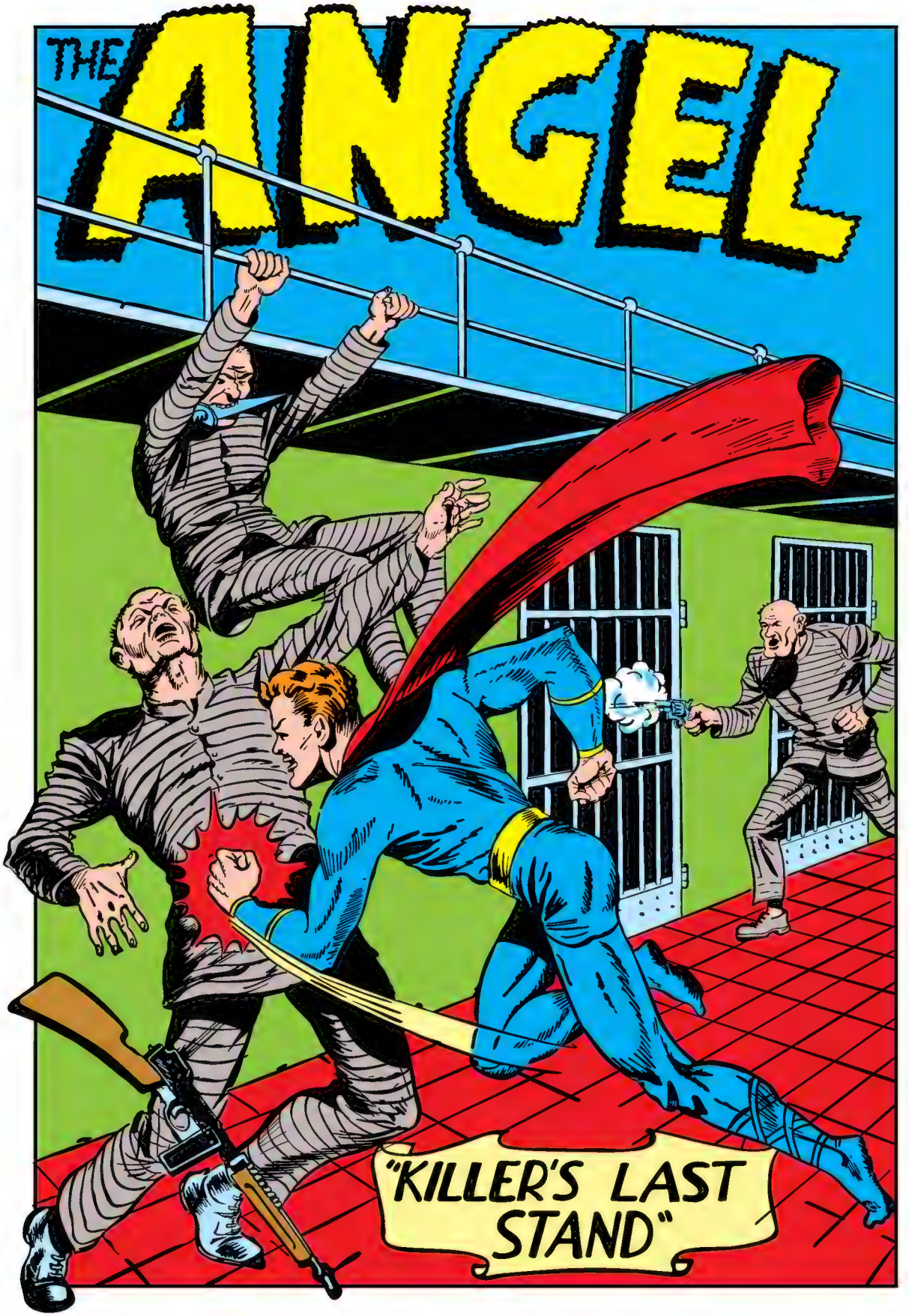


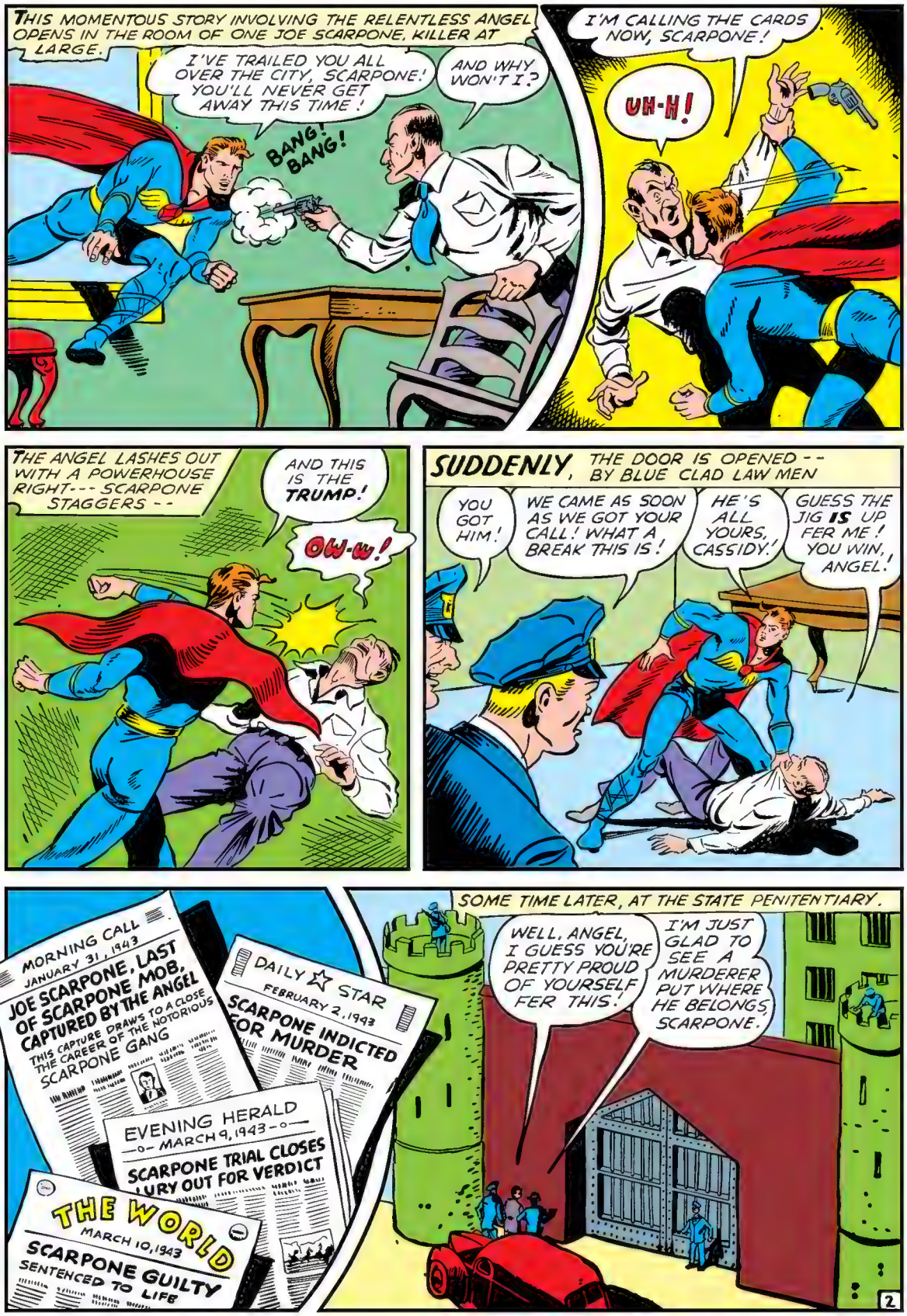


ON A FEW MINUTES SUBMARINER RETURNS TO THE WAREHOUSE WITH HIS CAPTIVE!..
NOW THAT WE KNOW THE NEW WAVELENGTH, WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN MAKING THE BIGGEST NAZI ROUNDUP IN HISTORY, SUBMARINER! GREAT WORK!



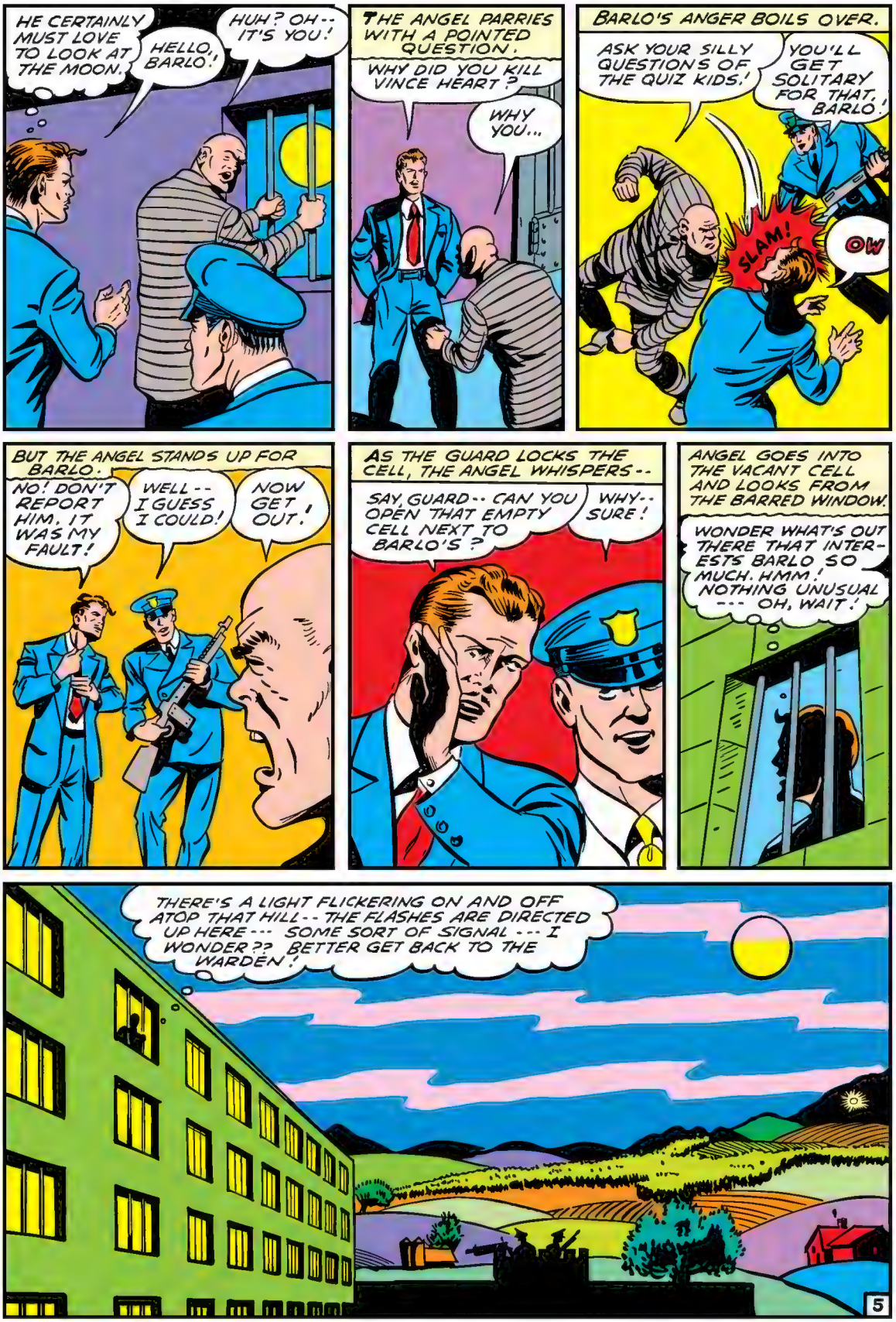
SUBMARINER CAN SPOT THE FAKES A LONG WAY OFF AND HE ALWAYS KNOWS HOW TO TACKLE THEM! WATCH HOW HE DOES IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SUBMARINER COMICS AND IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!


THE ANGEL
"KILLER'S LAST STAND"

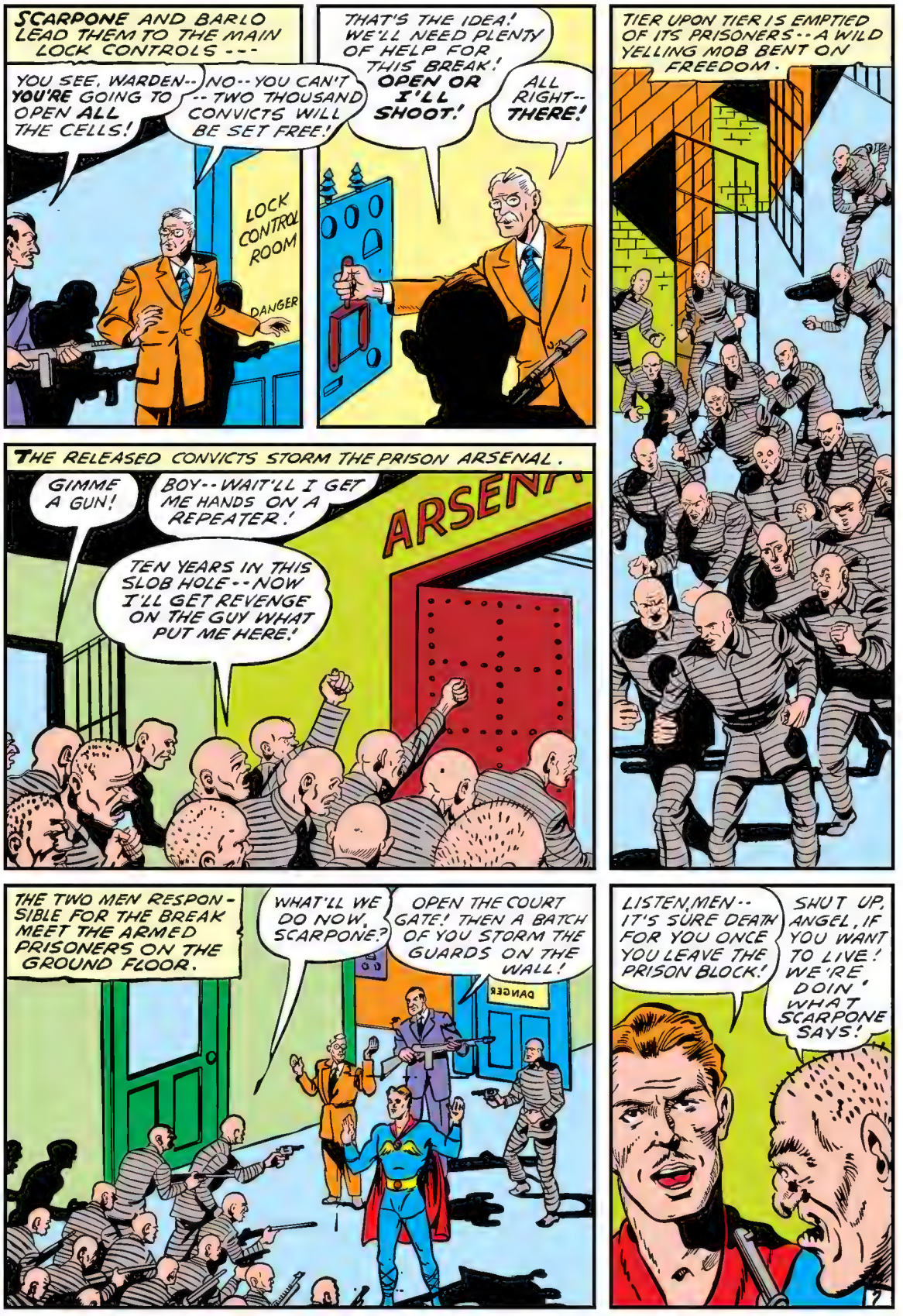

THIS MOMENTOUS STORY INVOLVING THE RELENTLESS ANGEL OPENS IN THE ROOM OF ONE JOE SCARPONE, KILLER AT LARGE.
I'VE TRAILED YOU ALL OVER THE CITY, SCARPONE! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY THIS TIME!
AND WHY WON'T I?
BANG! BANG!
I'M CALLING THE CARDS NOW, SCARPONE!
UH-H!
THE ANGEL LASHES OUT WITH A POWERHOUSE RIGHT--- SCARPONE STAGGERS --
AND THIS IS THE TRUMP!
OW-W!
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS OPENED -- BY BLUE CLAD LAW MEN
YOU GOT HIM!
WE CAME AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR CALL! WHAT A BREAK THIS IS!
HE'S ALL YOURS, CASSIDY!
GUESS THE JIG IS UP FER ME! YOU WIN, ANGEL!
MORNING CALL JANUARY 31, 1943
JOE SCARPONE, LAST OF SCARPONE MOB, CAPTURED BY THE ANGEL
THIS CAPTURE DRAWS TO A CLOSE THE CAREER OF THE NOTORIOUS SCARPONE GANG
DAILY STAR FEBRUARY 2, 1943
SCARPONE INDICTED FOR MURDER
EVENING HERALD MARCH 9, 1943
SCARPONE TRIAL CLOSES JURY OUT FOR VERDICT
THE WORLD MARCH 10, 1943
SCARPONE GUILTY SENTENCED TO LIFE
SOME TIME LATER, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY.
WELL, ANGEL, I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY PROUD OF YOURSELF FER THIS!
I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE A MURDERER PUT WHERE HE BELONGS, SCARPONE.
2

AS SCARPONE IS LED AWAY A GUARD ADDRESSES THE ANGEL.
THE WARDEN WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, ANGEL!
ALL RIGHT.
AT THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.
CONGRATULATIONS, ANGEL!
THANKS, WARDEN! HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM!
SUDDENLY!
I DON'T THINK SO-- SCARPONE WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO -- GOOD GOSH WHAT'S THAT!
AIEEEEEE
A SCREAM! FROM THE WAITING ROOM!
OH MY GOSH! VINCE HEART!
DEN'S FICE
STABBED WITH AN ICE PICK!
AS THE ANGEL BENDS OVER THE BODY-- THE DOOR FROM THE HALL OPENS
WHO'S THAT?
JOHN BARLO, A TRUSTEE!
WHAT HAPPENED?
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, BARLO?
JIMMINY! NOT A THING! I WAS COMING BACK WITH THESE PAPERS FOR YOU TO SIGN!
HM-M-- THAT DOOR...
PRISONERS AND GUARDS-- ANY ONE OF THEM HAD A CHANCE TO SLIP TO THE DOOR AND THROW THE ICE PICK.
THE ANGEL TURNS TO BARLO...
DID YOU SEE ANY ONE NEAR THE DOOR AS YOU WALKED UP?
NOT A SOUL! I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR HIM SCREAM!
3

EH? HOW DID HE KNOW HEART SCREAMED? SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS.
STRANGE THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN. VINCE HEART WAS WAITING TO SEE ME... SAID HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME.
VINCE HEART--VINCE HEART--NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
BETTER HAVE THIS PICK TESTED FOR FINGERPRINTS.
RIGHT--I'LL START AN INVESTIGATION AT ONCE--- RETURN TO YOUR CELL, BARLO!
YES, WARDEN!
BACK IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE--
WARDEN--LET ME SEE JOE SCARPONE'S RECORD!
WHAT? ER--SURE. THERE ARE THE FILES! BUT YOU DON'T THINK HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?
SAY! HERE IS SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT?
VINCE HEART WAS A FORMER HENCHMAN OF SCARPONE--SO WAS BARLO!
BY THUNDER! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT! YOU'RE RIGHT!
SCARPONE'S CONNECTED WITH THE KILLING--I'M SURE OF THAT! MIND IF I SPEAK WITH BARLO?
NOT AT ALL! I'LL PHONE AN O.K. TO LET YOU IN!
THE ANGEL HEADS FOR BARLO'S CELL...
HI, ANGEL... YOU'LL FIND BARLO MOONIN' OUT THE WINDOW, THIRD CELL DOWN.
THANKS!


HE CERTAINLY MUST LOVE TO LOOK AT THE MOON.
HELLO, BARLO!
HUH? OH-- IT'S YOU!
THE ANGEL PARRIES WITH A POINTED QUESTION.
WHY DID YOU KILL VINCE HEART?
WHY YOU...
BARLO'S ANGER BOILS OVER.
ASK YOUR SILLY QUESTIONS OF THE QUIZ KIDS!
YOU'LL GET SOLITARY FOR THAT, BARLO!
SLAM!
OW
BUT THE ANGEL STANDS UP FOR BARLO.
NO! DON'T REPORT HIM. IT WAS MY FAULT!
WELL-- I GUESS I COULD!
NOW GET OUT!
AS THE GUARD LOCKS THE CELL, THE ANGEL WHISPERS--
SAY, GUARD-- CAN YOU OPEN THAT EMPTY CELL NEXT TO BARLO'S?
WHY-- SURE!
ANGEL GOES INTO THE VACANT CELL AND LOOKS FROM THE BARRED WINDOW.
WONDER WHAT'S OUT THERE THAT INTERESTS BARLO SO MUCH. HMM! NOTHING UNUSUAL --- OH, WAIT!
THERE'S A LIGHT FLICKERING ON AND OFF ATOP THAT HILL-- THE FLASHES ARE DIRECTED UP HERE --- SOME SORT OF SIGNAL --- I WONDER?? BETTER GET BACK TO THE WARDEN!

THE ANGEL HURRIES TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.
WARDEN---I THINK BARLO'S GOING TO MAKE A BREAK!
JUMP PRISON? IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT TO MAKE SURE, I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE GUARD POSTED!
AND I'M CHANGING INTO A SUITABLE COSTUME! JUST IN CASE--
JUST THEN, THE OMINOUS WAIL OF THE PRISON SIREN SCREAMS OUT!
THE ESCAPE SIREN!
I WAS RIGHT!
TWO BOLD FIGURES BARGE INTO THE OFFICE --- WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS!
BARLO! SCARPONE!
YEH, WARDEN! PUT DOWN THE PHONE!
STAND BACK ANGEL!
H-HOW WAS THIS POSSIBLE?
VERY SIMPLE, WARDEN. WHILE THE ANGEL RUSHED BACK TO TELL YOU, BARLO USED THE GUN HE SMUGGLED IN, TO FREE ME--AND HERE WE ARE.
CLEVER, EH?
YOU CAN'T WIN --- THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED GUARDS AGAINST YOU!
YEAH ---BUT WE'RE GOING TO CUT DOWN THE ODDS!
HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
YOU'LL SEE! NOW MOVE!
6

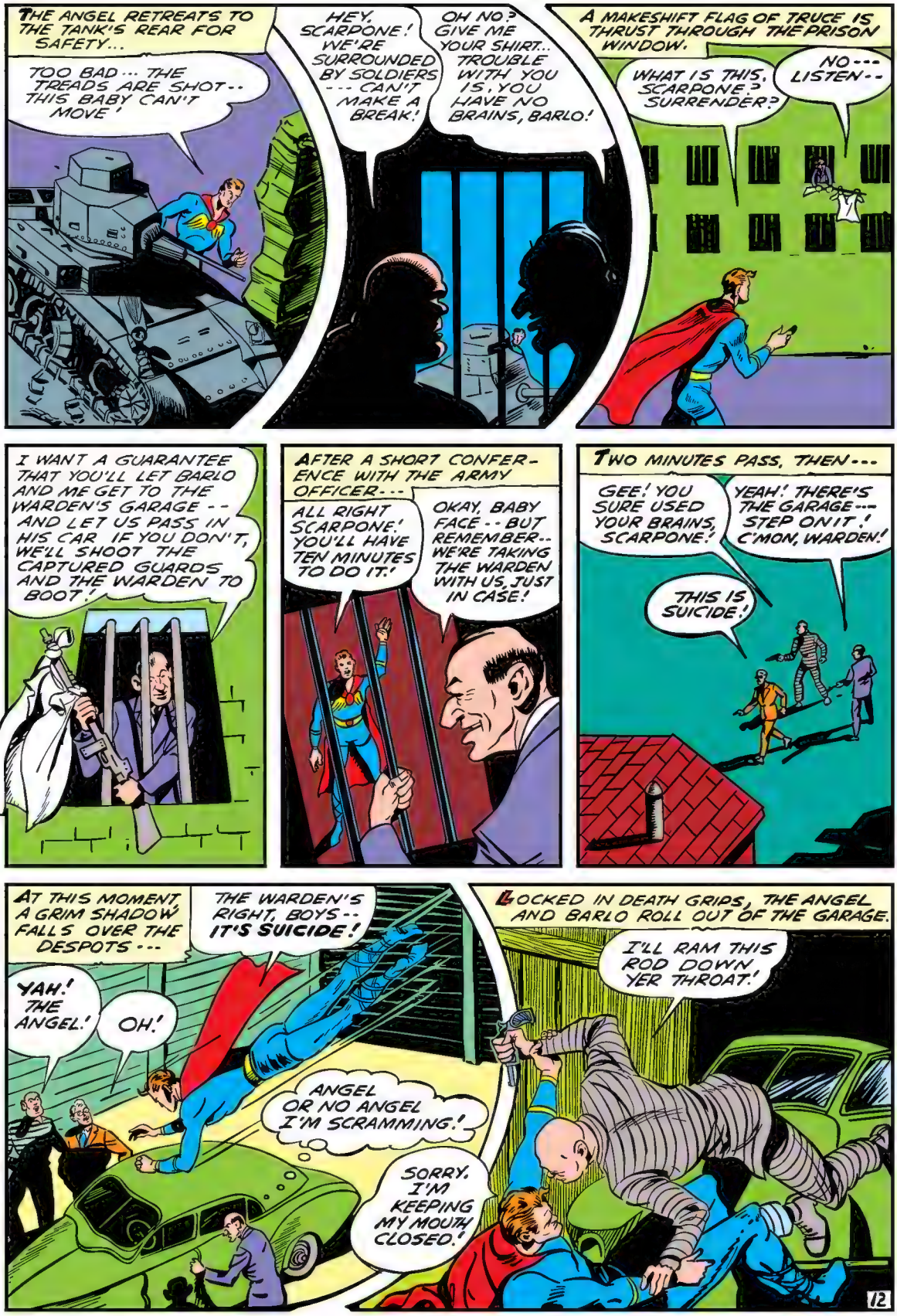

SCARPONE AND BARLO LEAD THEM TO THE MAIN LOCK CONTROLS ---
YOU SEE, WARDEN-- YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN ALL THE CELLS!
NO--YOU CAN'T -- TWO THOUSAND CONVICTS WILL BE SET FREE!
LOCK CONTROL ROOM
DANGER
THAT'S THE IDEA! WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF HELP FOR THIS BREAK! OPEN OR I'LL SHOOT!
ALL RIGHT-- THERE!
TIER UPON TIER IS EMPTIED OF ITS PRISONERS--A WILD YELLING MOB BENT ON FREEDOM.
THE RELEASED CONVICTS STORM THE PRISON ARSENAL.
GIMME A GUN!
BOY--WAIT'LL I GET ME HANDS ON A REPEATER!
TEN YEARS IN THIS SLOB HOLE--NOW I'LL GET REVENGE ON THE GUY WHAT PUT ME HERE!
ARSENAL
THE TWO MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BREAK MEET THE ARMED PRISONERS ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, SCARPONE?
OPEN THE COURT GATE! THEN A BATCH OF YOU STORM THE GUARDS ON THE WALL!
DANGER
LISTEN, MEN-- IT'S SURE DEATH FOR YOU ONCE YOU LEAVE THE PRISON BLOCK!
SHUT UP, ANGEL, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE! WE'RE DOIN' WHAT SCARPONE SAYS!

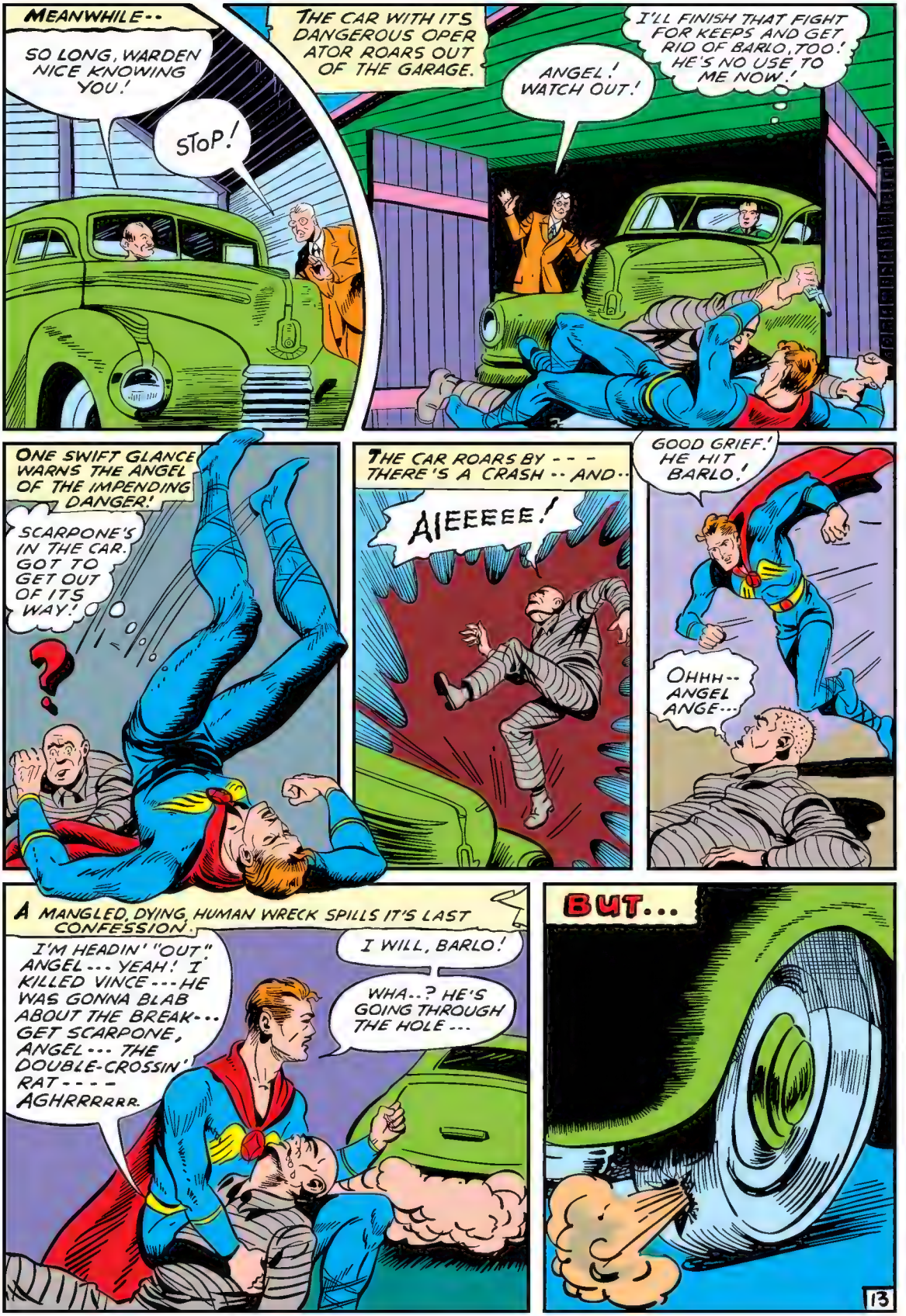
SLOWLY, THE PONDEROUS GATE SWINGS OPEN ....
THERE, SHE'S OPENING!
FOLLOW ME, FELLOWS! I WANNA BE DE FOIST TO SMELL FRESH AIR!
BUT A SALVO OF LEAD SLAMS INTO THE CONVICTS FROM THE GUARDS MANNING THE TOWER MACHINE GUNS.
AGHRR!
AIYII!
OHH!
FOOLS!
RAT TAT TAT TAT TA..
INSIDE...
THAT MACHINE GUN'S KNOCKED THEM OFF!
HAH! THE BOYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL. I WAS JUST TESTING THE GUARD'S GUNS WITH 'EM-- POOR SLOBS!
BARLO'S PREOCCUPATION GIVES THE ANGEL A CHANCE TO ACT--
HEY!
TOO BAD I CAN'T KICK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!
THE ANGEL BOLTS FOR THE GATE.
I'LL GET HIM!
NO! LET THE GUARDS OUTSIDE CLIP HIM -- WHAT A JOKE!
BUT...
LOOK!
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S THE ANGEL!
BAH! THEY DIDN'T PLUG HIM! NO TIME FOR REGRETS! TIME TO MOVE... GET GOING WARDEN-- UP FRONT!
GOING TO USE ME AS A SHIELD, EH? IT WON'T WORK!
HERE THEY COME-- HEY! THEY'VE GOT THE WARDEN WITH 'EM!
WE CAN'T SHOOT! I'LL TELEPHONE TO THE ARMY FOR HELP!
8

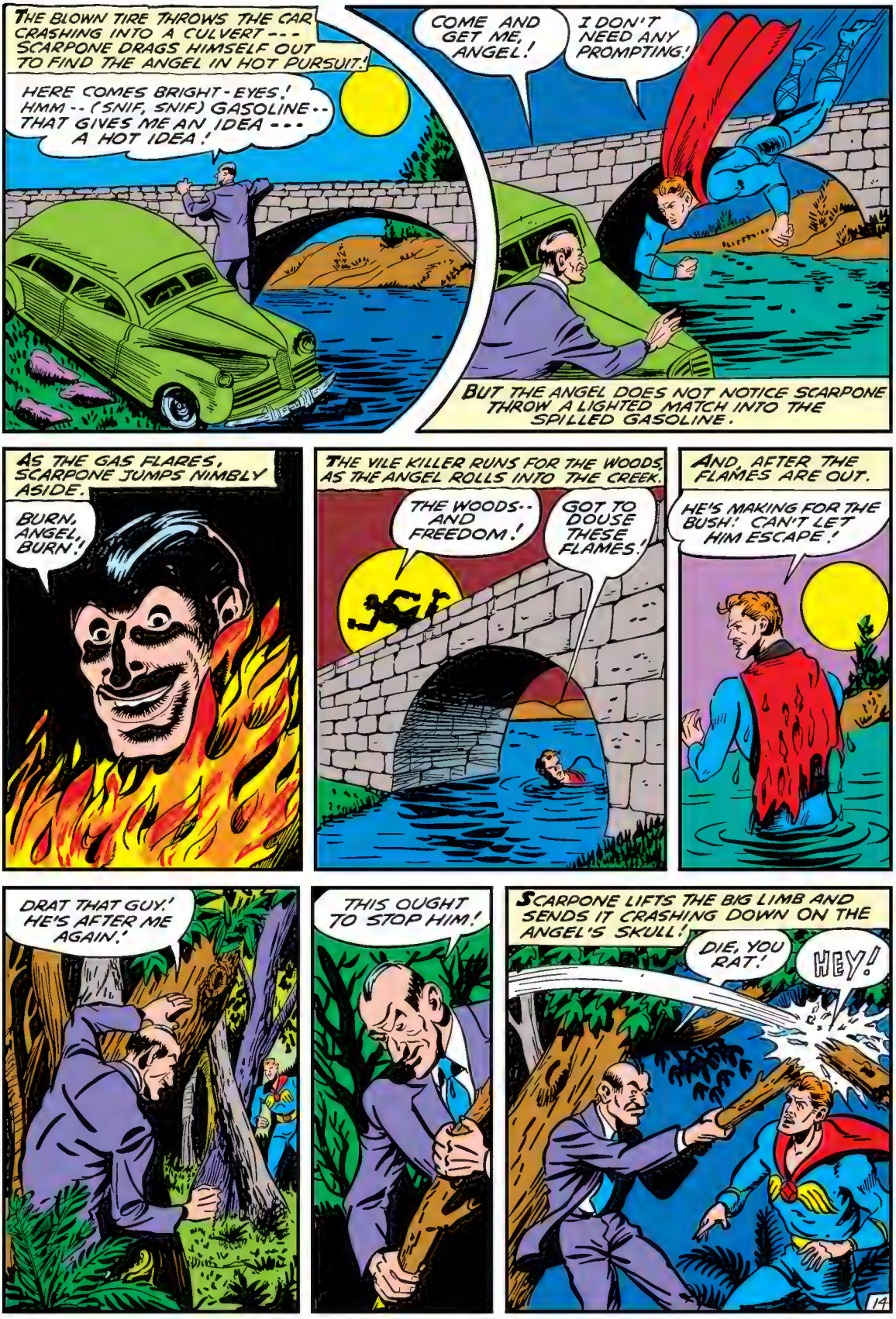
YOU'LL NEVER GET PAST THE MAIN GATE!
WHO SAID WE WAS GOING TO? YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ON THAT WALL··· THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN IN TWO MINUTES!
YEAH-- NOISY THINGS HAW! HAW!
MEANWHILE ...
HELLO, UP THERE!
HELLO, ANGEL, CLIMB THE ROPE!
AND ON TOP OF THE WATCH TOWER...
GEE, ANGEL, THIS IS SOME MESS!
YES, SCARPONE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT! I'LL SCOUT THE WALL!
GOOD IDEA!
SWIFT AS A SHOT THE ANGEL PLUMMETS DOWN...
UP TO SOME DIRTY WORK BOYS?
LOOK! THE ANGEL! SHOOT DE WOIKS!
RIGHTO!
THE ANGEL DOES SOME RECONNAISSANCE --
EH? I THOUGHT SO! TWO MEN HUGGING THE WALL!
YER TOO LATE, ANGEL -- HERE GOES THE WALL!
CLICK!
9

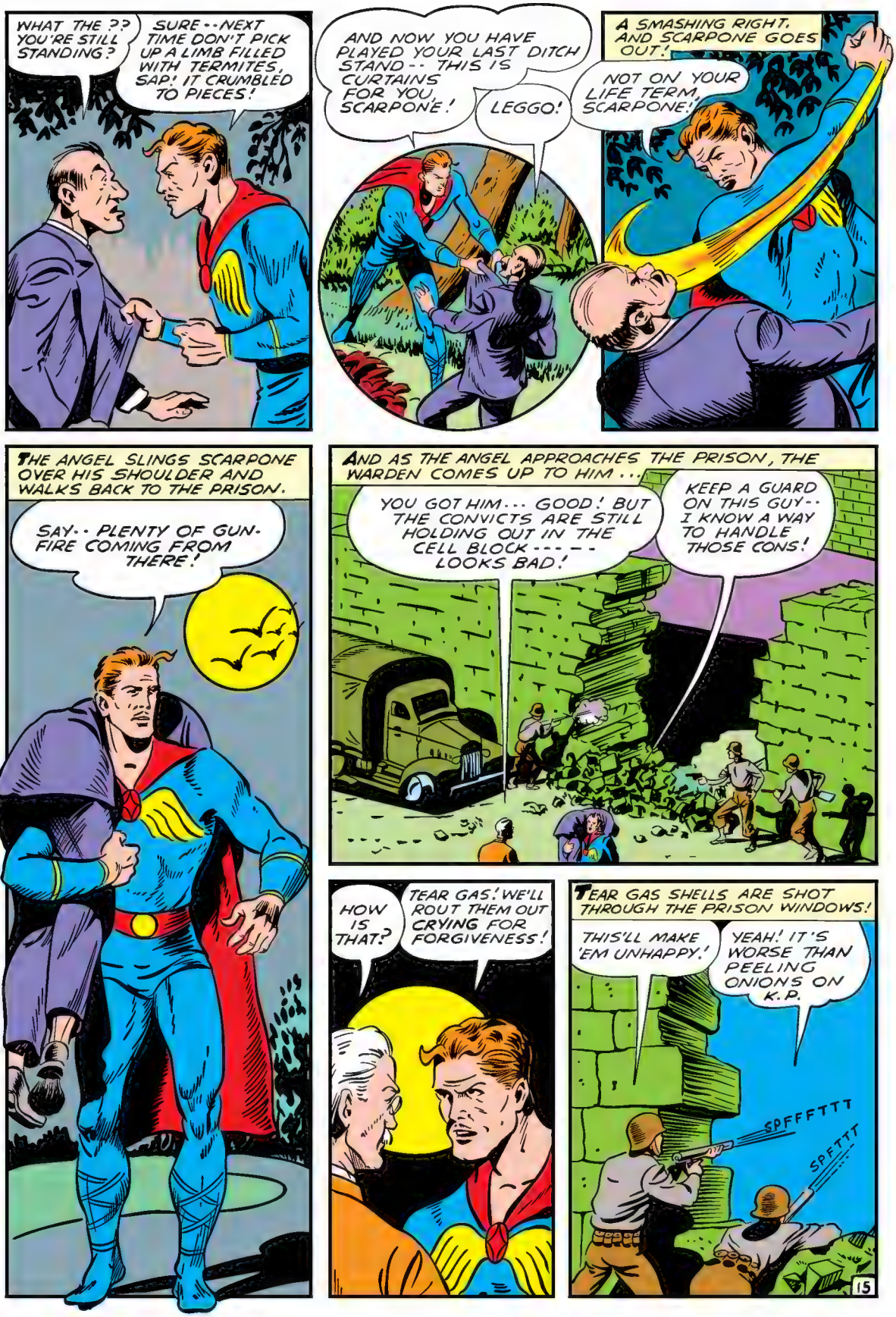
THE CONVICTS CROUCH LOW AGAINST THE PRISON BUILDING AS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION RIPS A GAP IN THE WALL.
BOOM
HA! SEE, WARDEN, WE MAKE OUR OWN GATE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
FIFTY FEET AWAY FROM THE BLAST..
WELL, BROTHER. I CAN KNOCK HOLES OUT OF YOU, TOO!
LET'S SEE YA PLUG THAT HOLE! S'LONG, TOOTS!
HAVE TO PICK THAT GUY UP LATER--NO TIME NOW!
AS THE DYNAMITER DISAPPEARS...
I WONDER-- HERE COMES THE ARMY-- THANK HEAVENS!
HEY!
AND INSIDE...
O.K., WARDEN-- THE SMOKE'S CLEARED--YOU LEAD THE PROCESSION!
VERY WELL!
10

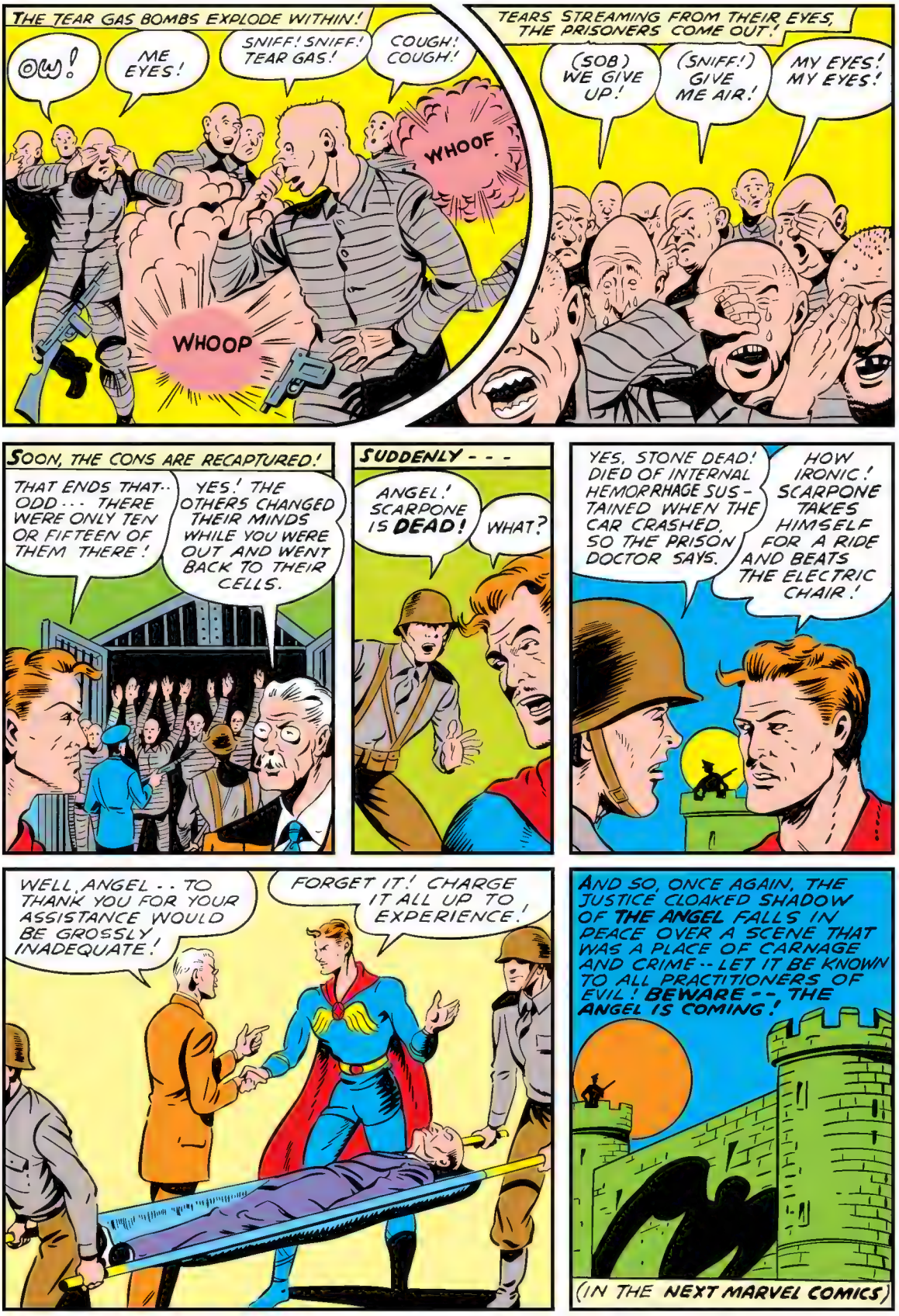
THE MOTLEY HORDE RUNS FOR THE HOLE IN THE WALL.
C'MON, WARDEN, MOVE THOSE LEGS OF YOURS!
(PUFF) I--I--
AW SHADDUP AND MOVE!
JUST THEN A TANK RUMBLES THROUGH THE BREACH --
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! UNCLE SAM'S MILITIA IS TAKING OVER NOW!
WOW! THE ARMY.!
?
MOST OF THE CONVICTS TAKE TO COVER.
COME BACK, DOPES!
WE CAN'T FIGHT TANKS!
BARLO SENDS A FEW WILD SHOTS AT THE ANGEL.
I'LL KA-KA K-KILL THAT MEDDLER!
PERHAPS IF YOU STOP SHAKING, YOU'LL HIT ME.
BANG - BANG!
THEY'VE ALL RUN BACK TO BARRICADE THEMSELVES IN THE CELL BLOCK... ADVANCE SLOWLY BUT DON'T FIRE!
ALL RIGHT!
INSIDE THE CELL BLOCK.
BREAK OPEN THAT BOX OF PINEAPPLES WE GOT FROM THE ARSENAL!
OKAY!
HAND GRENADES
DANGER
THE GANGSTER HURLS A DEADLY EGG.
RIGHT UNDER THE BREAD BASKET!
WOW! GRENADES!
BOOM!
11

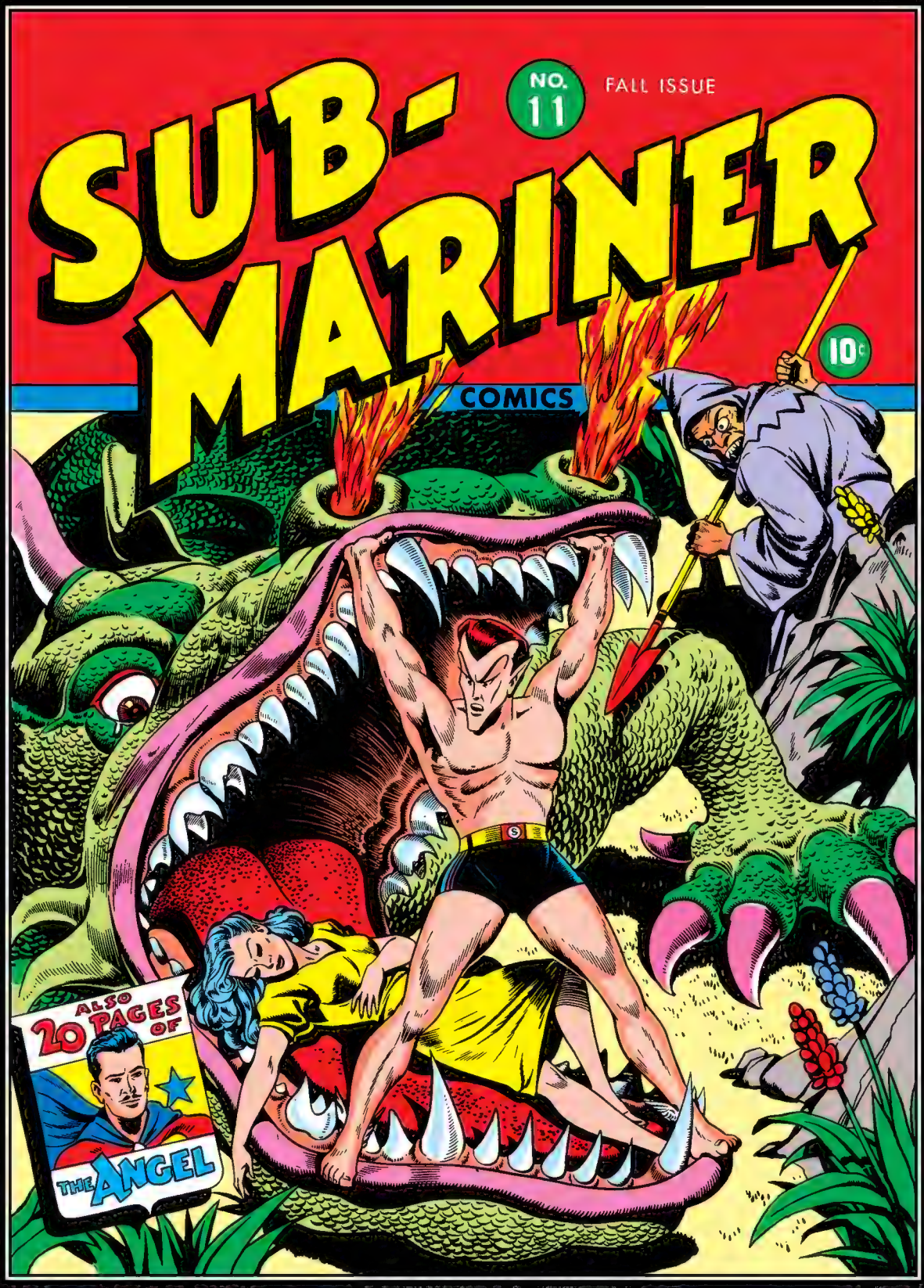

THE ANGEL RETREATS TO THE TANK'S REAR FOR SAFETY...
TOO BAD ... THE TREADS ARE SHOT -- THIS BABY CAN'T MOVE!
HEY, SCARPONE! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS --- CAN'T MAKE A BREAK!
OH NO? GIVE ME YOUR SHIRT.. TROUBLE WITH YOU IS, YOU HAVE NO BRAINS, BARLO!
A MAKESHIFT FLAG OF TRUCE IS THRUST THROUGH THE PRISON WINDOW.
WHAT IS THIS, SCARPONE? SURRENDER?
NO--- LISTEN--
I WANT A GUARANTEE THAT YOU'LL LET BARLO AND ME GET TO THE WARDEN'S GARAGE -- AND LET US PASS IN HIS CAR IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL SHOOT THE CAPTURED GUARDS AND THE WARDEN TO BOOT!
AFTER A SHORT CONFERENCE WITH THE ARMY OFFICER---
ALL RIGHT SCARPONE! YOU'LL HAVE TEN MINUTES TO DO IT!
OKAY, BABY FACE -- BUT REMEMBER.. WE'RE TAKING THE WARDEN WITH US, JUST IN CASE!
TWO MINUTES PASS, THEN---
GEE! YOU SURE USED YOUR BRAINS, SCARPONE!
YEAH! THERE'S THE GARAGE--- STEP ON IT! C'MON, WARDEN!
THIS IS SUICIDE!
AT THIS MOMENT, A GRIM SHADOW FALLS OVER THE DESPOTS ---
THE WARDEN'S RIGHT, BOYS -- IT'S SUICIDE!
YAH! THE ANGEL!
OH!
ANGEL OR NO ANGEL I'M SCRAMMING!
SORRY, I'M KEEPING MY MOUTH CLOSED!
LOCKED IN DEATH GRIPS, THE ANGEL AND BARLO ROLL OUT OF THE GARAGE.
I'LL RAM THIS ROD DOWN YER THROAT!
12

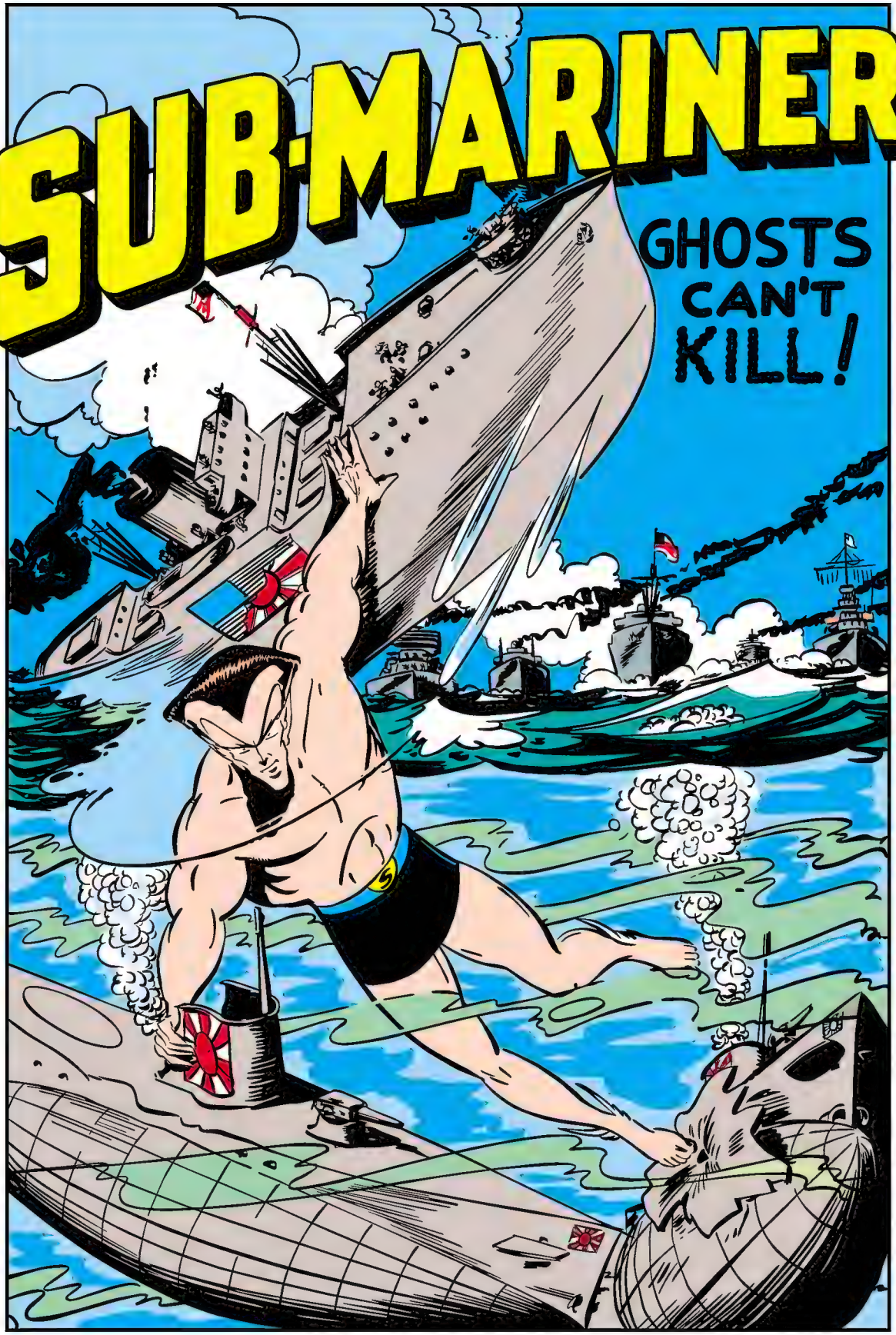

MEANWHILE--
SO LONG, WARDEN NICE KNOWING YOU!
STOP!
THE CAR WITH ITS DANGEROUS OPER ATOR ROARS OUT OF THE GARAGE.
ANGEL! WATCH OUT!
I'LL FINISH THAT FIGHT FOR KEEPS AND GET RID OF BARLO, TOO! HE'S NO USE TO ME NOW!
ONE SWIFT GLANCE WARNS THE ANGEL OF THE IMPENDING DANGER!
SCARPONE'S IN THE CAR. GOT TO GET OUT OF ITS WAY!
?
THE CAR ROARS BY - - - THERE'S A CRASH -- AND--
AIEEEEE!
GOOD GRIEF! HE HIT BARLO!
OHHH-- ANGEL ANGE...
A MANGLED, DYING, HUMAN WRECK SPILLS IT'S LAST CONFESSION.
I'M HEADIN' "OUT" ANGEL--- YEAH! I KILLED VINCE--- HE WAS GONNA BLAB ABOUT THE BREAK--- GET SCARPONE, ANGEL--- THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT---- AGHRRRRRR.
I WILL, BARLO!
WHA..? HE'S GOING THROUGH THE HOLE ---
BUT...
13

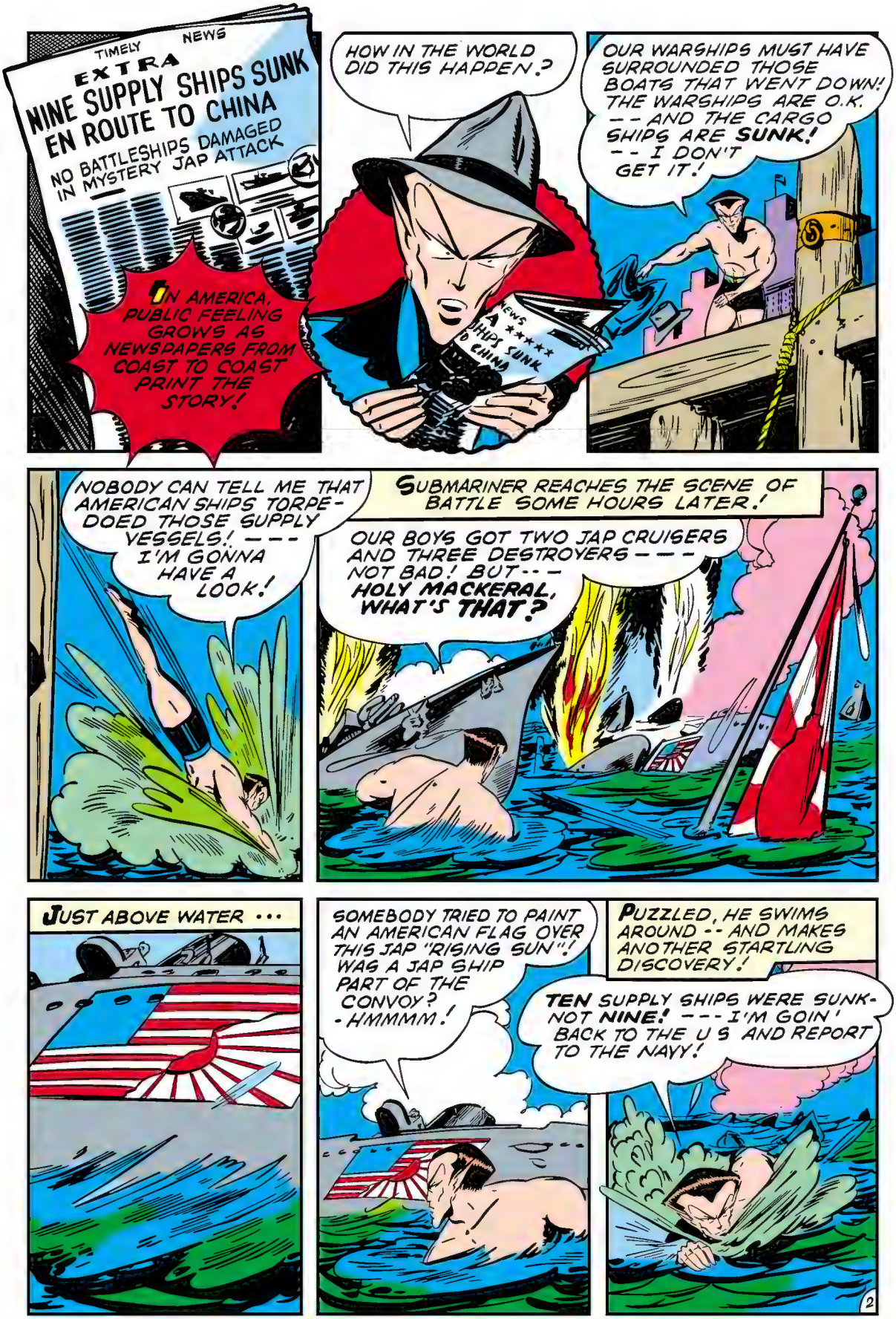

THE BLOWN TIRE THROWS THE CAR CRASHING INTO A CULVERT --- SCARPONE DRAGS HIMSELF OUT TO FIND THE ANGEL IN HOT PURSUIT!
HERE COMES BRIGHT-EYES! HMM -- (SNIF, SNIF) GASOLINE -- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA --- A HOT IDEA!
COME AND GET ME, ANGEL!
I DON'T NEED ANY PROMPTING!
BUT THE ANGEL DOES NOT NOTICE SCARPONE THROW A LIGHTED MATCH INTO THE SPILLED GASOLINE.
AS THE GAS FLARES, SCARPONE JUMPS NIMBLY ASIDE.
BURN, ANGEL, BURN!
THE VILE KILLER RUNS FOR THE WOODS, AS THE ANGEL ROLLS INTO THE CREEK.
THE WOODS -- AND FREEDOM!
GOT TO DOUSE THESE FLAMES!
AND, AFTER THE FLAMES ARE OUT.
HE'S MAKING FOR THE BUSH! CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
DRAT THAT GUY! HE'S AFTER ME AGAIN!
THIS OUGHT TO STOP HIM!
SCARPONE LIFTS THE BIG LIMB AND SENDS IT CRASHING DOWN ON THE ANGEL'S SKULL!
DIE, YOU RAT!
HEY!
14


WHAT THE ?? YOU'RE STILL STANDING?
SURE--NEXT TIME DON'T PICK UP A LIMB FILLED WITH TERMITES, SAP! IT CRUMBLED TO PIECES!
AND NOW YOU HAVE PLAYED YOUR LAST DITCH STAND-- THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOU, SCARPONE!
LEGGO!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE TERM, SCARPONE!
A SMASHING RIGHT, AND SCARPONE GOES OUT!
THE ANGEL SLINGS SCARPONE OVER HIS SHOULDER AND WALKS BACK TO THE PRISON.
SAY-- PLENTY OF GUN-FIRE COMING FROM THERE!
AND AS THE ANGEL APPROACHES THE PRISON, THE WARDEN COMES UP TO HIM...
YOU GOT HIM... GOOD! BUT THE CONVICTS ARE STILL HOLDING OUT IN THE CELL BLOCK---- LOOKS BAD!
KEEP A GUARD ON THIS GUY-- I KNOW A WAY TO HANDLE THOSE CONS!
HOW IS THAT?
TEAR GAS! WE'LL ROUT THEM OUT CRYING FOR FORGIVENESS!
TEAR GAS SHELLS ARE SHOT THROUGH THE PRISON WINDOWS!
THIS'LL MAKE 'EM UNHAPPY.
YEAH! IT'S WORSE THAN PEELING ONIONS ON K.P.
SPFFFTTT
SPFTTT
15

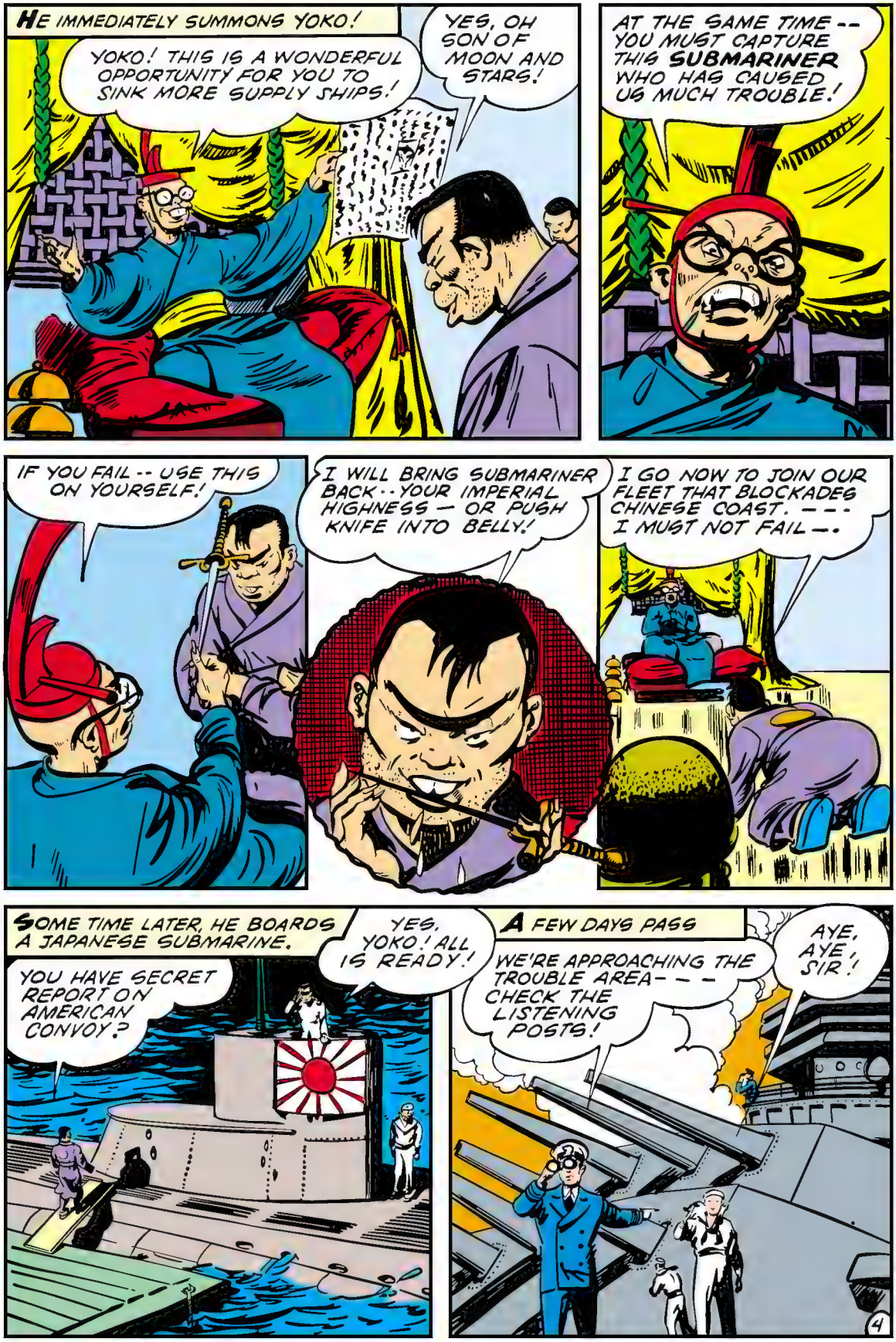

THE TEAR GAS BOMBS EXPLODE WITHIN!
OW!
ME EYES!
SNIFF! SNIFF! TEAR GAS!
COUGH! COUGH!
WHOOF
WHOOP
TEARS STREAMING FROM THEIR EYES, THE PRISONERS COME OUT!
(SOB) WE GIVE UP!
(SNIFF!) GIVE ME AIR!
MY EYES! MY EYES!
SOON, THE CONS ARE RECAPTURED!
THAT ENDS THAT.. ODD... THERE WERE ONLY TEN OR FIFTEEN OF THEM THERE!
YES! THE OTHERS CHANGED THEIR MINDS WHILE YOU WERE OUT AND WENT BACK TO THEIR CELLS.
SUDDENLY - - -
ANGEL! SCARPONE IS DEAD!
WHAT?
YES, STONE DEAD! DIED OF INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE SUSTAINED WHEN THE CAR CRASHED, SO THE PRISON DOCTOR SAYS.
HOW IRONIC! SCARPONE TAKES HIMSELF FOR A RIDE AND BEATS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
WELL, ANGEL -- TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE WOULD BE GROSSLY INADEQUATE!
FORGET IT! CHARGE IT ALL UP TO EXPERIENCE!
AND SO, ONCE AGAIN, THE JUSTICE CLOAKED SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS IN PEACE OVER A SCENE THAT WAS A PLACE OF CARNAGE AND CRIME -- LET IT BE KNOWN TO ALL PRACTITIONERS OF EVIL! BEWARE -- THE ANGEL IS COMING!
(IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS)

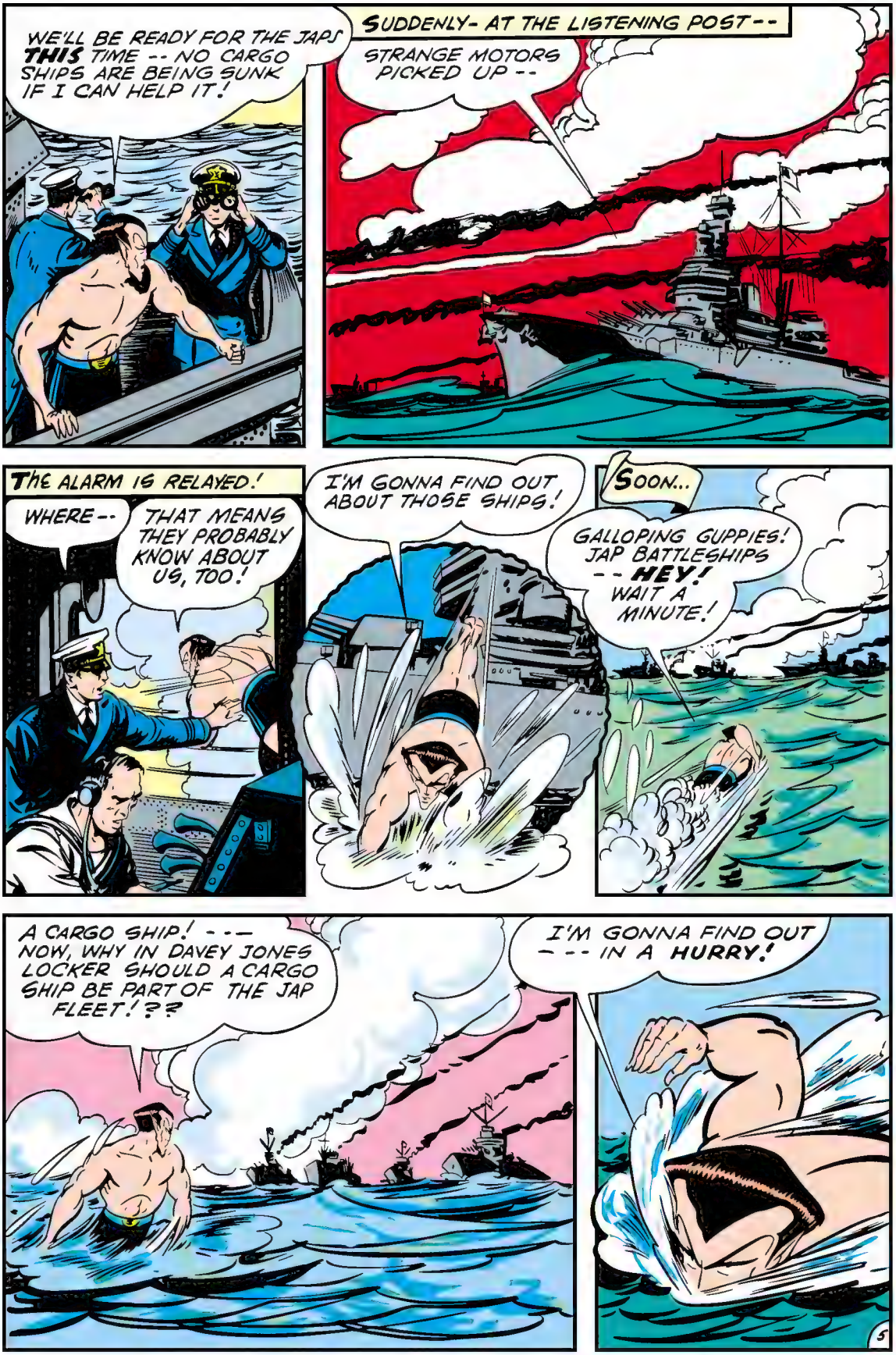

NO. 11
FALL ISSUE
SUB-MARINER
COMICS
10¢
ALSO 20 PAGES OF
THE ANGEL


SUB-MARINER
GHOSTS CAN'T KILL!

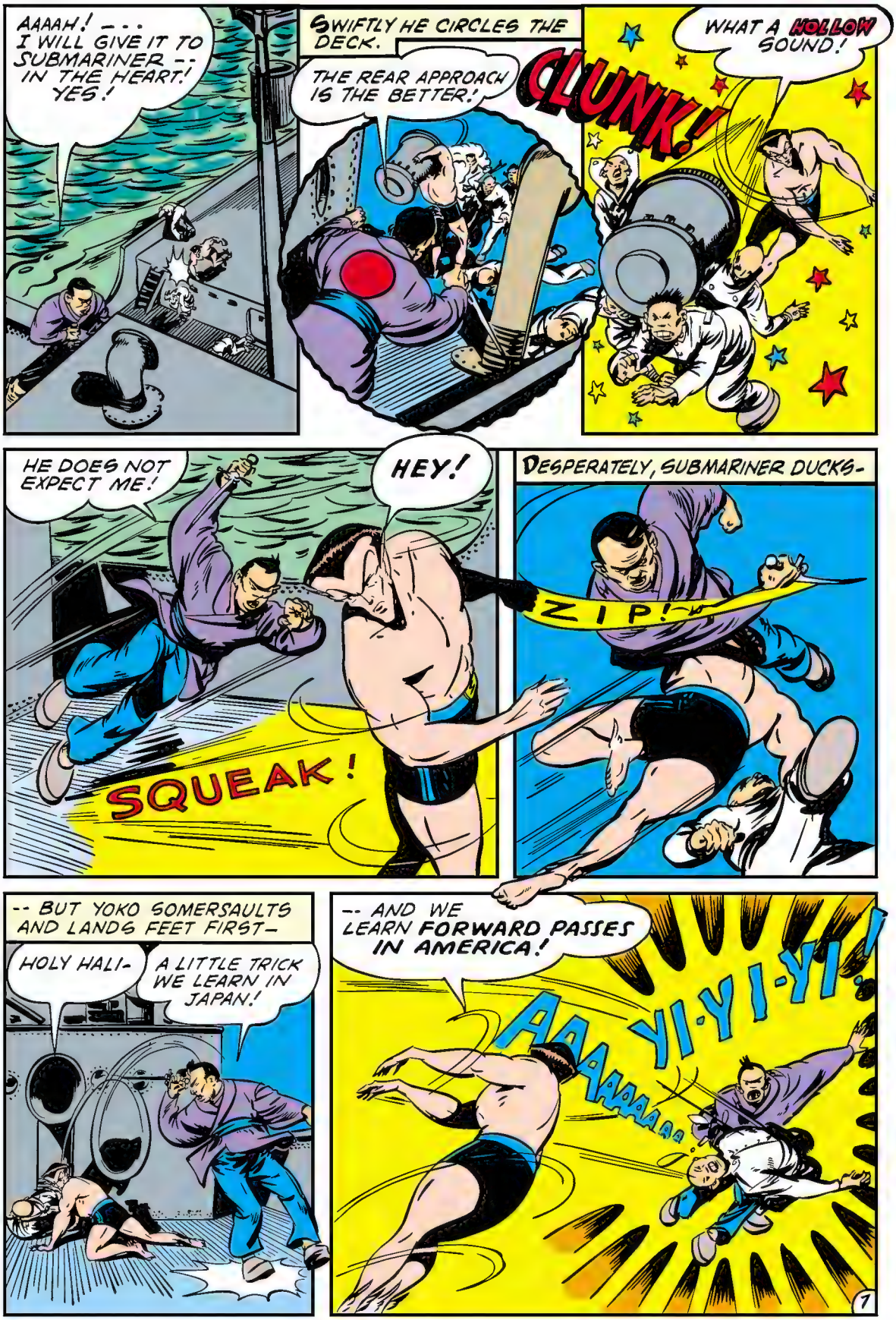

TIMELY NEWS
EXTRA
NINE SUPPLY SHIPS SUNK EN ROUTE TO CHINA
NO BATTLESHIPS DAMAGED IN MYSTERY JAP ATTACK
IN AMERICA, PUBLIC FEELING GROWS AS NEWSPAPERS FROM COAST TO COAST PRINT THE STORY!
HOW IN THE WORLD DID THIS HAPPEN?
OUR WARSHIPS MUST HAVE SURROUNDED THOSE BOATS THAT WENT DOWN! THE WARSHIPS ARE O.K. -- AND THE CARGO SHIPS ARE SUNK! -- I DON'T GET IT!
NOBODY CAN TELL ME THAT AMERICAN SHIPS TORPEDOED THOSE SUPPLY VESSELS! --- I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!
SUBMARINER REACHES THE SCENE OF BATTLE SOME HOURS LATER.
OUR BOYS GOT TWO JAP CRUISERS AND THREE DESTROYERS --- NOT BAD! BUT -- HOLY MACKERAL, WHAT'S THAT?
JUST ABOVE WATER ...
SOMEBODY TRIED TO PAINT AN AMERICAN FLAG OVER THIS JAP "RISING SUN"! WAS A JAP SHIP PART OF THE CONVOY? - HMMMM!
PUZZLED, HE SWIMS AROUND -- AND MAKES ANOTHER STARTLING DISCOVERY!
TEN SUPPLY SHIPS WERE SUNK- NOT NINE! --- I'M GOIN' BACK TO THE U S AND REPORT TO THE NAVY!
2

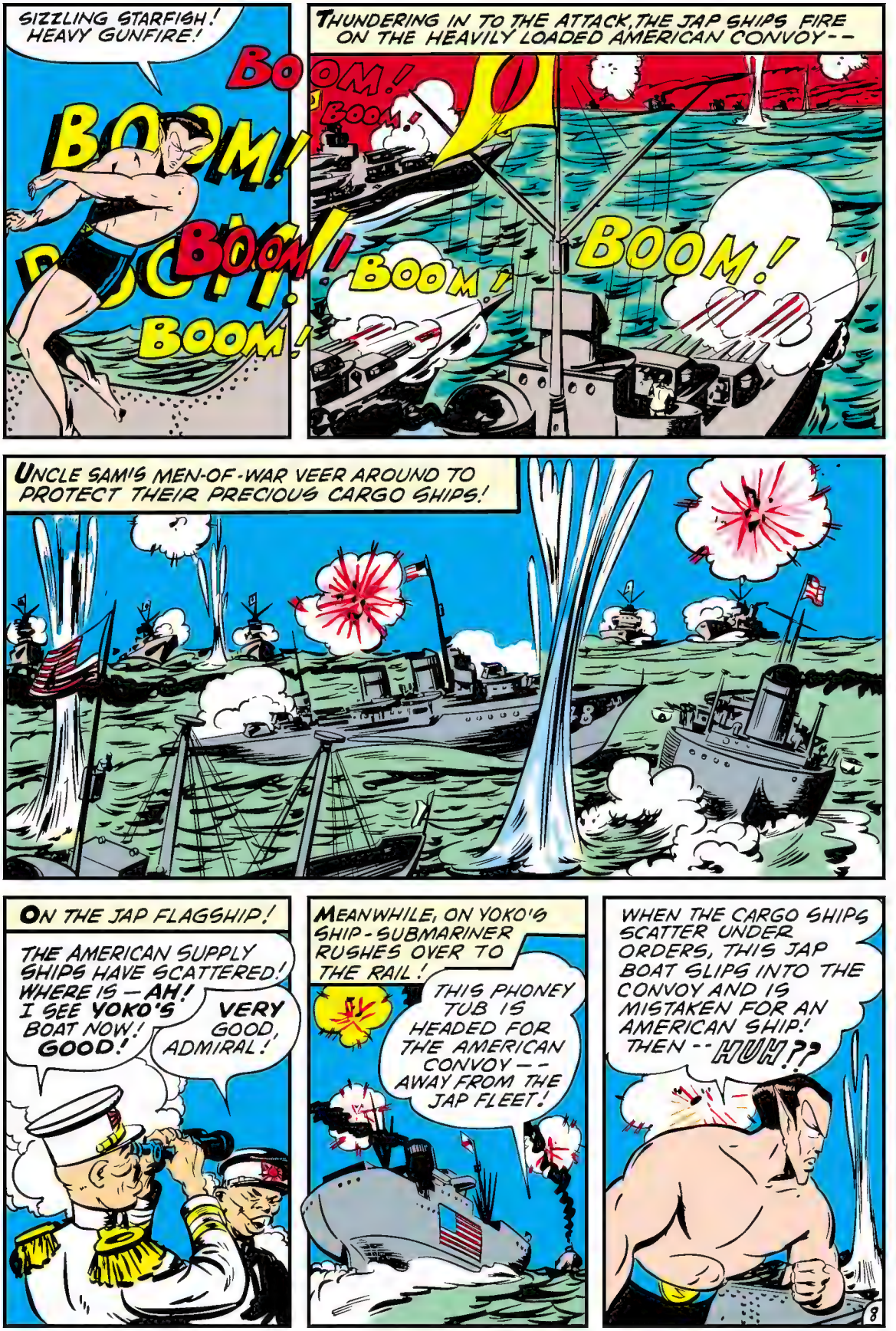
EARLY NEXT MORNING IN THE OFFICE OF THE ADMIRAL OF THE PACIFIC FLEET!
THERE'S ANOTHER BIG CONVOY READY TO LEAVE FOR CHINA IN TWO DAYS, SIR!
IF THE SUPPLY SHIPS ALL SINK AGAIN SO MYSTERIOUSLY -- IT'LL BE A TERRIBLE BLOW TO AMERICAN MORALE!
LIGHTER SHIPS GET AWAY AND PROTECTED SHIPS GO DOWN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS GENTLEMEN!
I SUGGEST, SIR THAT WE ASK SUBMARINER TO LOOK INTO THE CASE!
YES! HE MIGHT EVEN JOIN THE CONVOY!
SUBMARINER! WHY, WE ---
YEAH! I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, SIR! -- I'VE BEEN OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE!
--- THE CONVOY LEAVES DAY AFTER TOMORROW -- AND YOU ARE ASSIGNED TO HELP PROTECT IT!
WONDERFUL! WE'LL PUBLICLY ANNOUNCE THE GOOD NEWS!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, ADMIRAL -- YOU SEE - I'VE GOT A LITTLE HUNCH ABOUT THESE MYSTERIOUS SINKINGS!
NEXT DAY, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN READS THE PAPER.
HAHOO! SO SUBMARINER JOINS THE AMERICAN CONVOYS!
3


HE IMMEDIATELY SUMMONS YOKO!
YOKO! THIS IS A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO SINK MORE SUPPLY SHIPS!
YES, OH SON OF MOON AND STARS!
AT THE SAME TIME -- YOU MUST CAPTURE THIS SUBMARINER WHO HAS CAUSED US MUCH TROUBLE!
IF YOU FAIL -- USE THIS ON YOURSELF!
I WILL BRING SUBMARINER BACK -- YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS — OR PUSH KNIFE INTO BELLY!
I GO NOW TO JOIN OUR FLEET THAT BLOCKADES CHINESE COAST. — — — I MUST NOT FAIL —.
SOME TIME LATER, HE BOARDS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE.
YOU HAVE SECRET REPORT ON AMERICAN CONVOY?
YES, YOKO! ALL IS READY!
A FEW DAYS PASS
WE'RE APPROACHING THE TROUBLE AREA — — — CHECK THE LISTENING POSTS!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
4


WE'LL BE READY FOR THE JAPS THIS TIME -- NO CARGO SHIPS ARE BEING SUNK IF I CAN HELP IT!
SUDDENLY- AT THE LISTENING POST--
STRANGE MOTORS PICKED UP --
THE ALARM IS RELAYED!
WHERE--
THAT MEANS THEY PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT US, TOO!
I'M GONNA FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE SHIPS!
SOON...
GALLOPING GUPPIES! JAP BATTLESHIPS -- HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
A CARGO SHIP! --- NOW, WHY IN DAVEY JONES LOCKER SHOULD A CARGO SHIP BE PART OF THE JAP FLEET!??
I'M GONNA FIND OUT --- IN A HURRY!
5

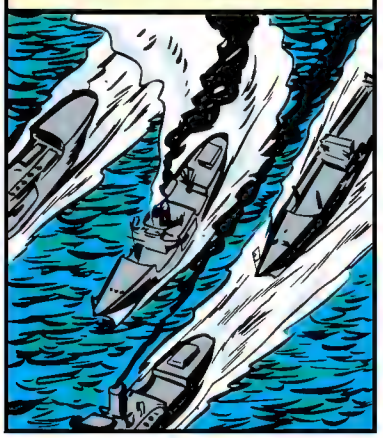
MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE JAP CARGO VESSEL!
AH! THERE IS THE AMERICAN CONVOY NOW!
AFTER THE LAST SINKINGS THEY'LL BE CARRYING TWICE AS MANY SUPPLIES, YOKO!
SUBMARINER IS ALONG TO GUARD THIS ONE! -- AHA! WHEN YOKO FINDS SUBMARINER --- HE'LL ...
HE'LL DO WHAT!??
YOU FINLESS FLUKES -- PUT UP YOUR FISTS!
THE SUBMARINER!
DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER YOKO- BUT YOU WON'T WHISTLE WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOUR TEETH!
JAPS -- I'M GONNA CHANGE YOUR MAPS!
6


AAAAH! - - - I WILL GIVE IT TO SUBMARINER -- IN THE HEART! YES!
SWIFTLY HE CIRCLES THE DECK.
THE REAR APPROACH IS THE BETTER!
CLUNK!
WHAT A HOLLOW SOUND!
HE DOES NOT EXPECT ME!
HEY!
SQUEAK!
DESPERATELY, SUBMARINER DUCKS-
ZIP!
-- BUT YOKO SOMERSAULTS AND LANDS FEET FIRST-
HOLY HALI-
A LITTLE TRICK WE LEARN IN JAPAN!
-- AND WE LEARN FORWARD PASSES IN AMERICA!
AAAAAAAA
YI-YI-YI!
7


SIZZLING STARFISH! HEAVY GUNFIRE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
THUNDERING IN TO THE ATTACK, THE JAP SHIPS FIRE ON THE HEAVILY LOADED AMERICAN CONVOY--
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
UNCLE SAM'S MEN-OF-WAR VEER AROUND TO PROTECT THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO SHIPS!
ON THE JAP FLAGSHIP!
THE AMERICAN SUPPLY SHIPS HAVE SCATTERED! WHERE IS — AH! I SEE YOKO'S BOAT NOW! GOOD!
VERY GOOD, ADMIRAL!
MEANWHILE, ON YOKO'S SHIP - SUBMARINER RUSHES OVER TO THE RAIL!
THIS PHONEY TUB IS HEADED FOR THE AMERICAN CONVOY -- AWAY FROM THE JAP FLEET!
WHEN THE CARGO SHIPS SCATTER UNDER ORDERS, THIS JAP BOAT SLIPS INTO THE CONVOY AND IS MISTAKEN FOR AN AMERICAN SHIP! THEN -- HUH??
8

WITH NO WARNING, YOKO RELEASES THE HEAVY FREIGHT HOOK AND --
BONG!
THE SEMI UNCONSCIOUS SUBMARINER IS QUICKLY WRAPPED IN HEAVY CHAINS!
IN JUST A FEW MINUTES WE WILL BE IN MIDST OF AMERICAN SHIPS AND YOU WILL HAVE PLEASURE OF SEEING THEM TORPEDOED!
YOU WILL SEE HOW CLEVER ARE THE SONS OF THE RISING SUN!
HE IS CARRIED INTO THE HOLD!
OPEN THE TRAP DOOR!
YES, YOKO!
THERE IS A SUBMARINE ATTACHED TO UNDERSIDE OF THIS SHIP!
YOU SNIVELING WATER-SNAKE!
THIS TRAP DOOR LEADS TO THE SUBMARINE—
HEY! STOP PUSHIN!
NOW I WILL SEND THE AMERICAN SUPPLY SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM!
THUMP!

THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FIRE OF BATTLE, YOKO'S SHIP EASILY SLIPS INTO A GROUP OF HEAVILY LADEN AMERICAN VESSELS IN THE CONVOY.



AH! A NICE, FAT SHIP -- FILLED WITH SUPPLIES FOR CHINA - - - TORPEDOES READY!

TORPEDOES READY!

MEANWHILE -- SUBMARINER IS DESPERATE - - -

GOT TO GET LOOSE -- BEEN OUT OF WATER TOO LONG -- GETTING WEAK -- THEY'LL SINK OUR SHIPS -- THAT STEEL BAR IS JUST THE THING!

SUBMARINER EDGES HIS WAY OVER TO THE STEEL LEVER SLIPPING HIS CHAINS OVER IT HE STRAINS. HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES!

THERE! THIS 'LL LOOSEN MY HANDS -- AND SURPRISE MISTER YOKO!

BUT THE MOVEMENT OF THE LEVER HAS CAUSED A STRANGE THING TO HAPPEN!

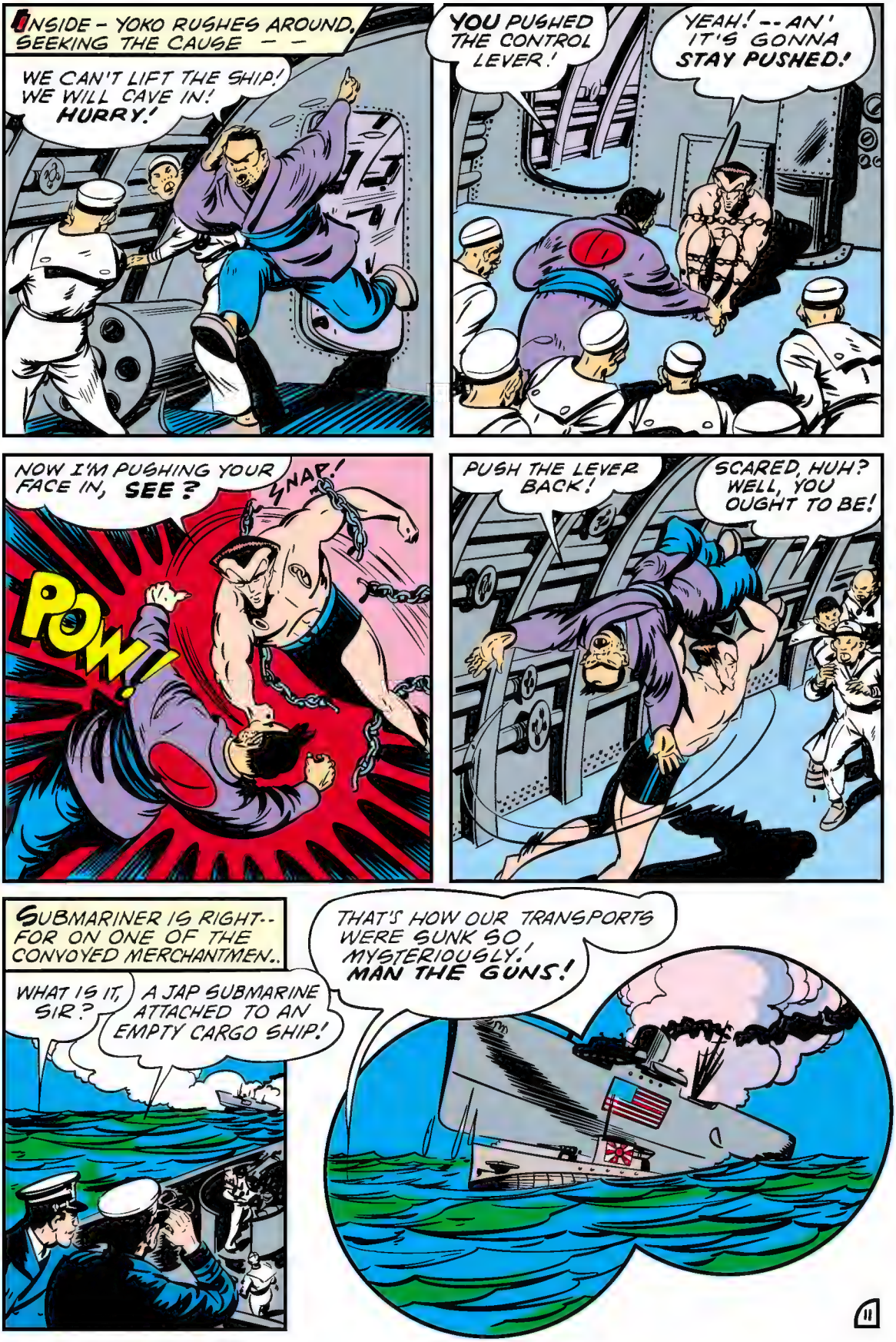
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! HOLD THE TORPEDOES! I CAN'T AIM STRAIGHT!

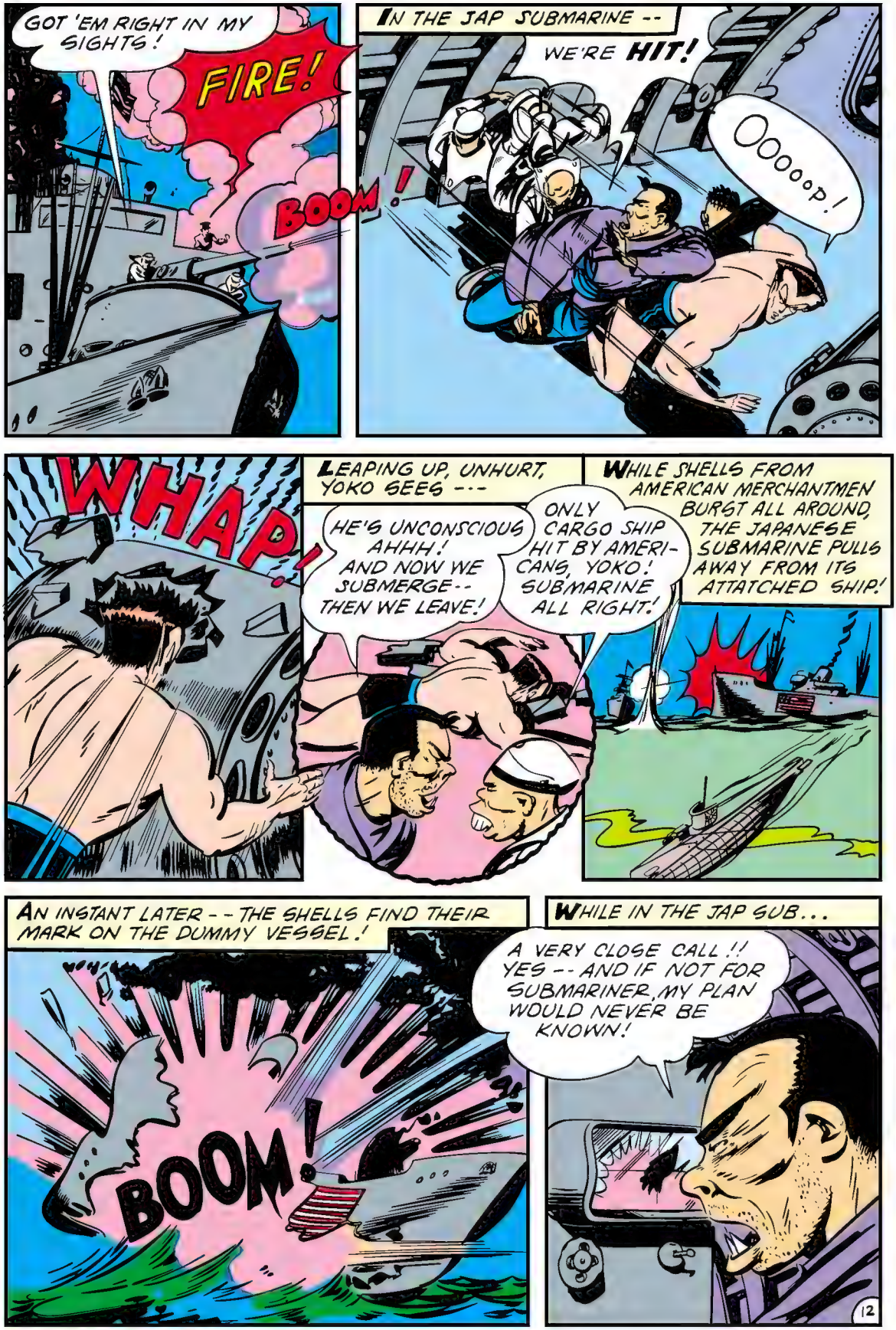
HOLD TORPEDOES!

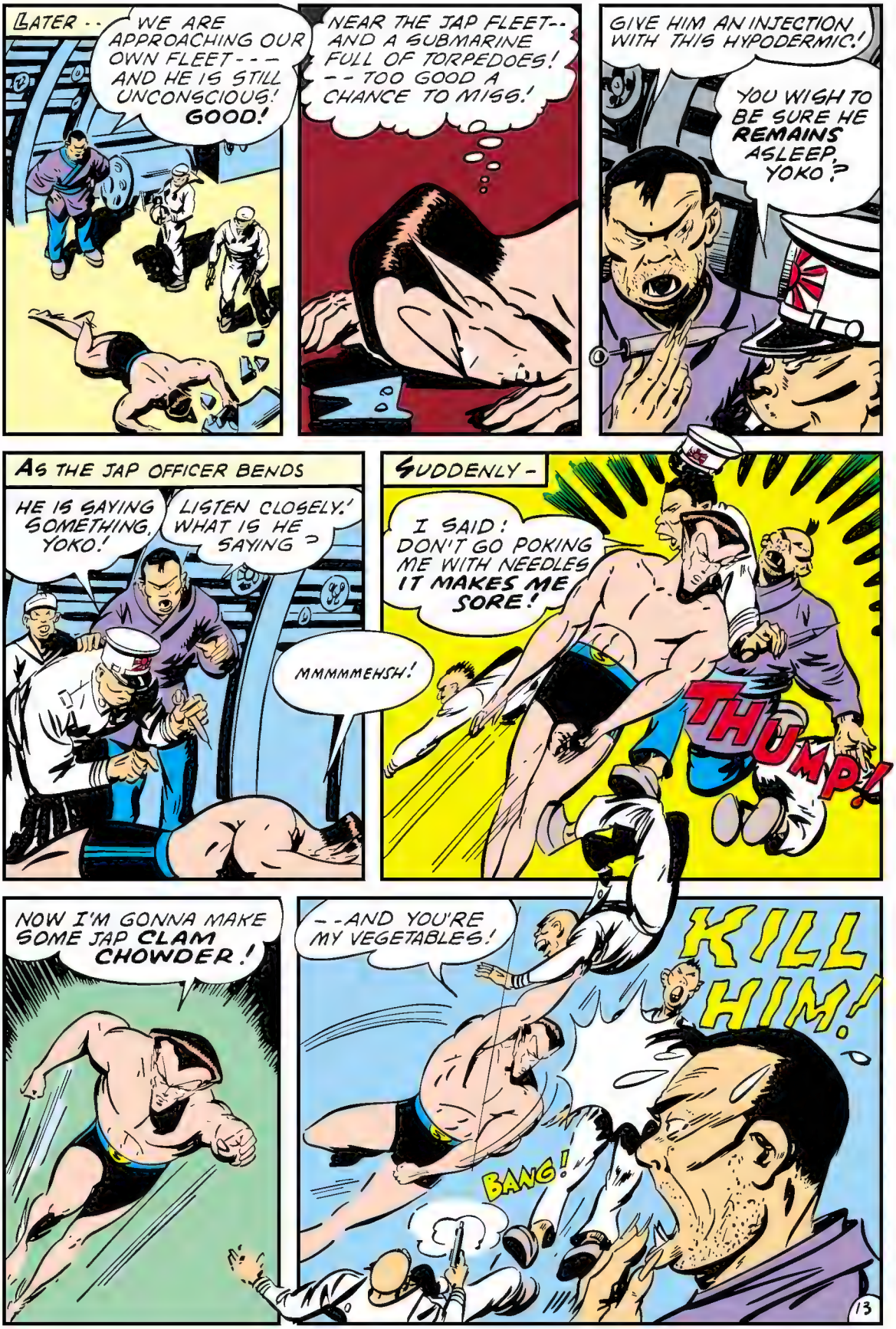
WE ARE RISING TO SURFACE! SOMEONE TOUCHED CONTROL LEVER!

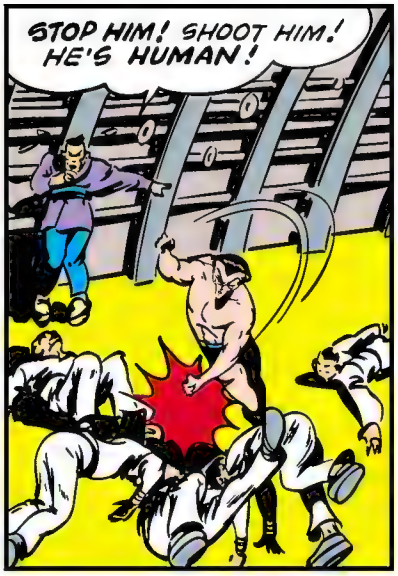
WE WILL FIND OUT, YOKO!

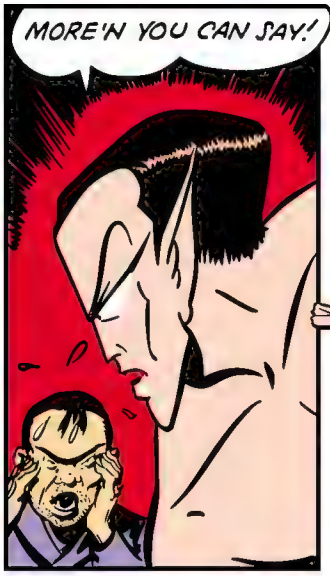
STRUGGLING UNDER ITS HEAVY BURDEN, THE JAP SUBMARINE POPS TO THE SURFACE.


INSIDE – YOKO RUSHES AROUND, SEEKING THE CAUSE – –
WE CAN'T LIFT THE SHIP! WE WILL CAVE IN! HURRY!
YOU PUSHED THE CONTROL LEVER!
YEAH! -- AN' IT'S GONNA STAY PUSHED!
NOW I'M PUSHING YOUR FACE IN, SEE?
SNAP!
POW!
PUSH THE LEVER BACK!
SCARED, HUH? WELL, YOU OUGHT TO BE!
SUBMARINER IS RIGHT-- FOR ON ONE OF THE CONVOYED MERCHANTMEN..
WHAT IS IT, SIR?
A JAP SUBMARINE ATTACHED TO AN EMPTY CARGO SHIP!
THAT'S HOW OUR TRANSPORTS WERE SUNK SO, MYSTERIOUSLY. MAN THE GUNS!

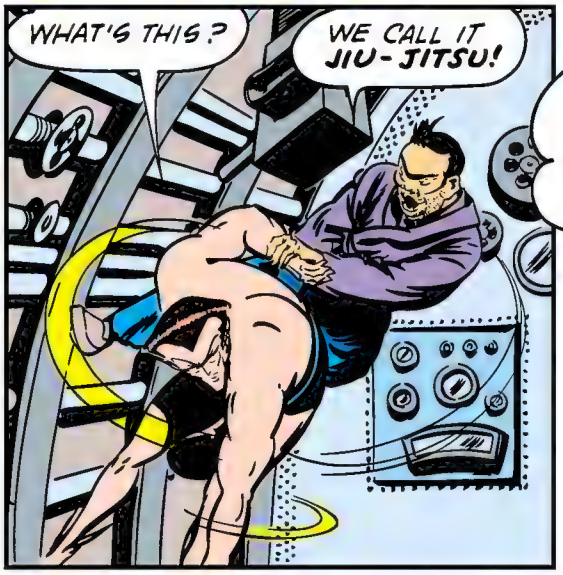

GOT 'EM RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS!
FIRE!
BOOM!
IN THE JAP SUBMARINE --
WE'RE HIT!
OOOOOP!
WHAP!
LEAPING UP, UNHURT, YOKO SEES ---
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS AHHH! AND NOW WE SUBMERGE-- THEN WE LEAVE!
ONLY CARGO SHIP HIT BY AMERICANS, YOKO! SUBMARINE ALL RIGHT!
WHILE SHELLS FROM AMERICAN MERCHANTMEN BURST ALL AROUND, THE JAPANESE SUBMARINE PULLS AWAY FROM ITS ATTATCHED SHIP!
AN INSTANT LATER -- THE SHELLS FIND THEIR MARK ON THE DUMMY VESSEL!
BOOM!
WHILE IN THE JAP SUB...
A VERY CLOSE CALL!! YES -- AND IF NOT FOR SUBMARINER, MY PLAN WOULD NEVER BE KNOWN!
12


LATER - -
WE ARE APPROACHING OUR OWN FLEET - - - AND HE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS! GOOD!
NEAR THE JAP FLEET-- AND A SUBMARINE FULL OF TORPEDOES! - - TOO GOOD A CHANCE TO MISS!
GIVE HIM AN INJECTION WITH THIS HYPODERMIC!
YOU WISH TO BE SURE HE REMAINS ASLEEP, YOKO?
AS THE JAP OFFICER BENDS
HE IS SAYING SOMETHING, YOKO!
LISTEN CLOSELY! WHAT IS HE SAYING?
MMMMMMEHSH!
SUDDENLY -
I SAID: DON'T GO POKING ME WITH NEEDLES IT MAKES ME SORE!
THUMP!
NOW I'M GONNA MAKE SOME JAP CLAM CHOWDER!
- -AND YOU'RE MY VEGETABLES!
KILL HIM!
BANG!
13


STOP HIM! SHOOT HIM! HE'S HUMAN!

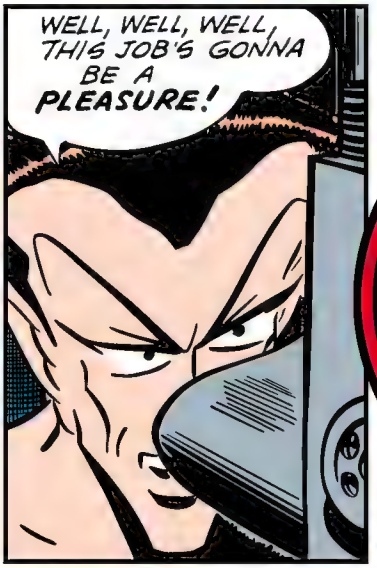

MORE'N YOU CAN SAY!

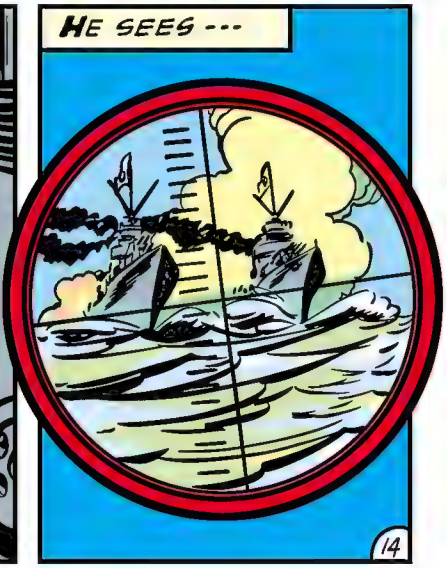
YOKO MAKES A SUDDEN FORWARD MOVEMENT AS SUBMARINER CHARGES--
OOOPS!
NOW FOR THE WRIST!

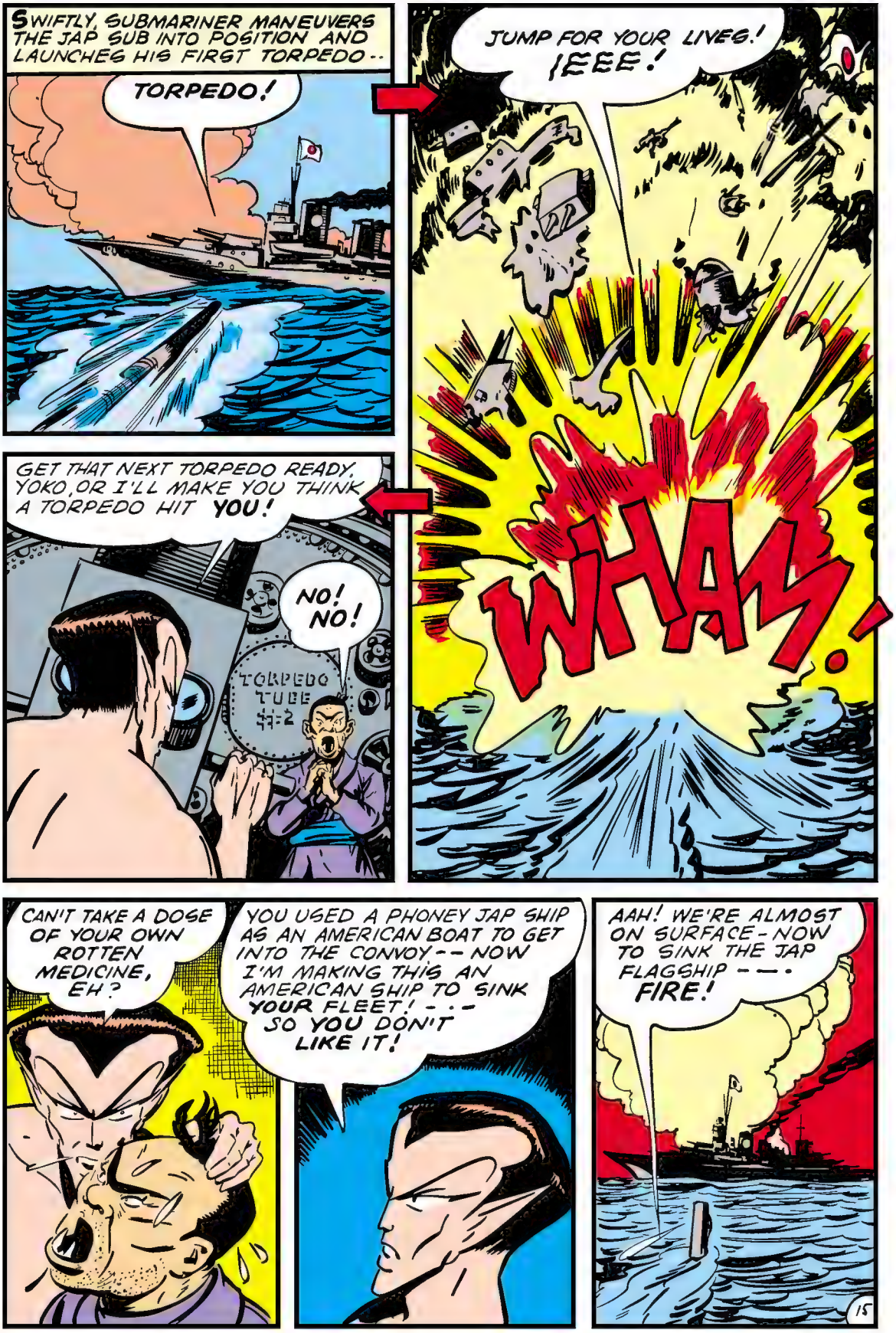

WHAT'S THIS?
WE CALL IT JIU-JITSU!

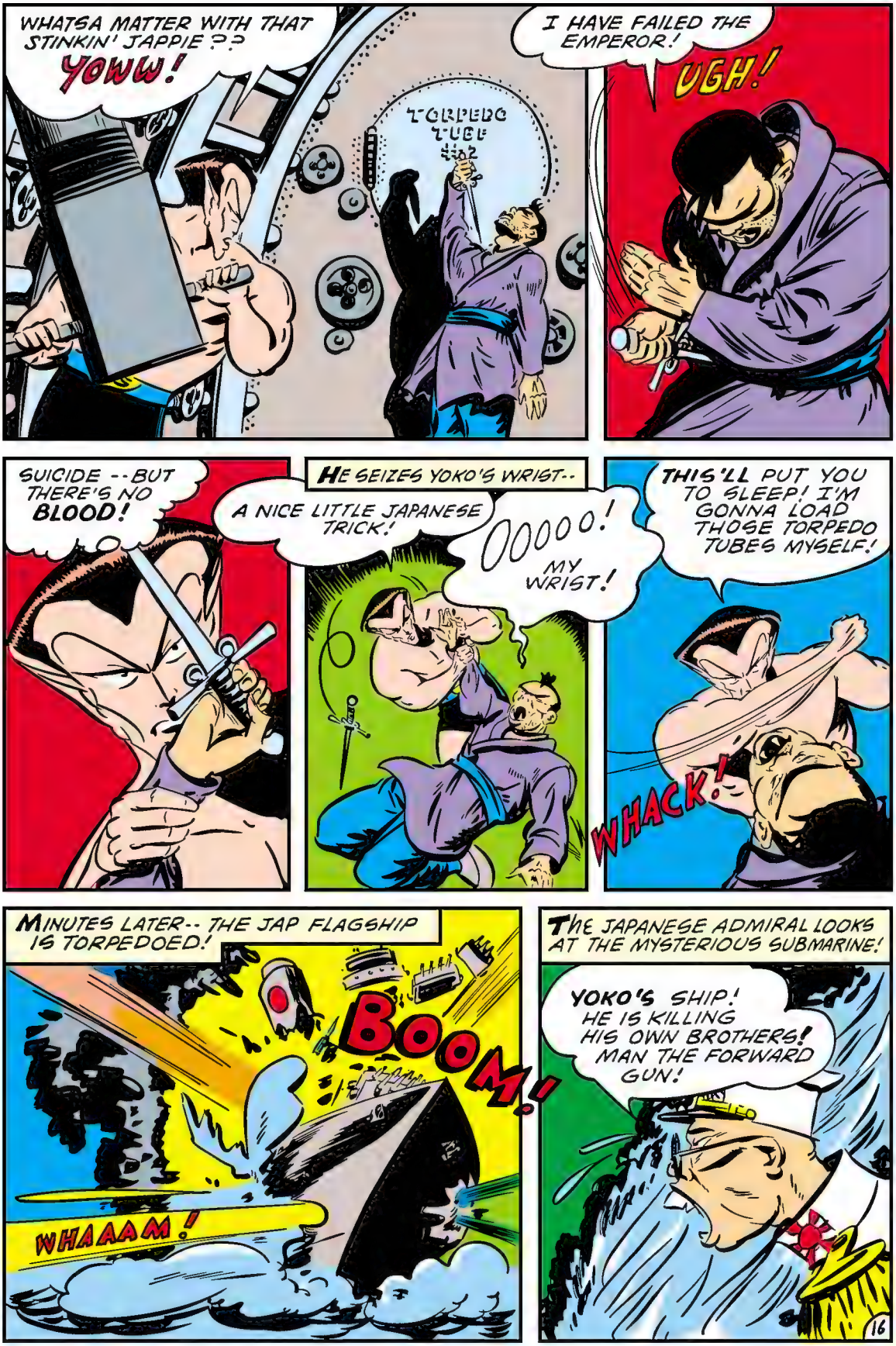
SUBMARINER WHIRLS AROUND AND ---
THIS IS A SOCK ON THE JAW- IN ANY LANGUAGE!
YIKP!

YOU SAID WE WERE RIGHT NEAR THE JAP FLEET! I WANNA KNOW HOW NEAR!

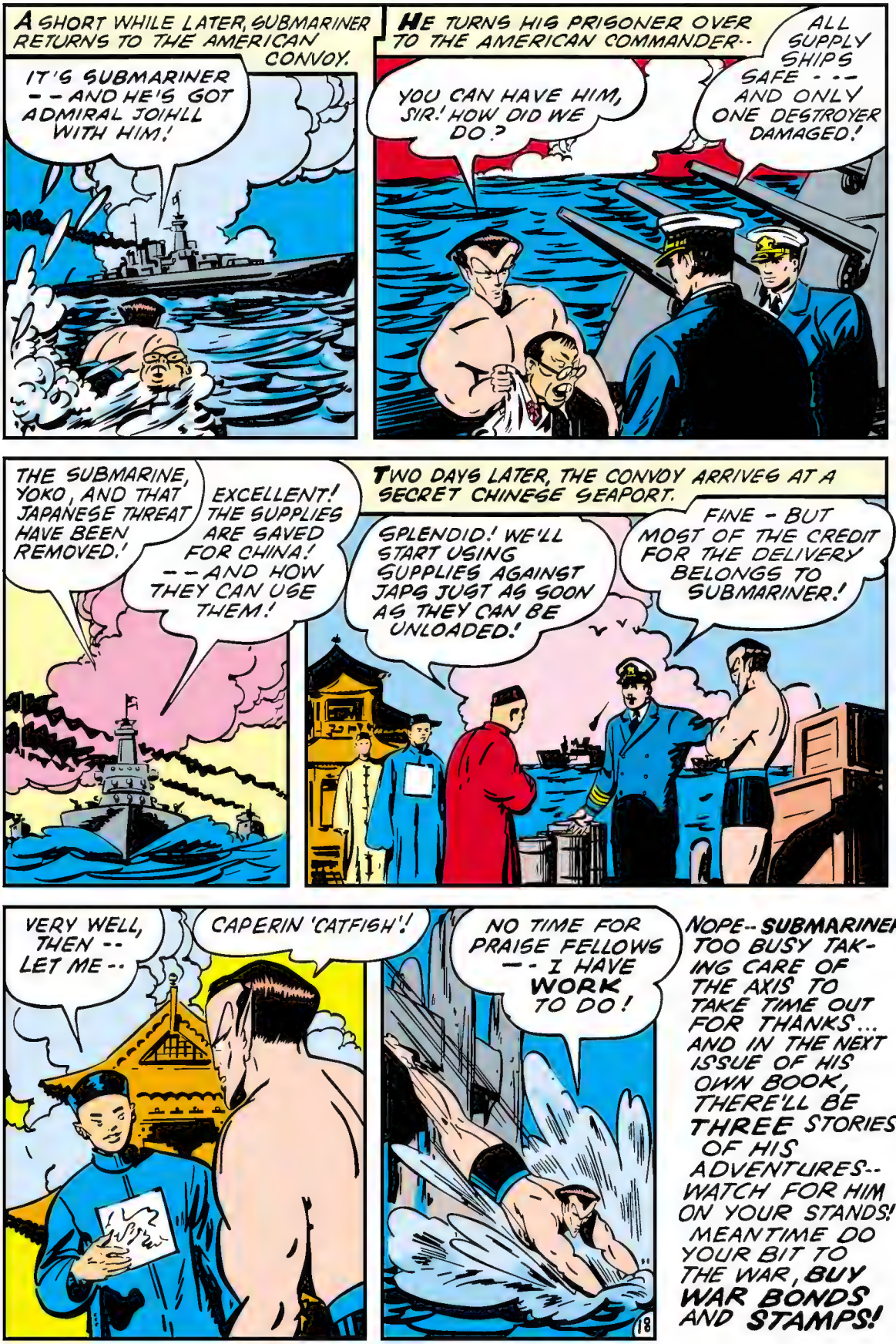

WELL, WELL, WELL, THIS JOB'S GONNA BE A PLEASURE!

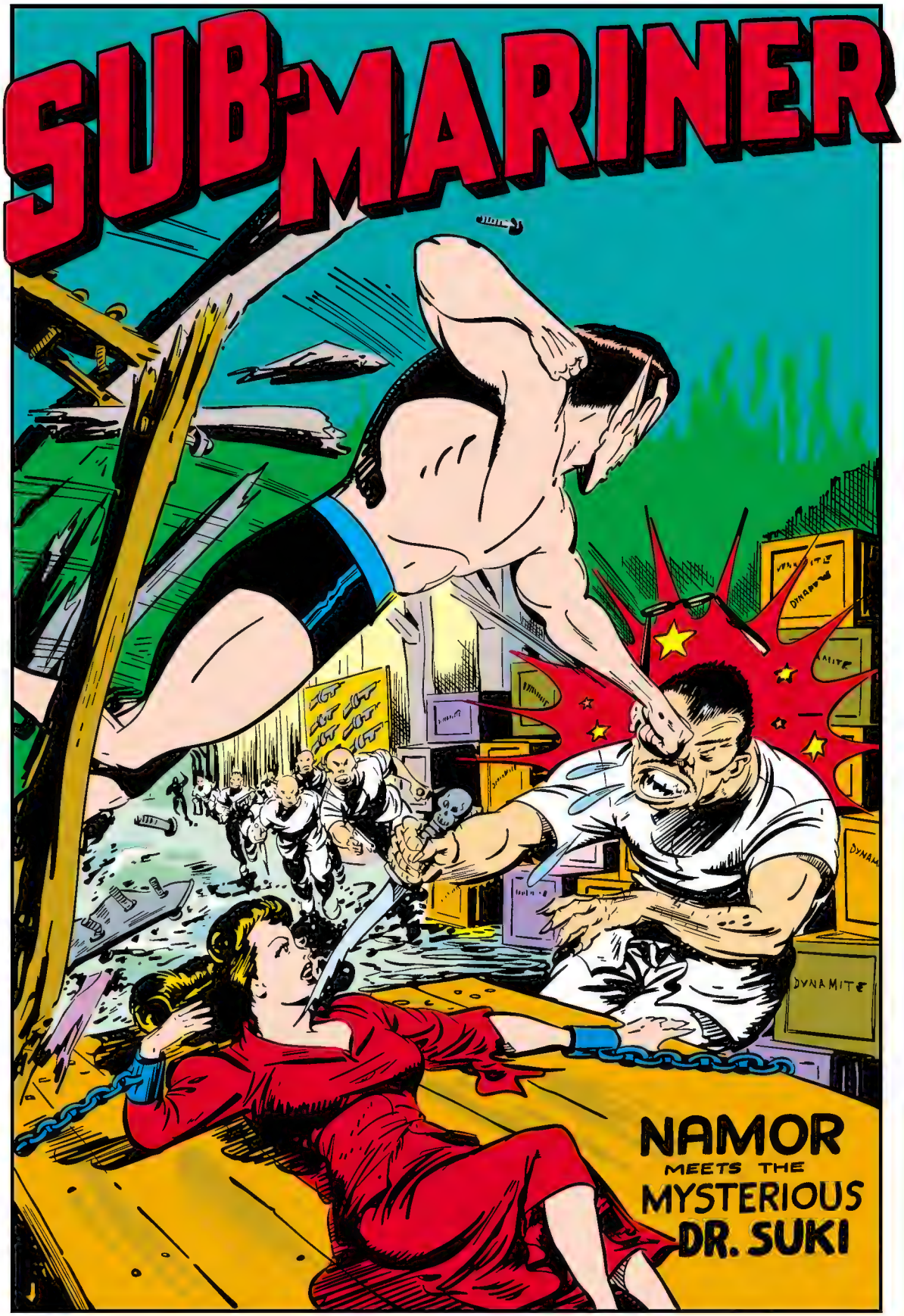

HE SEES ---

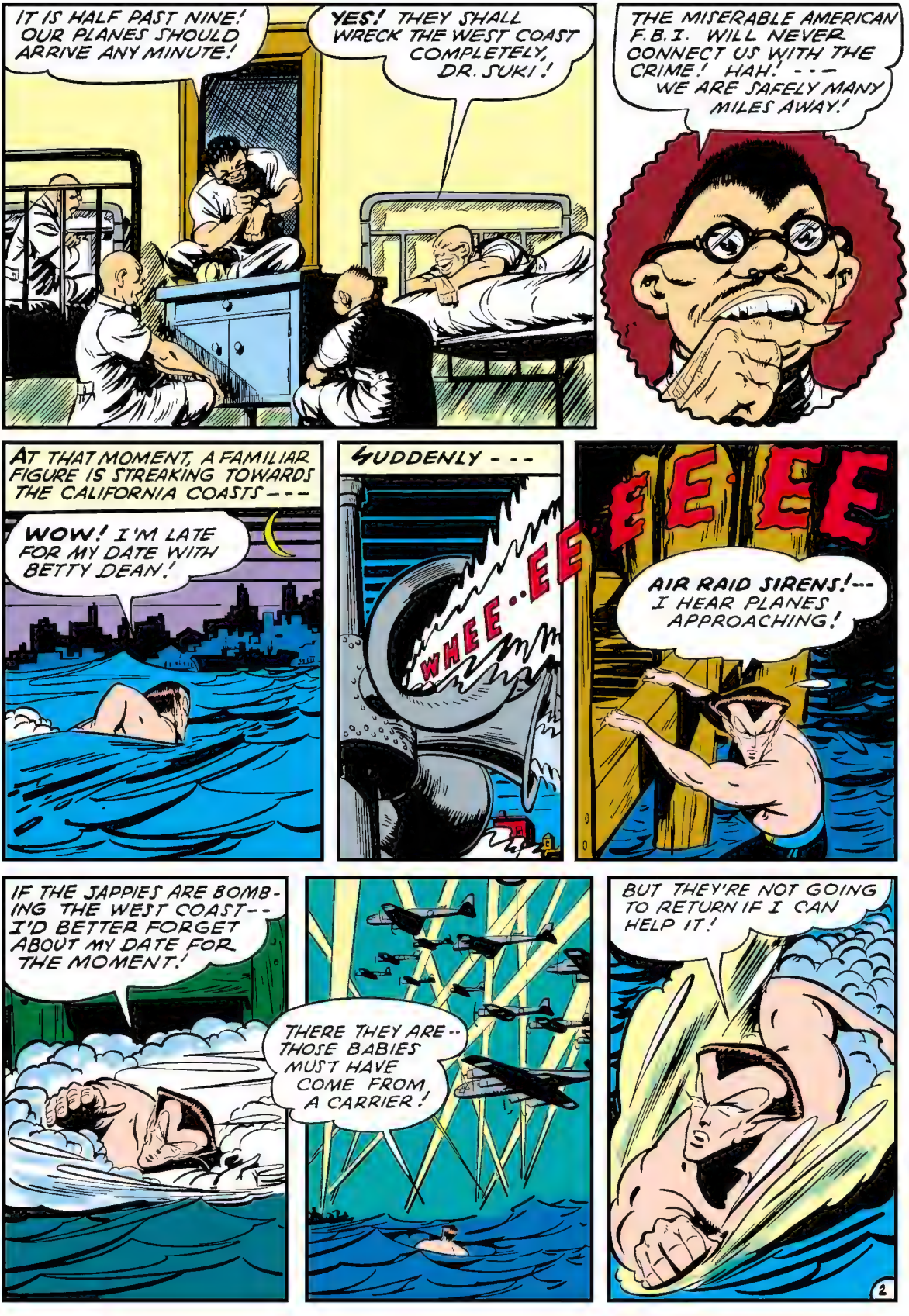

SWIFTLY, SUBMARINER MANEUVERS THE JAP SUB INTO POSITION AND LAUNCHES HIS FIRST TORPEDO--
TORPEDO!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES! ¡EEE!
WHAM!
GET THAT NEXT TORPEDO READY, YOKO, OR I'LL MAKE YOU THINK A TORPEDO HIT YOU!
NO! NO!
TORPEDO TUBE #2
CAN'T TAKE A DOSE OF YOUR OWN ROTTEN MEDICINE, EH?
YOU USED A PHONEY JAP SHIP AS AN AMERICAN BOAT TO GET INTO THE CONVOY -- NOW I'M MAKING THIS AN AMERICAN SHIP TO SINK YOUR FLEET! -.- SO YOU DON'T LIKE IT!
AAH! WE'RE ALMOST ON SURFACE - NOW TO SINK THE JAP FLAGSHIP ---. FIRE!
15

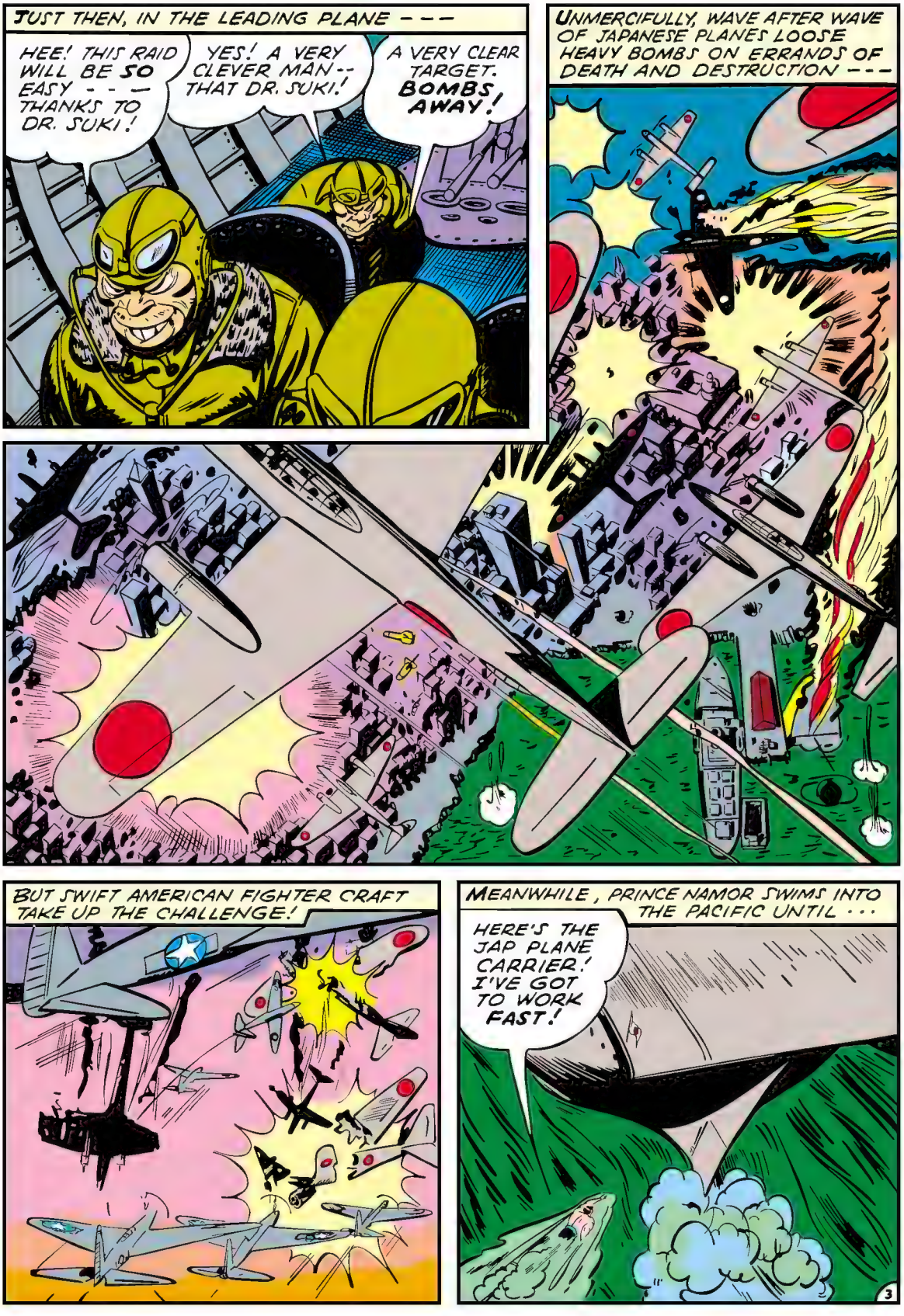

WHATSA MATTER WITH THAT STINKIN' JAPPIE ??
YOWW!
TORPEDO TUBE #2
I HAVE FAILED THE EMPEROR!
UGH!
SUICIDE -- BUT THERE'S NO BLOOD!
HE SEIZES YOKO'S WRIST--
A NICE LITTLE JAPANESE TRICK!
OOOOO! MY WRIST!
THIS'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP! I'M GONNA LOAD THOSE TORPEDO TUBES MYSELF!
WHACK!
MINUTES LATER-- THE JAP FLAGSHIP IS TORPEDOED!
BOOM!
WHAAAM!
THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL LOOKS AT THE MYSTERIOUS SUBMARINE!
YOKO'S SHIP! HE IS KILLING HIS OWN BROTHERS! MAN THE FORWARD GUN!
16

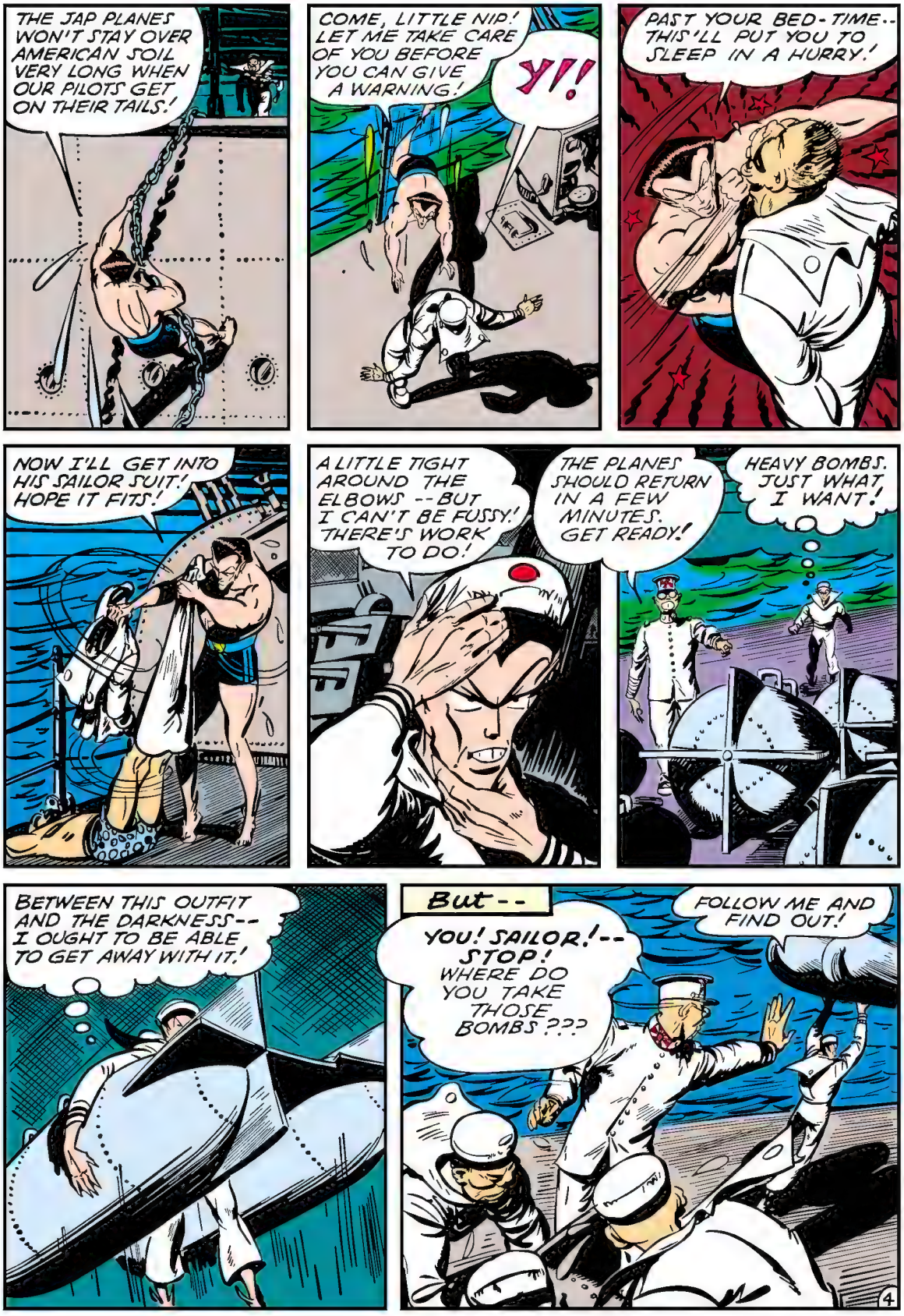
BEFORE MY SHIP GOES DOWN--I WILL FIX YOKO, THE TRAITOR!
READY!
MEANWHILE --
I'D BETTER BEAT IT FAST!
EVEN JAPS SHOOT BACK!
WOW! ANOTHER MINUTE AND I'D HAVE BEEN SEA-SPRAY!
BOOM!
DEAFENING EXPLOSIONS FILL THE AIR AS THE JAP SUBMARINE GOES DOWN.
WHOOM!
SOMEONE ESCAPE FROM THE SUB, ADMIRAL!
NEVER MIND! AS LONG AS IT WAS NOT YOKO!
NO, ADMIRAL! YOKO DID NOT ESCAPE -- AND YOU WON'T EITHER!
THE SUBMARINER!

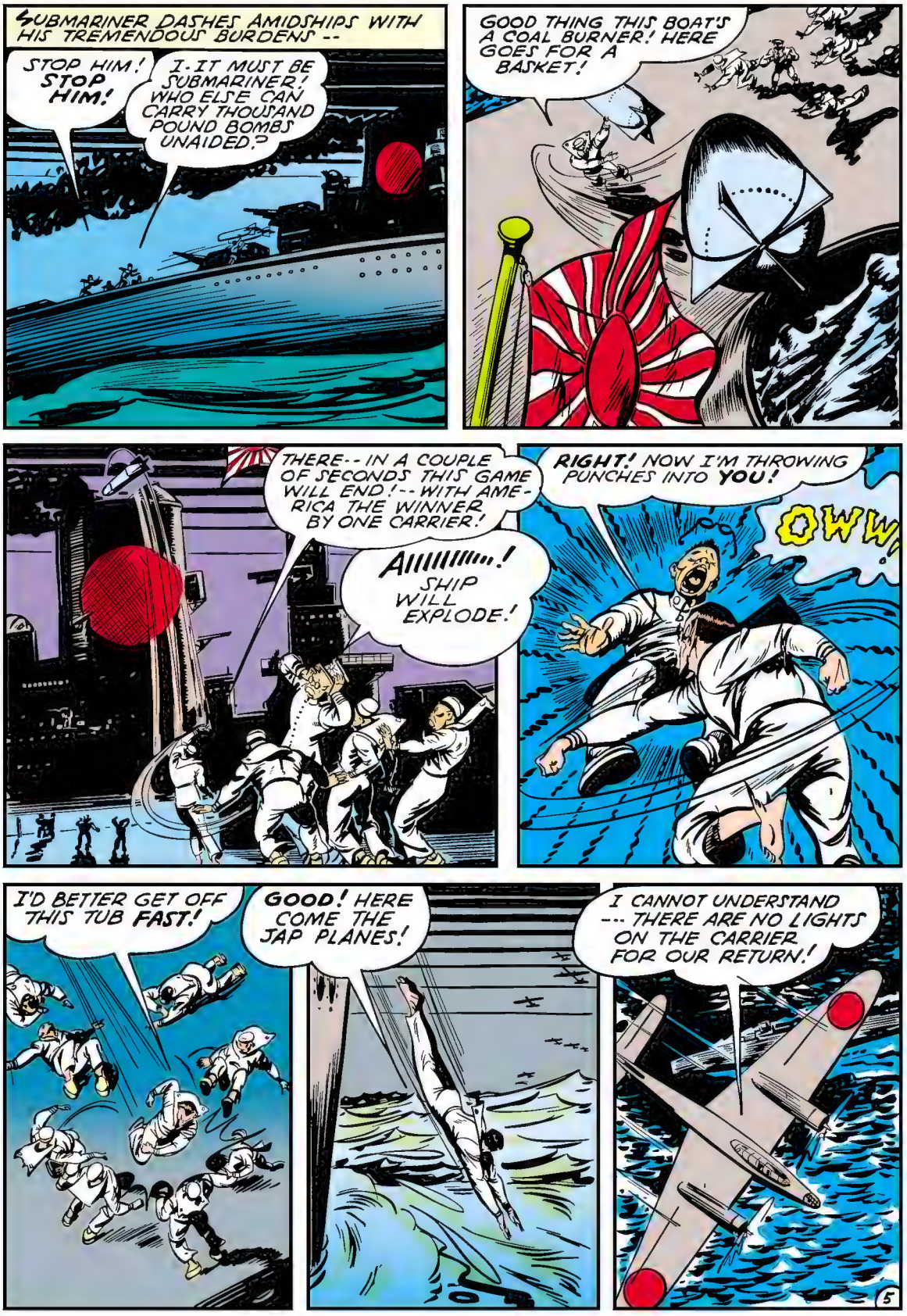

A SHORT WHILE LATER, SUBMARINER RETURNS TO THE AMERICAN CONVOY.
IT'S SUBMARINER -- AND HE'S GOT ADMIRAL JOIHLL WITH HIM!
HE TURNS HIS PRISONER OVER TO THE AMERICAN COMMANDER--
YOU CAN HAVE HIM, SIR! HOW DID WE DO?
ALL SUPPLY SHIPS SAFE -- AND ONLY ONE DESTROYER DAMAGED!
THE SUBMARINE, YOKO, AND THAT JAPANESE THREAT HAVE BEEN REMOVED!
EXCELLENT! THE SUPPLIES ARE SAVED FOR CHINA! -- AND HOW THEY CAN USE THEM!
TWO DAYS LATER, THE CONVOY ARRIVES AT A SECRET CHINESE SEAPORT.
SPLENDID! WE'LL START USING SUPPLIES AGAINST JAPS JUST AS SOON AS THEY CAN BE UNLOADED!
FINE - BUT MOST OF THE CREDIT FOR THE DELIVERY BELONGS TO SUBMARINER!
VERY WELL, THEN -- LET ME --
CAPERIN 'CATFISH'!
NO TIME FOR PRAISE FELLOWS -- I HAVE WORK TO DO!
18
NOPE-- SUBMARINERS TOO BUSY TAKING CARE OF THE AXIS TO TAKE TIME OUT FOR THANKS... AND IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HIS OWN BOOK, THERE'LL BE THREE STORIES OF HIS ADVENTURES-- WATCH FOR HIM ON YOUR STANDS! MEANTIME DO YOUR BIT TO THE WAR, BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

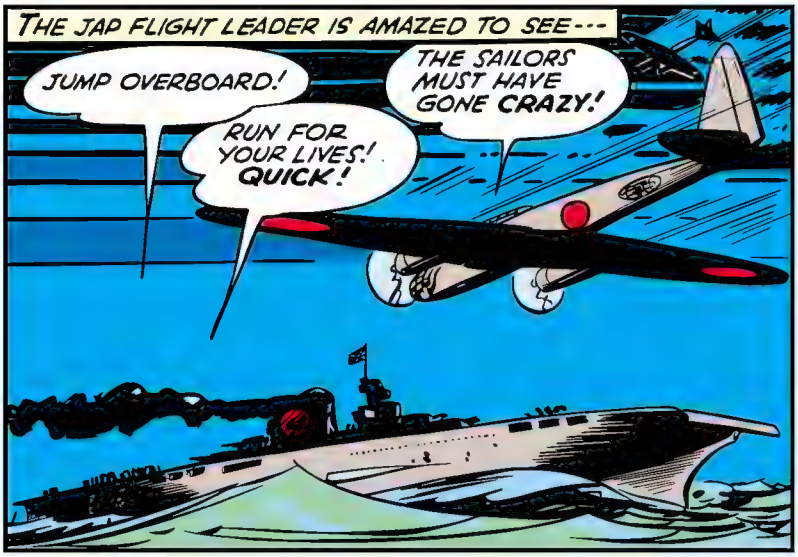

SUB-MARINER
DYNAMITE
NAMOR
MEETS THE
MYSTERIOUS
DR. SUKI


IT IS HALF PAST NINE! OUR PLANES SHOULD ARRIVE ANY MINUTE!
YES! THEY SHALL WRECK THE WEST COAST COMPLETELY, DR. SUKI!
THE MISERABLE AMERICAN F.B.I. WILL NEVER CONNECT US WITH THE CRIME! HAH! --- WE ARE SAFELY MANY MILES AWAY!
AT THAT MOMENT, A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS STREAKING TOWARDS THE CALIFORNIA COASTS ---
WOW! I'M LATE FOR MY DATE WITH BETTY DEAN!
SUDDENLY ---
WHEE..EE
EEEEE
AIR RAID SIRENS!--- I HEAR PLANES APPROACHING!
IF THE JAPPIES ARE BOMBING THE WEST COAST-- I'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT MY DATE FOR THE MOMENT!
THERE THEY ARE-- THOSE BABIES MUST HAVE COME FROM A CARRIER!
BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO RETURN IF I CAN HELP IT!
2

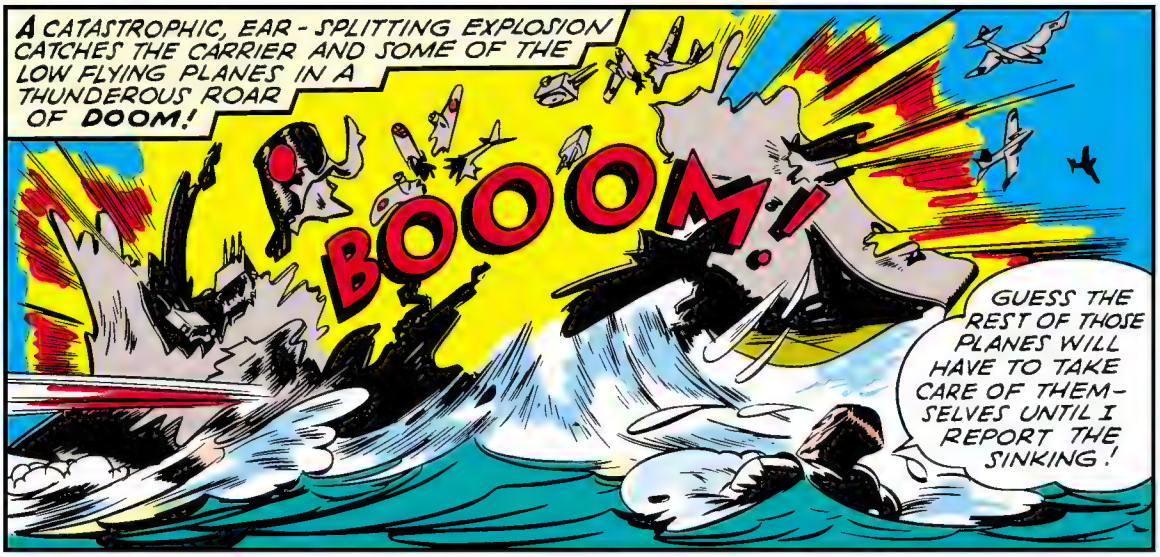

JUST THEN, IN THE LEADING PLANE - - -
HEE! THIS RAID WILL BE SO EASY - - - THANKS TO DR. SUKI!
YES! A VERY CLEVER MAN -- THAT DR. SUKI!
A VERY CLEAR TARGET. BOMBS AWAY!
UNMERCIFULLY, WAVE AFTER WAVE OF JAPANESE PLANES LOOSE HEAVY BOMBS ON ERRANDS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - - -
BUT SWIFT AMERICAN FIGHTER CRAFT TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE!
MEANWHILE, PRINCE NAMOR SWIMS INTO THE PACIFIC UNTIL . . .
HERE'S THE JAP PLANE CARRIER! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
3


THE JAP PLANES WON'T STAY OVER AMERICAN SOIL VERY LONG WHEN OUR PILOTS GET ON THEIR TAILS!
COME, LITTLE NIP! LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU BEFORE YOU CAN GIVE A WARNING!
YI!
PAST YOUR BED-TIME.. THIS'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP IN A HURRY!
NOW I'LL GET INTO HIS SAILOR SUIT! HOPE IT FITS!
A LITTLE TIGHT AROUND THE ELBOWS -- BUT I CAN'T BE FUSSY! THERE'S WORK TO DO!
THE PLANES SHOULD RETURN IN A FEW MINUTES. GET READY!
HEAVY BOMBS. JUST WHAT I WANT!
BETWEEN THIS OUTFIT AND THE DARKNESS-- I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH IT!
But --
YOU! SAILOR!-- STOP! WHERE DO YOU TAKE THOSE BOMBS???
FOLLOW ME AND FIND OUT!
4


SUBMARINER DASHES AMIDSHIPS WITH HIS TREMENDOUS BURDENS --
STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
I-IT MUST BE SUBMARINER! WHO ELSE CAN CARRY THOUSAND POUND BOMBS UNAIDED?
GOOD THING THIS BOAT'S A COAL BURNER! HERE GOES FOR A BASKET!
THERE-- IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS THIS GAME WILL END!-- WITH AMERICA THE WINNER BY ONE CARRIER!
AIIIIIIIIII...! SHIP WILL EXPLODE!
RIGHT! NOW I'M THROWING PUNCHES INTO YOU!
OWW
I'D BETTER GET OFF THIS TUB FAST!
GOOD! HERE COME THE JAP PLANES!
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND --- THERE ARE NO LIGHTS ON THE CARRIER FOR OUR RETURN!
5

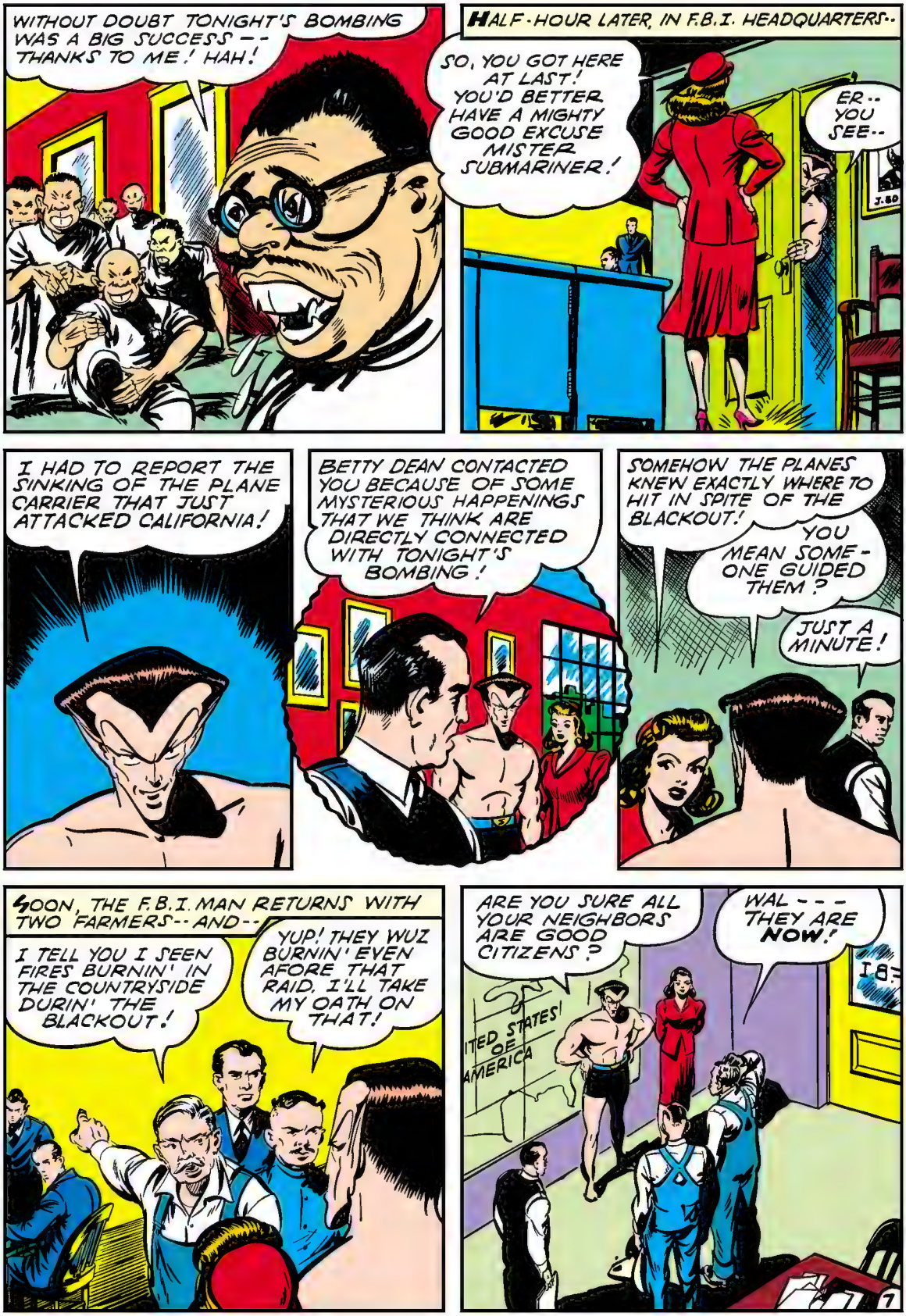

THE JAP FLIGHT LEADER IS AMAZED TO SEE---
JUMP OVERBOARD!
THE SAILORS MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! QUICK!

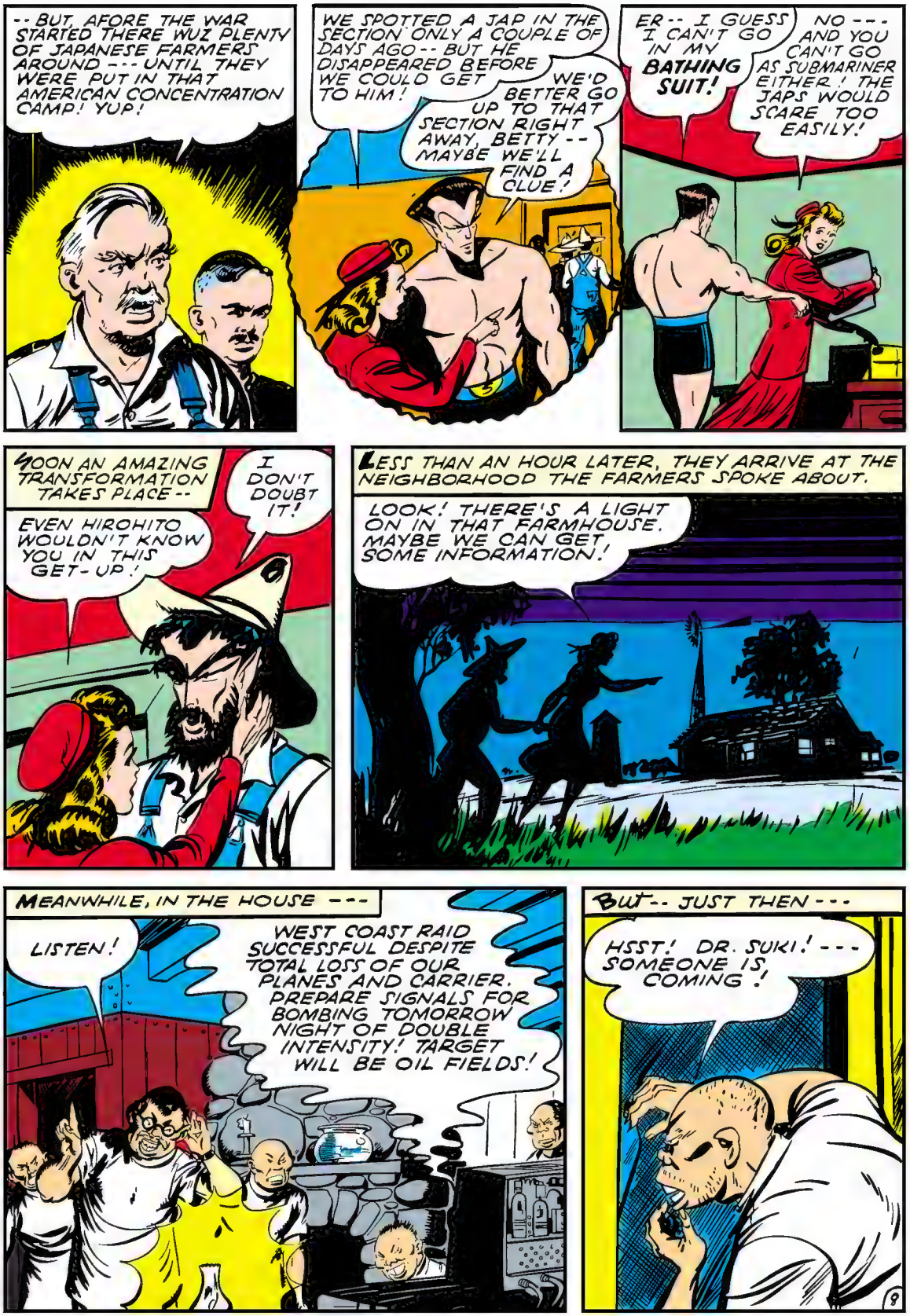
AND AT THAT INSTANT, IN THE FURNACE, HOT FLAMES MELT THROUGH THE CASINGS OF THE POWERFUL BOMBS!

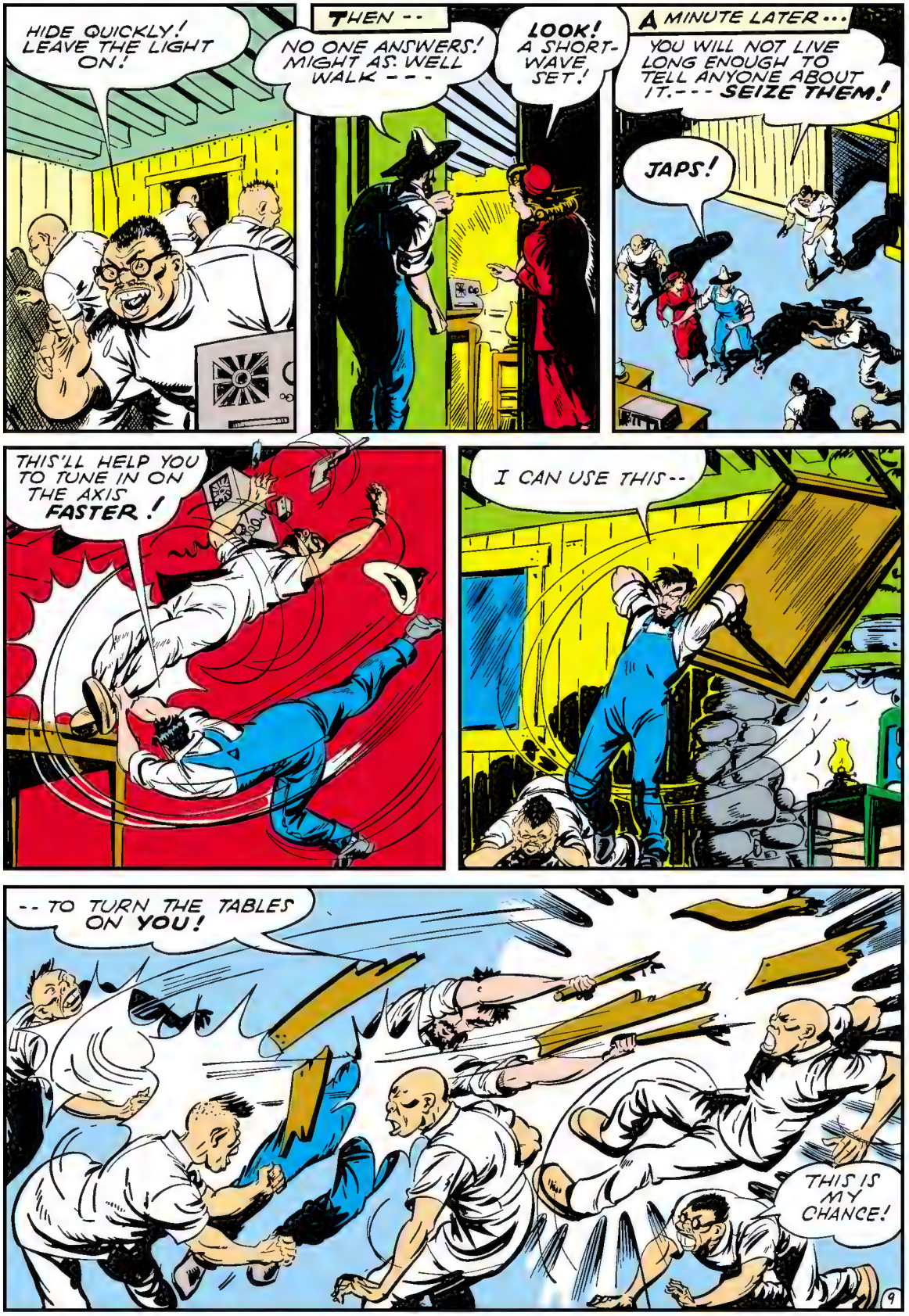

A CATASTROPHIC, EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION CATCHES THE CARRIER AND SOME OF THE LOW FLYING PLANES IN A THUNDEROUS ROAR OF DOOM!
BOOOM!
GUESS THE REST OF THOSE PLANES WILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES UNTIL I REPORT THE SINKING!

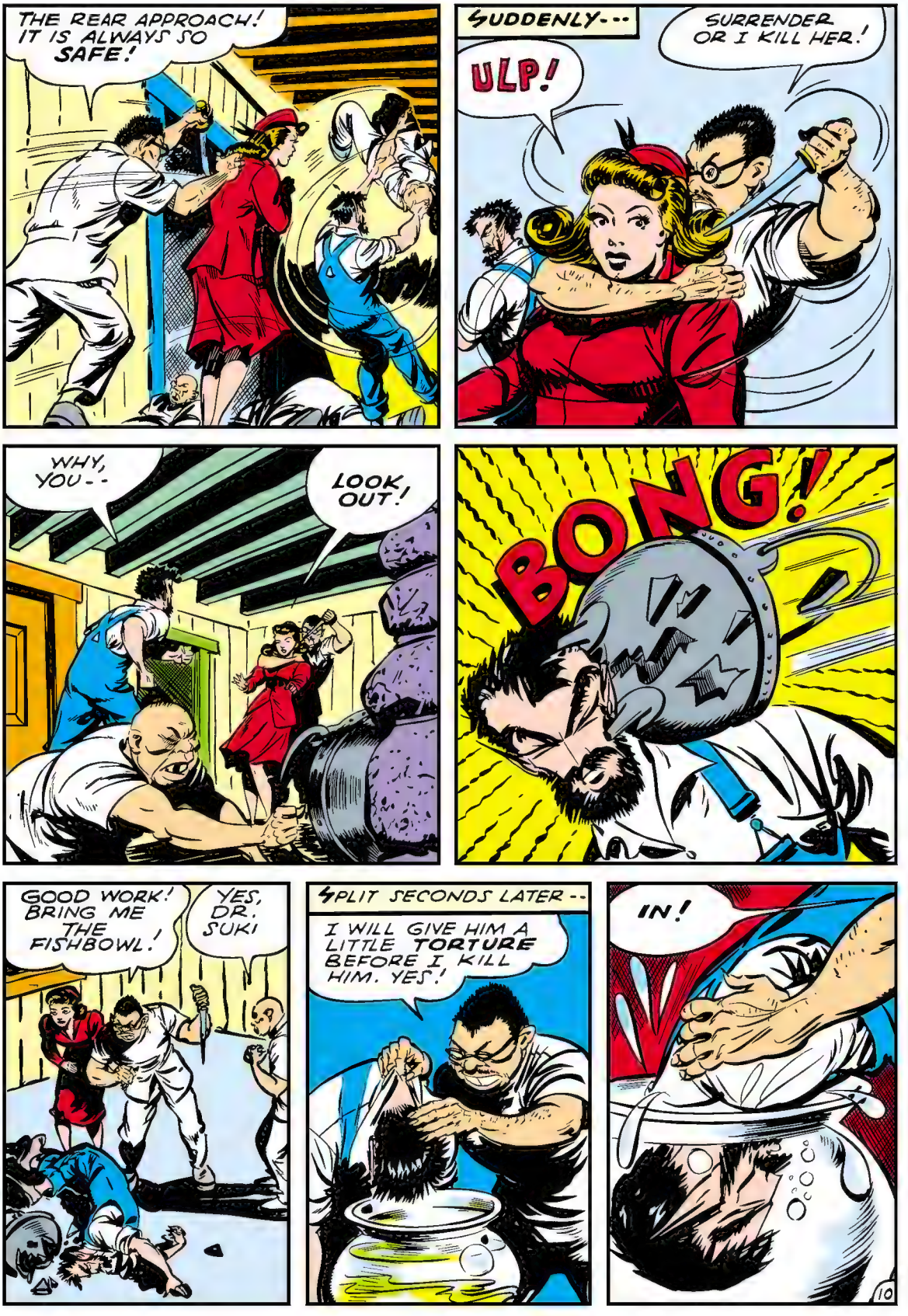
But--
THE RAID'S OVER AND I'M LATER THAN EVER FOR MY DATE WITH BETTY DEAN!

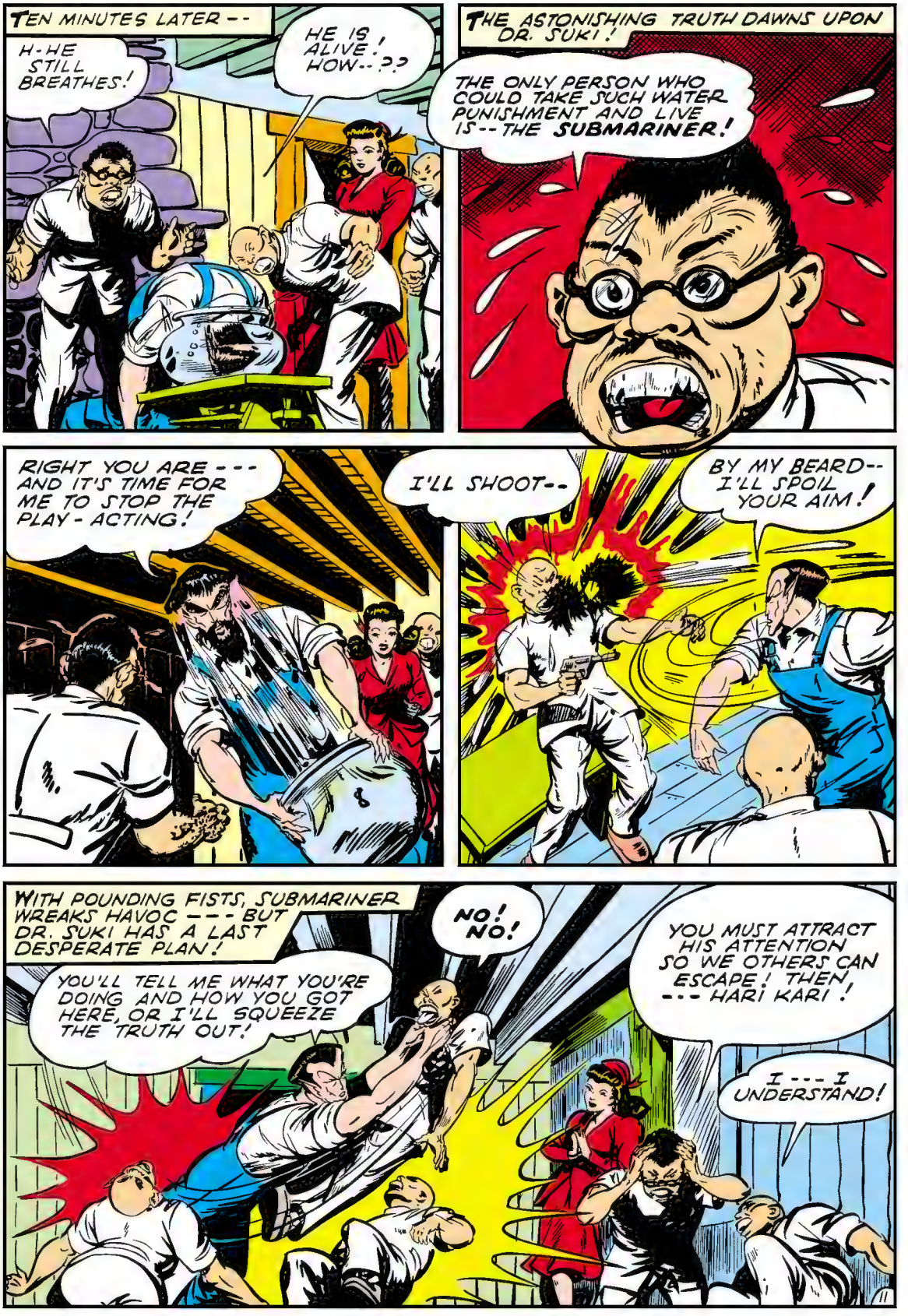
MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY---
QUICK! WAKE THE OTHERS!
YES, DR. SUKI! IT IS TIME TO PREPARE FOR THE NEXT AIR RAIDS. YES?

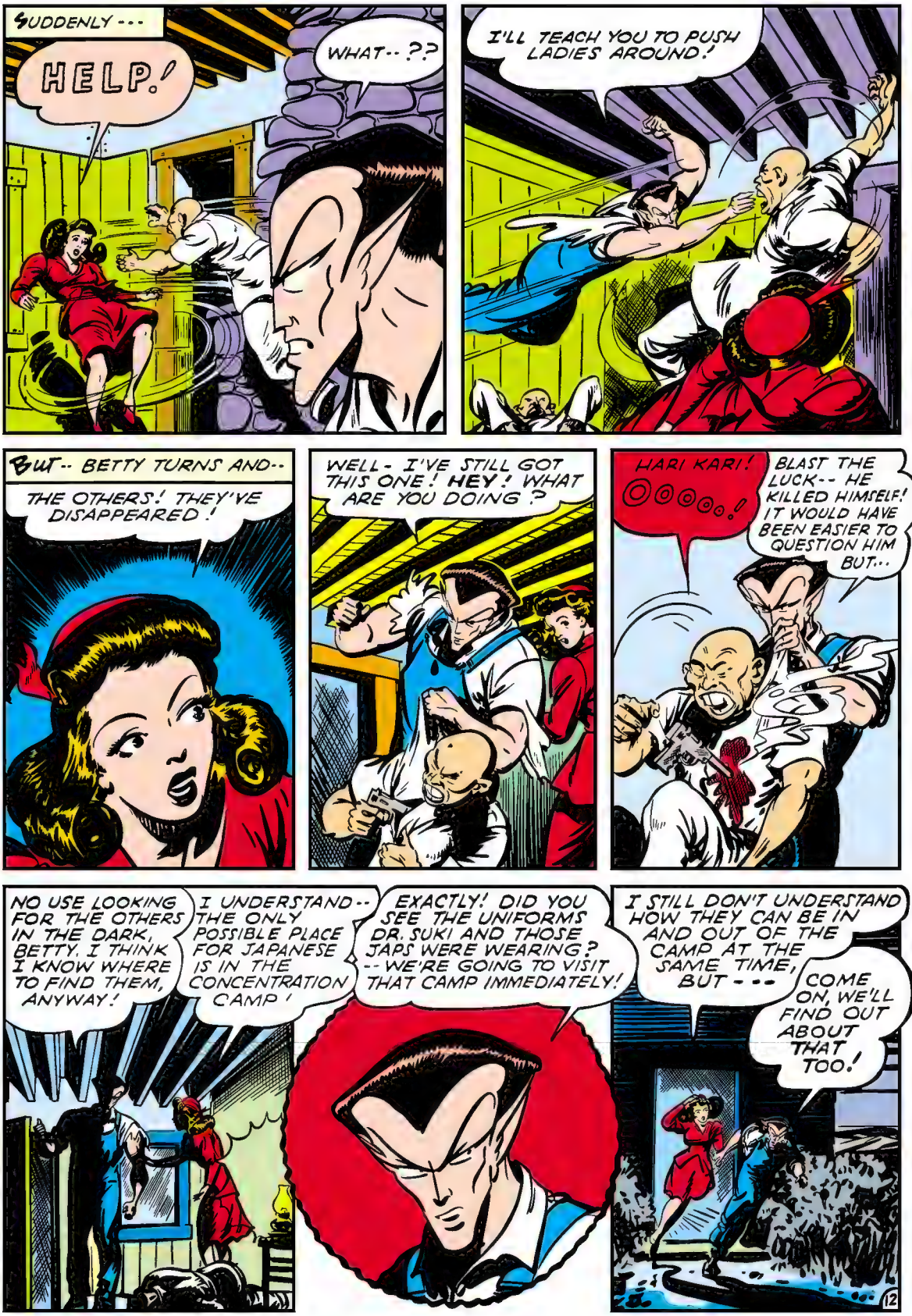

WITHOUT DOUBT TONIGHT'S BOMBING WAS A BIG SUCCESS -- THANKS TO ME! HAH!
HALF-HOUR LATER, IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS..
SO, YOU GOT HERE AT LAST! YOU'D BETTER HAVE A MIGHTY GOOD EXCUSE MISTER SUBMARINER!
ER.. YOU SEE..
I HAD TO REPORT THE SINKING OF THE PLANE CARRIER THAT JUST ATTACKED CALIFORNIA!
BETTY DEAN CONTACTED YOU BECAUSE OF SOME MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS THAT WE THINK ARE DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH TONIGHT'S BOMBING!
SOMEHOW THE PLANES KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO HIT IN SPITE OF THE BLACKOUT!
YOU MEAN SOMEONE GUIDED THEM?
JUST A MINUTE!
SOON, THE F.B.I. MAN RETURNS WITH TWO FARMERS-- AND--
I TELL YOU I SEEN FIRES BURNIN' IN THE COUNTRYSIDE DURIN' THE BLACKOUT!
YUP! THEY WUZ BURNIN' EVEN AFORE THAT RAID. I'LL TAKE MY OATH ON THAT!
ARE YOU SURE ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE GOOD CITIZENS?
WAL - - - THEY ARE NOW!
ITED STATES OF AMERICA
7

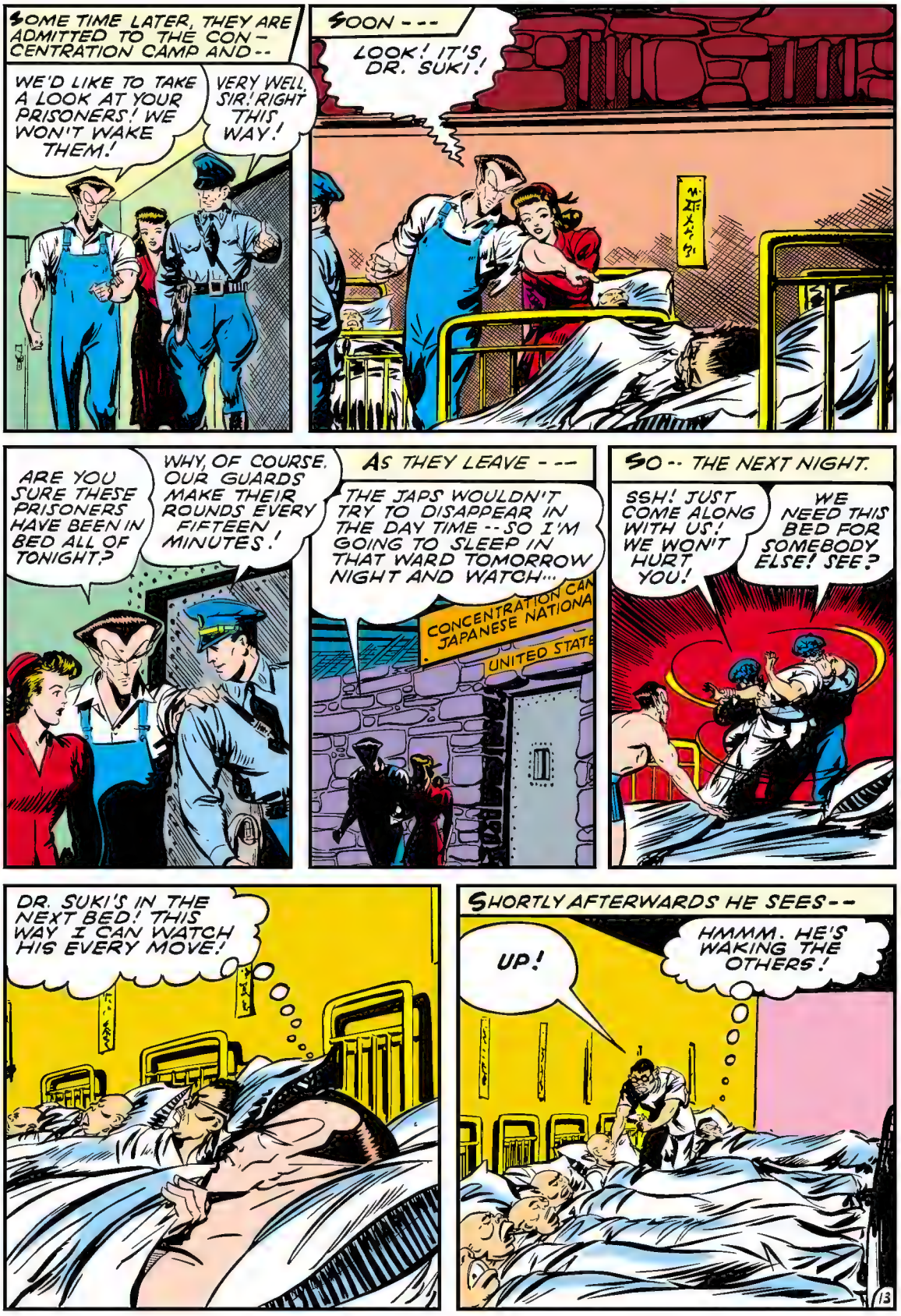

-- BUT, AFORE THE WAR STARTED THERE WUZ PLENTY OF JAPANESE FARMERS AROUND --- UNTIL THEY WERE PUT IN THAT AMERICAN CONCENTRATION CAMP! YUP!
WE SPOTTED A JAP IN THE SECTION ONLY A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO -- BUT HE DISAPPEARED BEFORE WE COULD GET TO HIM!
WE'D BETTER GO UP TO THAT SECTION RIGHT AWAY, BETTY -- MAYBE WE'LL FIND A CLUE!
ER -- I GUESS I CAN'T GO IN MY BATHING SUIT!
NO --- AND YOU CAN'T GO AS SUBMARINER EITHER! THE JAPS WOULD SCARE TOO EASILY!
SOON AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE --
I DON'T DOUBT IT!
EVEN HIROHITO WOULDN'T KNOW YOU IN THIS GET-UP!
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD THE FARMERS SPOKE ABOUT.
LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT ON IN THAT FARMHOUSE. MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME INFORMATION!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ---
LISTEN!
WEST COAST RAID SUCCESSFUL DESPITE TOTAL LOSS OF OUR PLANES AND CARRIER. PREPARE SIGNALS FOR BOMBING TOMORROW NIGHT OF DOUBLE INTENSITY! TARGET WILL BE OIL FIELDS!
BUT -- JUST THEN ---
HSST! DR. SUKI! --- SOMEONE IS COMING!

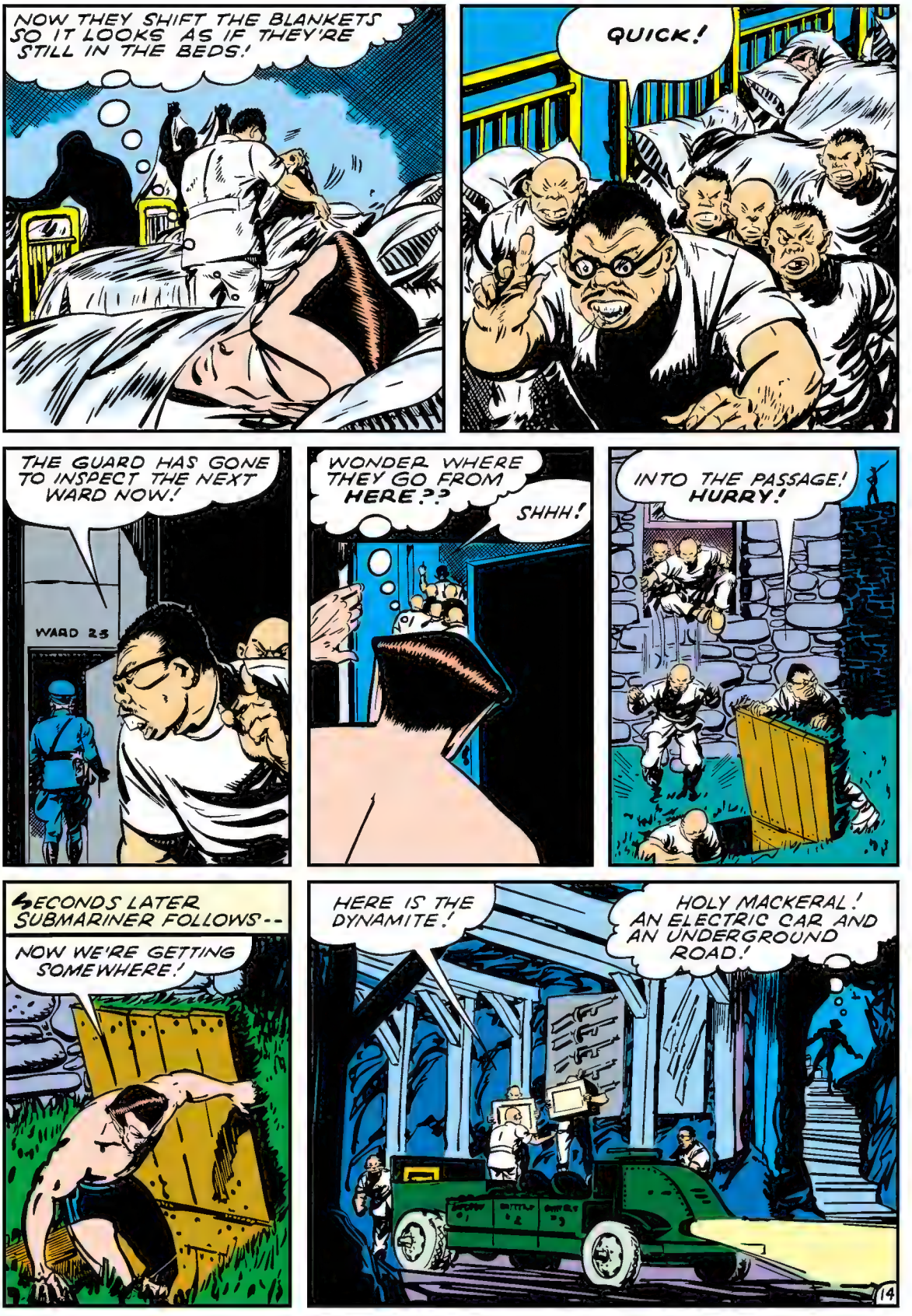

HIDE QUICKLY! LEAVE THE LIGHT ON!
THEN --
NO ONE ANSWERS! MIGHT AS WELL WALK - - -
LOOK! A SHORT-WAVE SET!
A MINUTE LATER...
YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT. - - - SEIZE THEM!
JAPS!
THIS'LL HELP YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE AXIS FASTER!
I CAN USE THIS--
-- TO TURN THE TABLES ON YOU!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
9

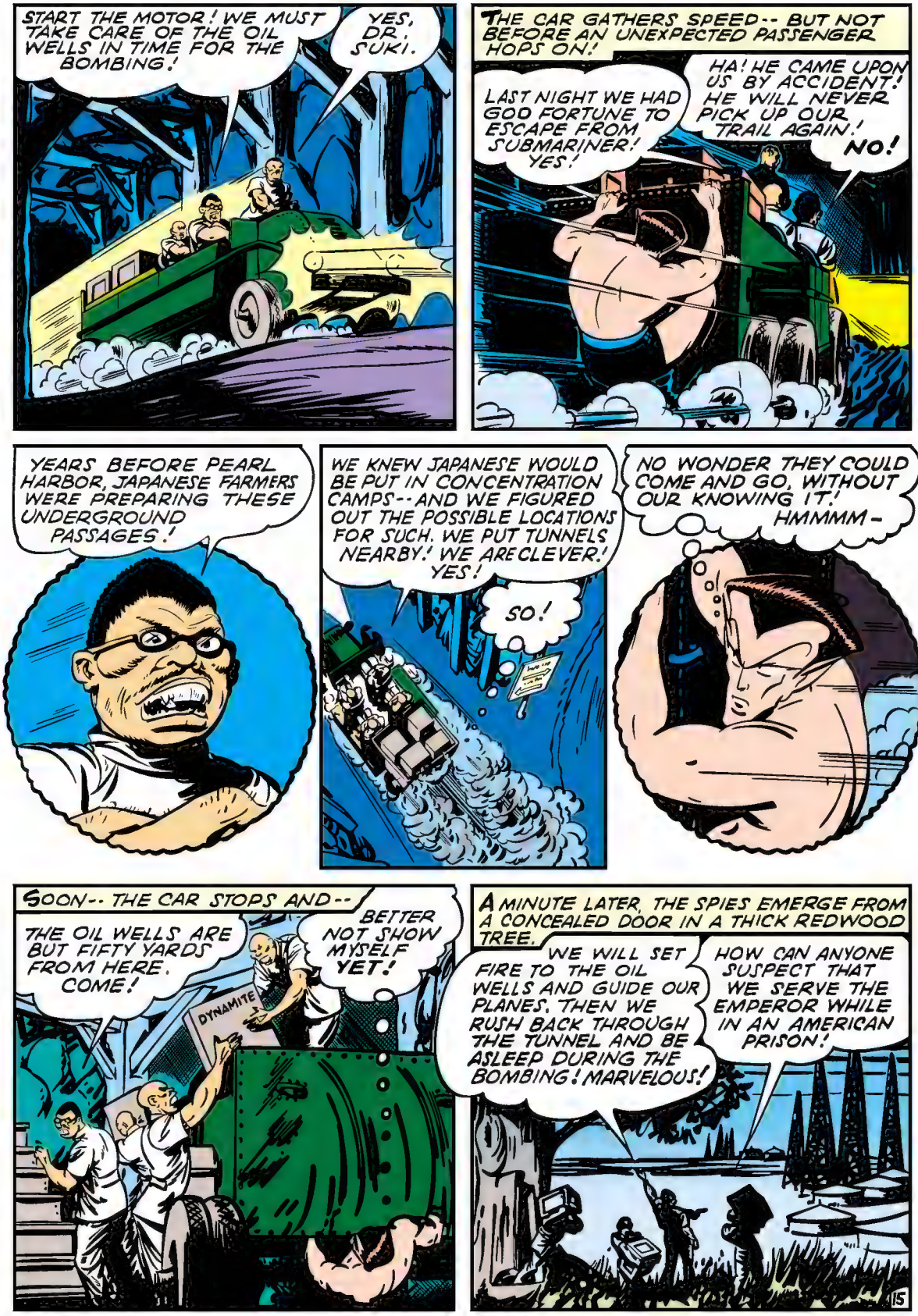

THE REAR APPROACH! IT IS ALWAYS SO SAFE!
SUDDENLY---
ULP!
SURRENDER OR I KILL HER!
WHY, YOU--
LOOK, OUT!
BONG!
GOOD WORK! BRING ME THE FISHBOWL!
YES, DR. SUKI
SPLIT SECONDS LATER--
I WILL GIVE HIM A LITTLE TORTURE BEFORE I KILL HIM. YES!
IN!
10

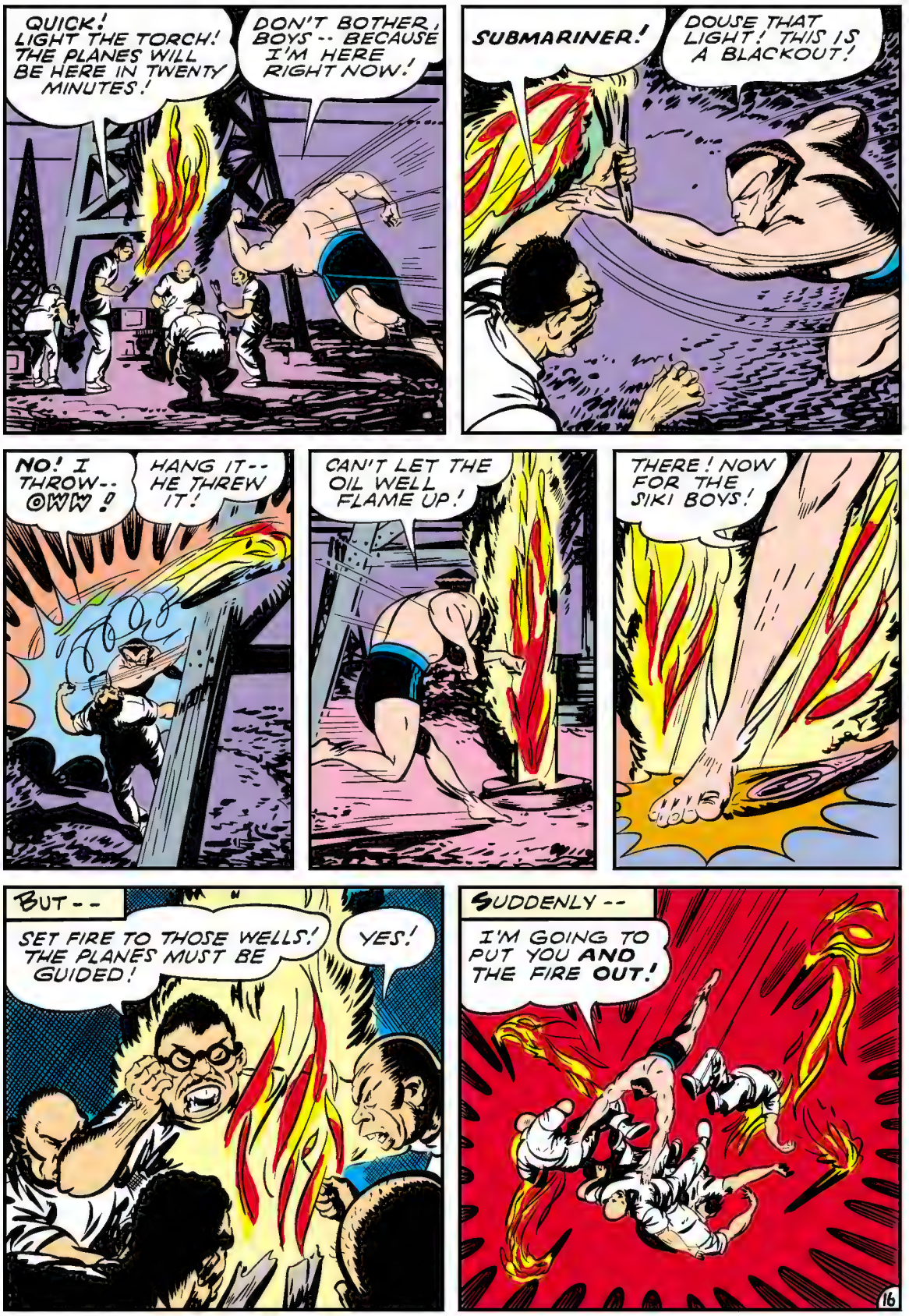

TEN MINUTES LATER --
H-HE STILL BREATHES!
HE IS ! ALIVE ! HOW--?!
THE ASTONISHING TRUTH DAWNS UPON DR. SUKI !
THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD TAKE SUCH WATER PUNISHMENT AND LIVE IS--THE SUBMARINER!
RIGHT YOU ARE --- AND IT'S TIME FOR ME TO STOP THE PLAY - ACTING!
I'LL SHOOT--
BY MY BEARD-- I'LL SPOIL YOUR AIM!
WITH POUNDING FISTS, SUBMARINER WREAKS HAVOC --- BUT DR. SUKI HAS A LAST DESPERATE PLAN!
NO! NO!
YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND HOW YOU GOT HERE, OR I'LL SQUEEZE THE TRUTH OUT!
YOU MUST ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION SO WE OTHERS CAN ESCAPE! THEN, --- HARI KARI !
I --- I UNDERSTAND!

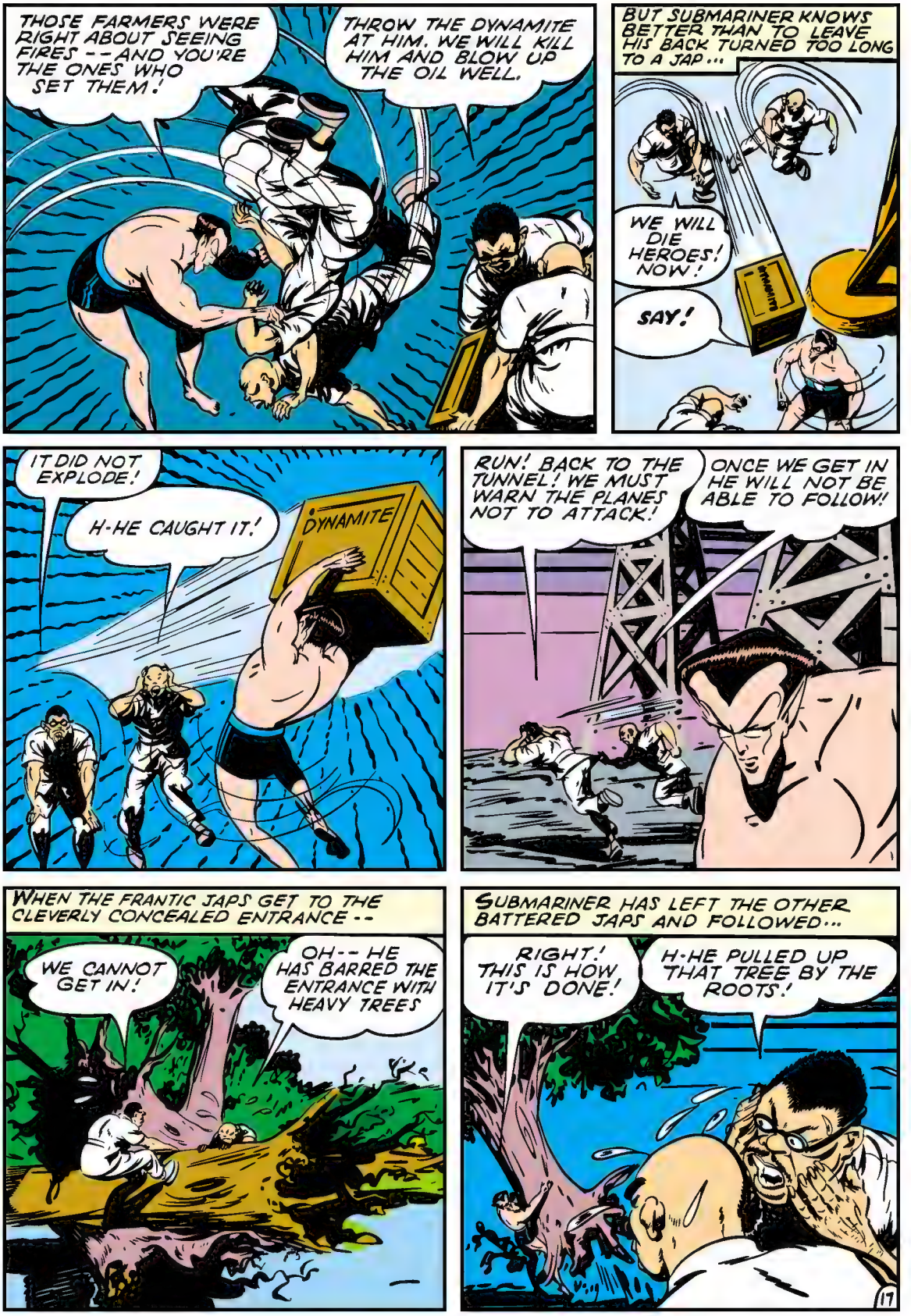

SUDDENLY ---
HELP!
WHAT-- ??
I'LL TEACH YOU TO PUSH LADIES AROUND!
BUT-- BETTY TURNS AND--
THE OTHERS! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
WELL- I'VE STILL GOT THIS ONE! HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HARI KARI! OOOO.!
BLAST THE LUCK-- HE KILLED HIMSELF! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO QUESTION HIM BUT...
NO USE LOOKING FOR THE OTHERS IN THE DARK, BETTY. I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM, ANYWAY!
I UNDERSTAND-- THE ONLY POSSIBLE PLACE FOR JAPANESE IS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP!
EXACTLY! DID YOU SEE THE UNIFORMS DR. SUKI AND THOSE JAPS WERE WEARING? -- WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THAT CAMP IMMEDIATELY!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY CAN BE IN AND OUT OF THE CAMP AT THE SAME TIME, BUT ---
COME ON, WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THAT TOO!
12

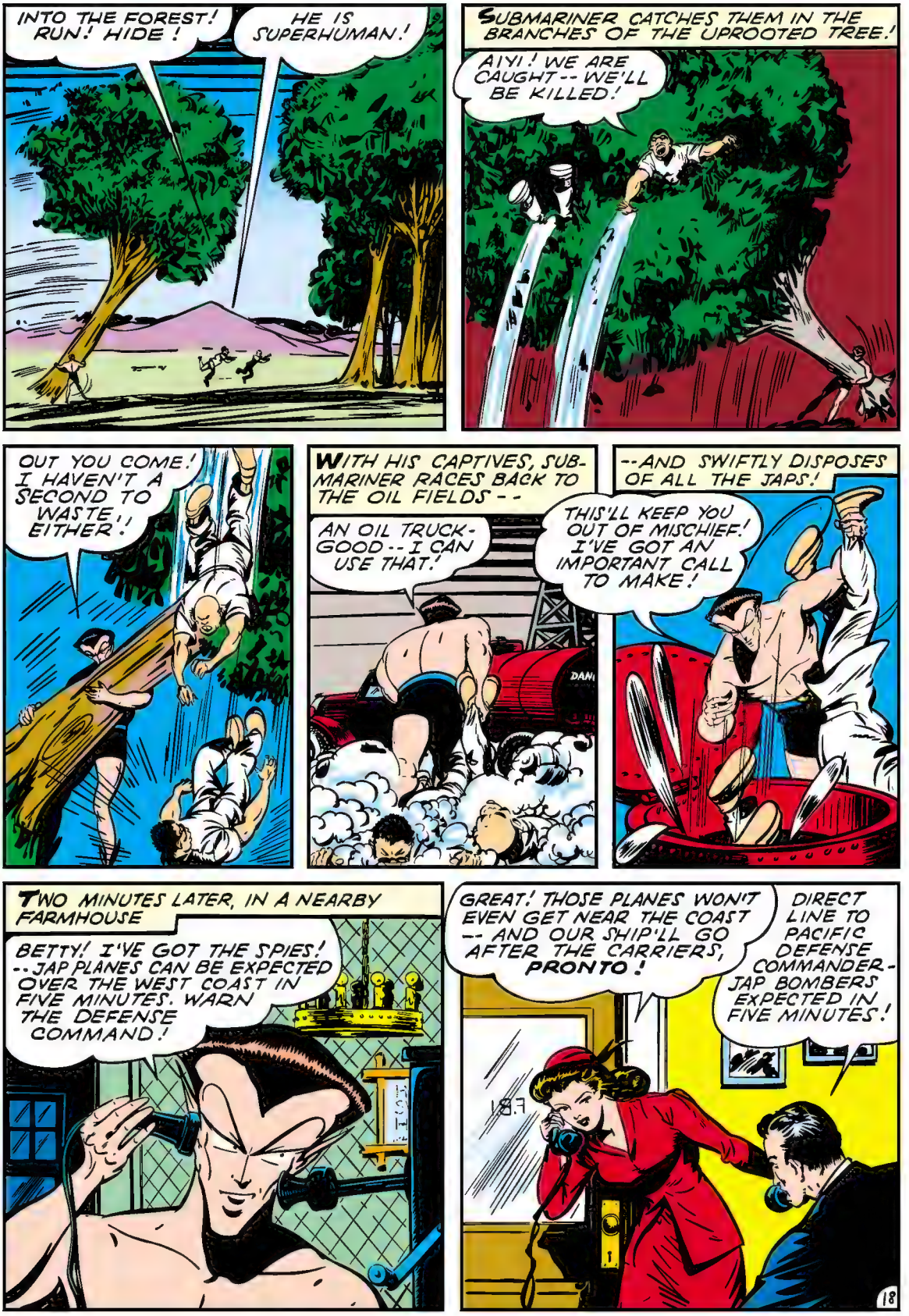

SOME TIME LATER, THEY ARE ADMITTED TO THE CON-CENTRATION CAMP AND--
WE'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR PRISONERS! WE WON'T WAKE THEM!
VERY WELL, SIR! RIGHT THIS WAY!
SOON---
LOOK! IT'S, DR. SUKI!
ARE YOU SURE THESE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN IN BED ALL OF TONIGHT?
WHY, OF COURSE. OUR GUARDS MAKE THEIR ROUNDS EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES!
AS THEY LEAVE---
THE JAPS WOULDN'T TRY TO DISAPPEAR IN THE DAY TIME--SO I'M GOING TO SLEEP IN THAT WARD TOMORROW NIGHT AND WATCH...
CONCENTRATION CAM
JAPANESE NATIONA
UNITED STATE
SO-- THE NEXT NIGHT.
SSH! JUST COME ALONG WITH US! WE WON'T HURT YOU!
WE NEED THIS BED FOR SOMEBODY ELSE! SEE?
DR. SUKI'S IN THE NEXT BED! THIS WAY I CAN WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS HE SEES--
UP!
HMMM. HE'S WAKING THE OTHERS!

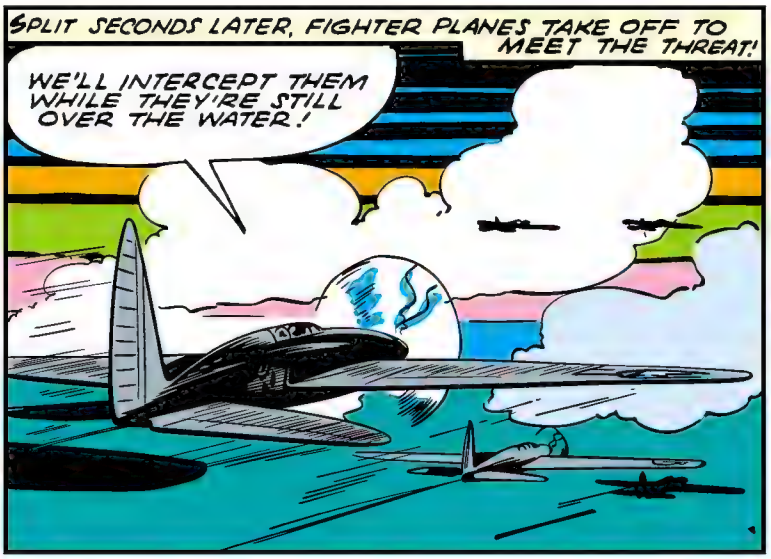

NOW THEY SHIFT THE BLANKETS SO IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE STILL IN THE BEDS!
QUICK!
THE GUARD HAS GONE TO INSPECT THE NEXT WARD NOW!
WARD 23
WONDER WHERE THEY GO FROM HERE??
SHHH!
INTO THE PASSAGE! HURRY!
SECONDS LATER SUBMARINER FOLLOWS--
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!
HERE IS THE DYNAMITE!
HOLY MACKERAL! AN ELECTRIC CAR AND AN UNDERGROUND ROAD!
14


START THE MOTOR! WE MUST TAKE CARE OF THE OIL WELLS IN TIME FOR THE BOMBING!
YES, DR. SUKI.
THE CAR GATHERS SPEED-- BUT NOT BEFORE AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER HOPS ON!
LAST NIGHT WE HAD GOD FORTUNE TO ESCAPE FROM SUBMARINER! YES!
HA! HE CAME UPON US BY ACCIDENT! HE WILL NEVER PICK UP OUR TRAIL AGAIN!
NO!
YEARS BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, JAPANESE FARMERS WERE PREPARING THESE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES!
WE KNEW JAPANESE WOULD BE PUT IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS--AND WE FIGURED OUT THE POSSIBLE LOCATIONS FOR SUCH. WE PUT TUNNELS NEARBY! WE ARE CLEVER! YES!
SO!
NO WONDER THEY COULD COME AND GO, WITHOUT OUR KNOWING IT! HMMMM-
SOON-- THE CAR STOPS AND--
THE OIL WELLS ARE BUT FIFTY YARDS FROM HERE. COME!
BETTER NOT SHOW MYSELF YET!
DYNAMITE
A MINUTE LATER, THE SPIES EMERGE FROM A CONCEALED DOOR IN A THICK REDWOOD TREE.
WE WILL SET FIRE TO THE OIL WELLS AND GUIDE OUR PLANES. THEN WE RUSH BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND BE ASLEEP DURING THE BOMBING! MARVELOUS!
HOW CAN ANYONE SUSPECT THAT WE SERVE THE EMPEROR WHILE IN AN AMERICAN PRISON!

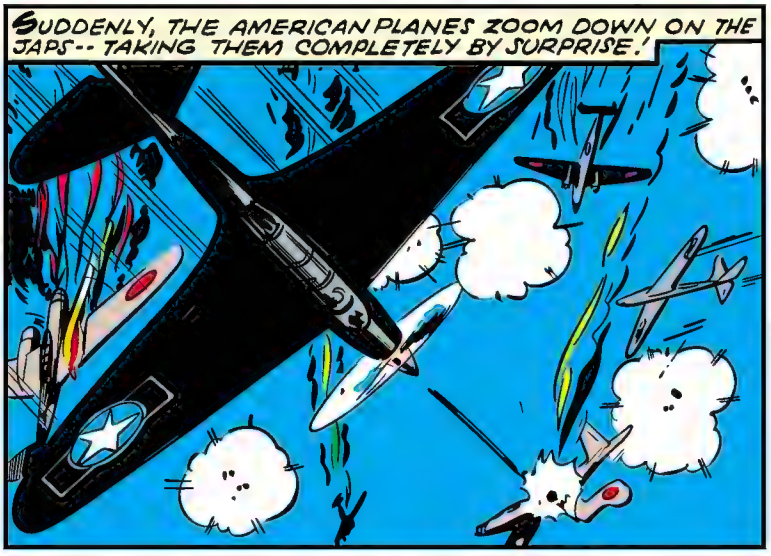

QUICK! LIGHT THE TORCH! THE PLANES WILL BE HERE IN TWENTY MINUTES!
DON'T BOTHER, BOYS -- BECAUSE I'M HERE RIGHT NOW!
SUBMARINER!
DOUSE THAT LIGHT! THIS IS A BLACKOUT!
NO! I THROW-- OWW!
HANG IT-- HE THREW IT!
CAN'T LET THE OIL WELL FLAME UP!
THERE! NOW FOR THE SIKI BOYS!
BUT--
SET FIRE TO THOSE WELLS! THE PLANES MUST BE GUIDED!
YES!
SUDDENLY --
I'M GOING TO PUT YOU AND THE FIRE OUT!
16

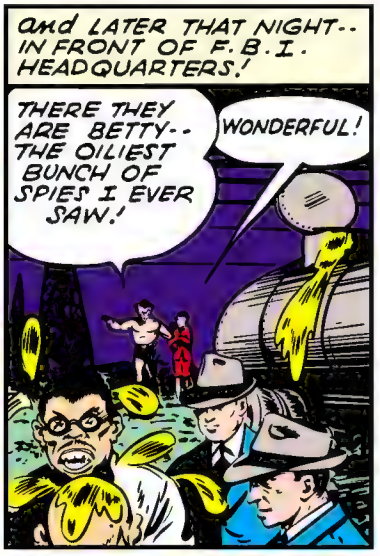

THOSE FARMERS WERE RIGHT ABOUT SEEING FIRES -- AND YOU'RE THE ONES WHO SET THEM!
THROW THE DYNAMITE AT HIM. WE WILL KILL HIM AND BLOW UP THE OIL WELL.
BUT SUBMARINER KNOWS BETTER THAN TO LEAVE HIS BACK TURNED TOO LONG TO A JAP...
WE WILL DIE HEROES! NOW!
SAY!
DYNAMITE
IT DID NOT EXPLODE!
H-HE CAUGHT IT!
DYNAMITE
RUN! BACK TO THE TUNNEL! WE MUST WARN THE PLANES NOT TO ATTACK!
ONCE WE GET IN HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW!
WHEN THE FRANTIC JAPS GET TO THE CLEVERLY CONCEALED ENTRANCE --
WE CANNOT GET IN!
OH-- HE HAS BARRED THE ENTRANCE WITH HEAVY TREES
SUBMARINER HAS LEFT THE OTHER BATTERED JAPS AND FOLLOWED...
RIGHT! THIS IS HOW IT'S DONE!
H-HE PULLED UP THAT TREE BY THE ROOTS!
17


INTO THE FOREST! RUN! HIDE!
HE IS SUPERHUMAN!
SUBMARINER CATCHES THEM IN THE BRANCHES OF THE UPROOTED TREE!
AIYI! WE ARE CAUGHT -- WE'LL BE KILLED!
OUT YOU COME! I HAVEN'T A SECOND TO WASTE!! EITHER!!
WITH HIS CAPTIVES, SUB-MARINER RACES BACK TO THE OIL FIELDS --
AN OIL TRUCK-GOOD -- I CAN USE THAT!
--AND SWIFTLY DISPOSES OF ALL THE JAPS!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF! I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT CALL TO MAKE!
TWO MINUTES LATER, IN A NEARBY FARMHOUSE
BETTY! I'VE GOT THE SPIES! -- JAP PLANES CAN BE EXPECTED OVER THE WEST COAST IN FIVE MINUTES. WARN THE DEFENSE COMMAND!
GREAT! THOSE PLANES WON'T EVEN GET NEAR THE COAST -- AND OUR SHIP'LL GO AFTER THE CARRIERS, PRONTO!
DIRECT LINE TO PACIFIC DEFENSE COMMANDER - JAP BOMBERS EXPECTED IN FIVE MINUTES!
18.7



MEANWHILE IN THE FIRST JAP PLANE --
THERE IS NOTHING TO GUIDE US! -- EVERYTHING IS BLACKED OUT BELOW!
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO DR. SUKI?





SUBMARINER WILL KEEP HIS WORD -- AND A DATE WITH THE AXIS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HIS OWN COMIC BOOK -- UNLESS, OF COURSE, WE HAVE A DATE WITH VICTORY BEFORE THEN! AND, IF YOU WANT THAT TO HAPPEN SOON, DON'T FORGET TO KEEP ON BUYING YOUR UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

SUBMARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE SPRING AND IN EVERY MONTHLY ISSUE OF **MARVEL!**

PARTING SHOT

STRADDLING the railing of the old tramp freighter, Pete surveyed the fire gutted ruins before him. The ship listed badly, and the only thing keeping her afloat was the rocky ledge beneath her battered carcass.

Pete looked down at blond headed Hugh, in the salvage boat, the Nancy Lee. "Toss up a line. We'll have a look-see."

Hugh climbed to the slanting deck and surveyed the ruins with a gloomy shake of his head.

"The Navy wants a report on this junk." Pete muttered. "I'm afraid they won't find anything worth even salvage. I'll check the deck gun back there first."

He made his way cautiously through gutted ruins, across a smashed life boat, through the rigging of a shattered boom. He climbed to the platform where the gun was mounted, saw that it was apparently unharmed. This much would be worth yanking out. There were shells unfired. Pete turned back. Hugh had disappeared.

Pete descended the rear companionway It was dark down here. smelled of burned steel and wood. He flashed his light ahead through a smashed bulkhead into the end freight hold. Light drifted in through a crushed hatch—

The faint sound of a hack-saw reached Pete. It must be Hugh, but what was he doing? Pete advanced, descended another fire-gutted flight of stairs into the engine room. Ahead a dim cone of light burned. The sound of sawing was now plainly audible.

"Hugh," Pete called. "This tub's about done for—"

SOMETHING fell with a clatter and the light vanished. The swift pad of footsteps sounded and an instant later a shadowy figure hurtled out of the darkness of the engine room at Pete, a bare-footed man who leaped in, smashing savagely. The blow landed glancingly. They slipped, twisted—

The man was agile and wiry. Pete caught his balance, laced a short jab in—

The fellow flung himself aside, went racing away through the dark. Pete leaped forward was in time to see his opponent racing up the stairs. He scrambled out onto the deck just as Hugh's solid form appeared against the sky

"Stop him!" Pete yelled. "Hey, Hugh—"

He saw Hugh go into action, heard the thud of a body hitting the twisted deck over his head. Pete scrambled up the companionway ladder, reached the deck to find Hugh straddling the crumpled figure.

"I thought it was you!" Pete gasped. "He had a hack-saw. Was after something—"

"There's a hunk of rope." Hugh cut off a section with the sheath knife he wore on his belt in back. "Now—tie him. And let's see what he was after!"

THEY hurried back down stairs. The engine room was nothing but blackened, twisted machinery, still stinking of flames and smoke. Pete advanced cautiously past the old boilers, past the instruments and on to where his eyes caught the glint of steel cutting from a hacksaw, a gash in the heavy metal plate.

The saw lay on the floor. Pete knelt and examined the cut, saw that it was through thick metal beyond which was what appeared to be a compartment, a hiding place.

"I'll get the torch," Hugh snapped. "We'll get in there in a hurry!"

He returned with a portable outfit, hurriedly assembled it. He slid the shield over his face and lit the jet with the striker. The flame popped into orange light, then hissed intense blue as Hugh opened the acetylene chamber. He cut out a neat panel and beyond, they could see the compartment. Hugh shut off the torch, lugged it aside. Pete flashed his light in through the hole, reached in gingerly and hauled out a small metal box.

"Hugh!" he exclaimed sharply. "Look at this—"

"SO!" a harsh voice snarled behind them. "You have saved us much trouble. It would have taken us so long without the proper instruments—" The words turned into a guttural laugh.

Pete and Hugh whirled and Pete felt his heart leap, his muscles tense at sight of the men crowded inside the engine room door. They must have been hiding somewhere, waiting—

They advanced and Pete saw they were all armed. "Ach," the leader exclaimed. "You see, Fritz? The plans—safe. Safe, you see—"

"You're not getting this box!" Hugh snarled. "I don't know who you are and I don't care. But this box goes to the Navy Department. Guns or no guns!"

The man came closer, his thin face sweaty, his lips writhing in a smile. He whispered, "*We* will take the box, my friend—"

Hugh slung himself forward unexpectedly, fists crashing. Pete leaped into the battle. A gun roared and he closed in upon the man crowding through the door. Pete's fist smashed home. They were all around him, and he was battling furiously, knowing he and Hugh were up against impossible odds. He crashed his fist home again and again. His lungs were tearing and he felt himself forced backward on the tilting floor.

He slipped and someone struck a crashing blow that sent him to his knees. A shot roared and something seared his arm, followed by another smashing blow that drove him to his face on the floor. The hubbub died out as blackness rushed over him.

PETE opened his eyes, felt pain shoot through him, and moved gingerly. Near at hand Hugh's voice cautioned, "Take it easy, kid. We're in a bad jam!"

Pete lay still, feeling the cold metal beneath him. Waves washed the scarred sides of the ship. Someone turned a flashlight into their faces, said, "We're sending you back to your Uncle Sam. With our best wishes." A malignant face grinned down.

Hugh growled, "They're going to blow us to blazes. They've been here all along, looking for this box. God knows what's in it We played right into their hands!"

Someone came in and Pete twisted his head to see that they'd brought dynamite from the Nancy Lee, three sticks of "40" and were now fitting a length of fuse, crimping a cap.

"Wait!" a voice commanded sternly "There's a boat—"

Men moved restlessly out of the engine room the heavy door booming shut leaving Pete and Hugh alone.

Hugh twisted over onto his side. "The sheath knife!" he whispered. "Turn with your back to me. They didn't get it. Dig it out and cut me loose. Quick!"

THEY were back-to-back. In spite of the searing pain, Pete dragged the knife out and slashed Hugh's bonds. Hugh whirled, freed Pete, helped him up. Hugh panted, "We can get out through the side. Up forward hurry. . . ."

"They'll get the box—vital papers, probably, about plants and armies—we can't leave it—"

"Shut up!" Hugh snarled. "Here . . . think you can make it? We're on the side where the Nancy Lee is. You'll have to dive . . . your arm's not much good—"

Pete gritted his teeth. "I'll make it!"

He stripped his heavy outer clothes clumsily off. His arm was bad. The gash in the freighter's side showed before him and he found the edge, slid into the water. Hugh whispered, "Dive deep and out—"

The water closed. The shock of the cold water hit Pete like a blow; then he was driving himself doggedly under and out, using his one good arm. Out . . . out . . . out. Up

His heart was smashing as he burst from the water with a gasp, lungs straining. He saw the Nancy Lee and shoved off toward her weakly through the night. In a short time Hugh followed, swimming swiftly to the salvage boat. He pulled himself aboard, hoisted Pete after him. He had the box! He dropped it—

"My knife!" he whispered. "Cut us loose! We've got to get out of here fast!" He leaped into the cock-pit.

THE motor burst into swift life as Hugh stabbed the starter. Pete severed the rope, peered back and up, suddenly saw a man at the railing above them, a man who shouted and cursed.

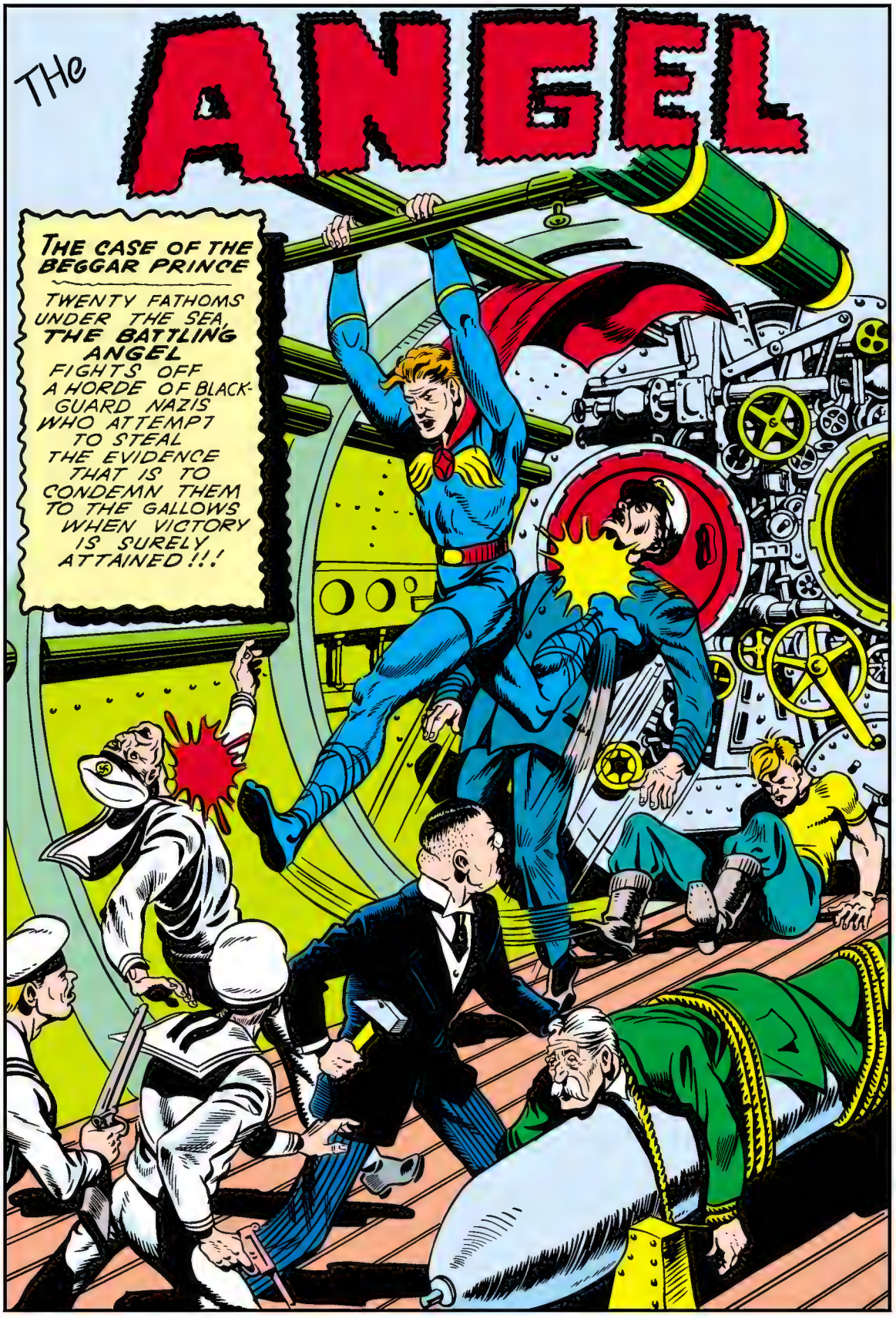
He saw them leaping to the deck gun, saw them swinging it around into range, working at its breech! Now it was trained upon them—

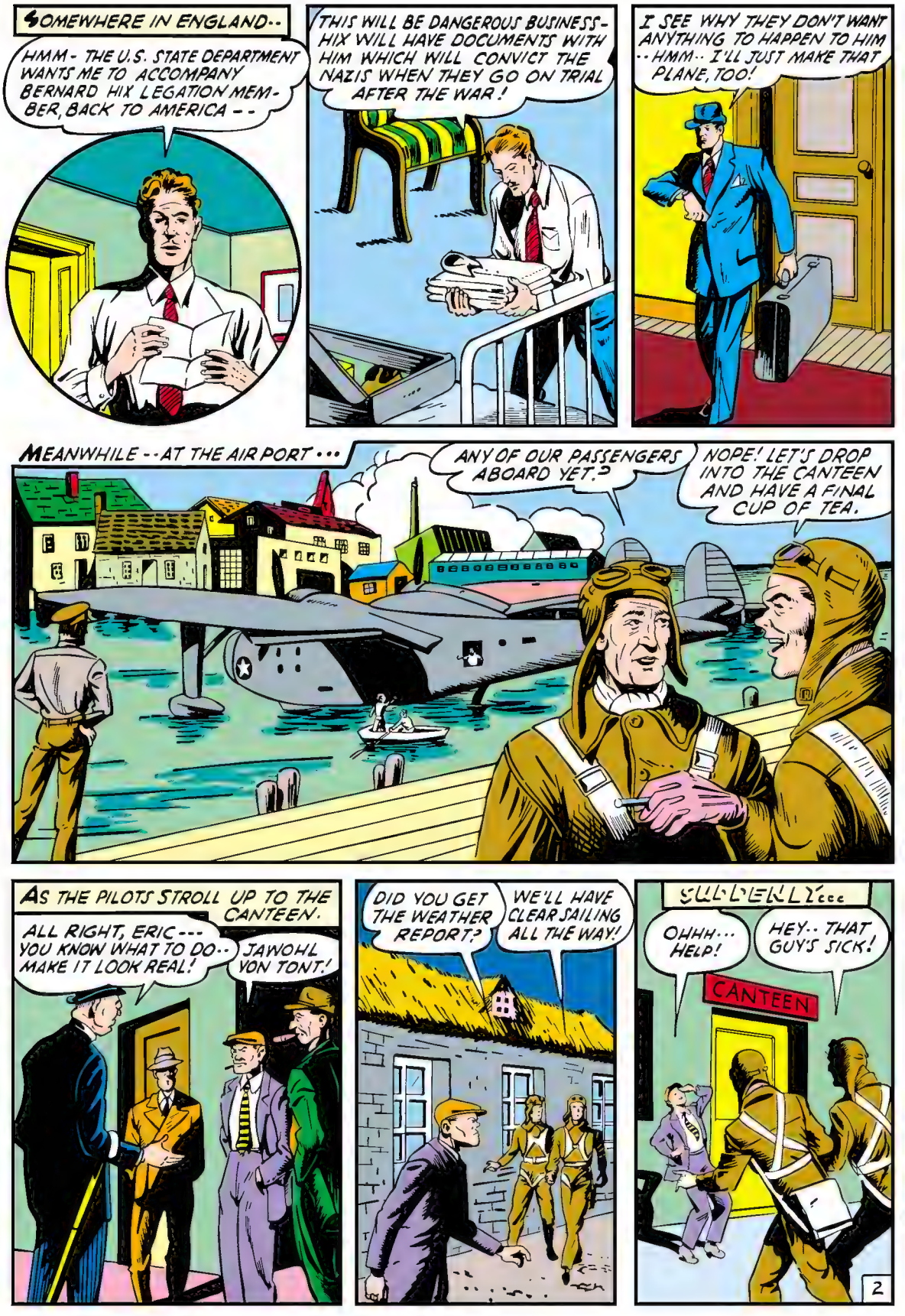
The old freighter trembled and livid orange flame leaped up into the night sky. Then she was sliding off the reef, the grinding roar of her scarred sides rising into a hideous cry of pain . . .

Hugh stared back grimly "Serves 'em right. I used the dynamite they were going to send *us* back to Uncle Sam with!"

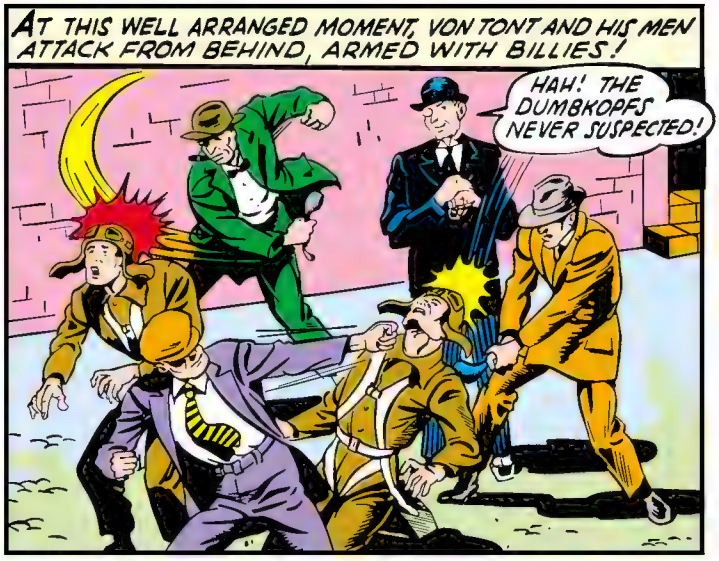
Pete stared back into the dark. If the spies hadn't been killed outright . . . "Guess they won't find the swimming crowded," he muttered. "They've left enough of our boys swimming around in the ocean. Wonder how they like their own medicine!"

THE END.

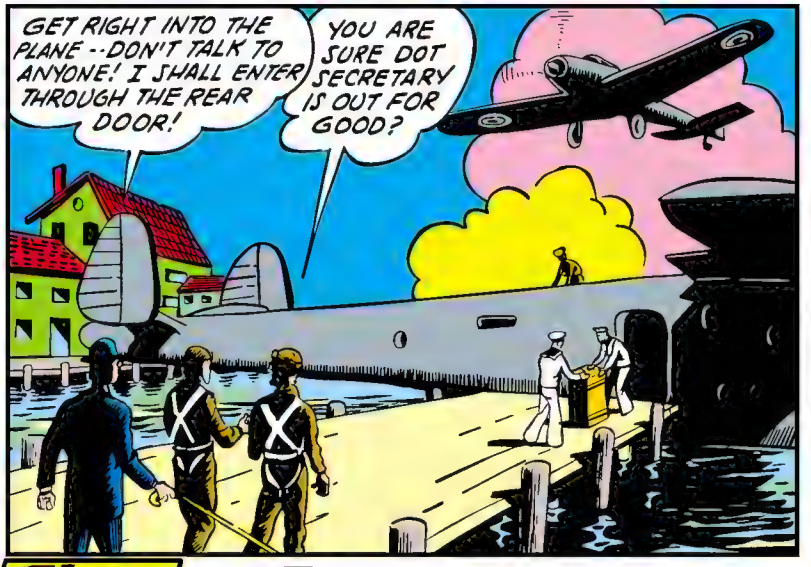

THE
ANGEL
THE CASE OF THE BEGGAR PRINCE
TWENTY FATHOMS UNDER THE SEA, THE BATTLING ANGEL FIGHTS OFF A HORDE OF BLACK-GUARD NAZIS WHO ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE EVIDENCE THAT IS TO CONDEMN THEM TO THE GALLOWS WHEN VICTORY IS SURELY ATTAINED!!!

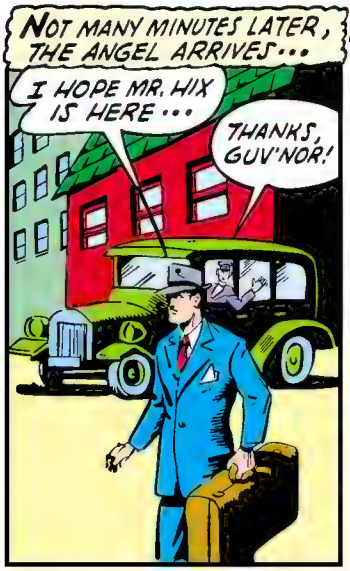

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND..
HMM- THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT WANTS ME TO ACCOMPANY BERNARD HIX LEGATION MEMBER, BACK TO AMERICA --
THIS WILL BE DANGEROUS BUSINESS- HIX WILL HAVE DOCUMENTS WITH HIM WHICH WILL CONVICT THE NAZIS WHEN THEY GO ON TRIAL AFTER THE WAR!
I SEE WHY THEY DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO HIM .. HMM.. I'LL JUST MAKE THAT PLANE, TOO!
MEANWHILE -- AT THE AIR PORT ...
ANY OF OUR PASSENGERS ABOARD YET.?
NOPE! LET'S DROP INTO THE CANTEEN AND HAVE A FINAL CUP OF TEA.
AS THE PILOTS STROLL UP TO THE CANTEEN.
ALL RIGHT, ERIC --- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.. MAKE IT LOOK REAL!
JAWOHL YON TONT!
DID YOU GET THE WEATHER REPORT?
WE'LL HAVE CLEAR SAILING ALL THE WAY!
SUDDENLY....
OHHH... HELP!
HEY.. THAT GUY'S SICK!
CANTEEN
2

OKAY, PAL-- WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU-- WHAT'S WRONG?
OHH-- MY SIDE!
EASY, NOW!
CANTE

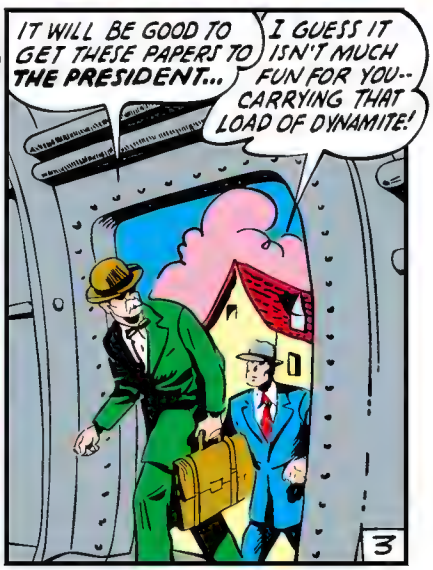

AT THIS WELL ARRANGED MOMENT, VON TONT AND HIS MEN ATTACK FROM BEHIND, ARMED WITH BILLIES!
HAH! THE DUMBKOPFS NEVER SUSPECTED!

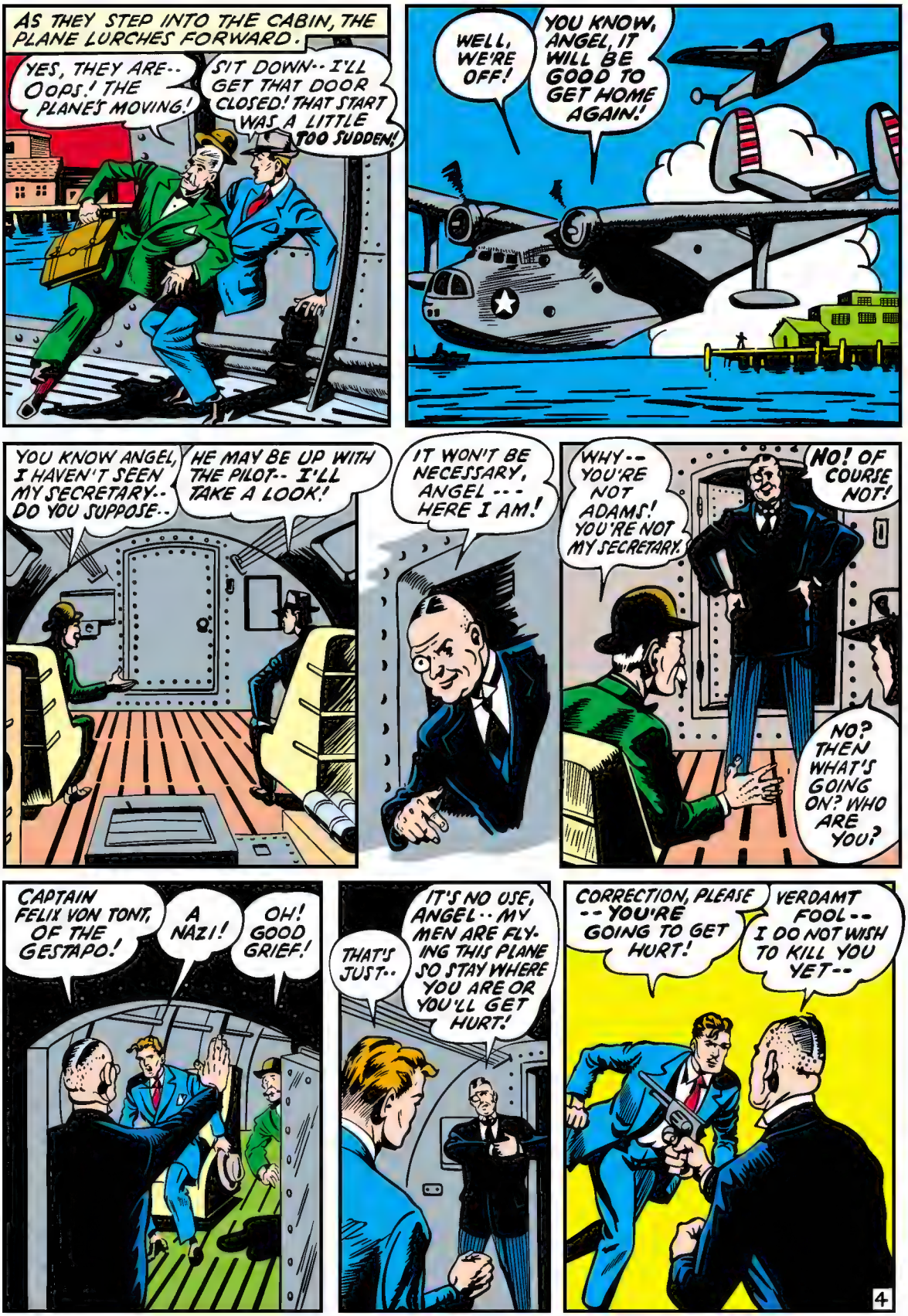
ERIC, ADOLF, GET INTO THEIR UNIFORMS ... QUICKLY!
JAWOHL!

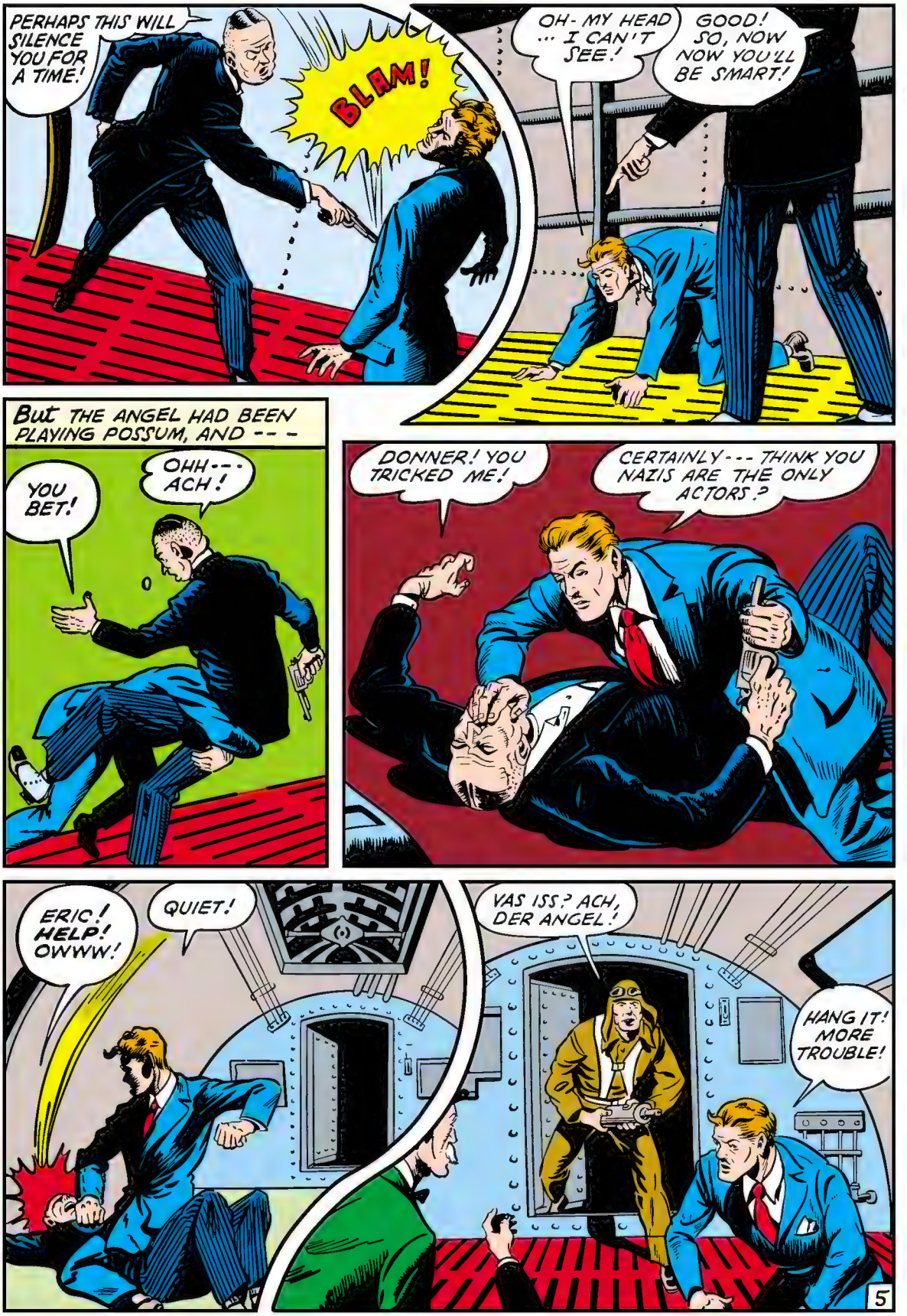

GET RIGHT INTO THE PLANE--DON'T TALK TO ANYONE! I SHALL ENTER THROUGH THE REAR DOOR!
YOU ARE SURE DOT SECRETARY IS OUT FOR GOOD?

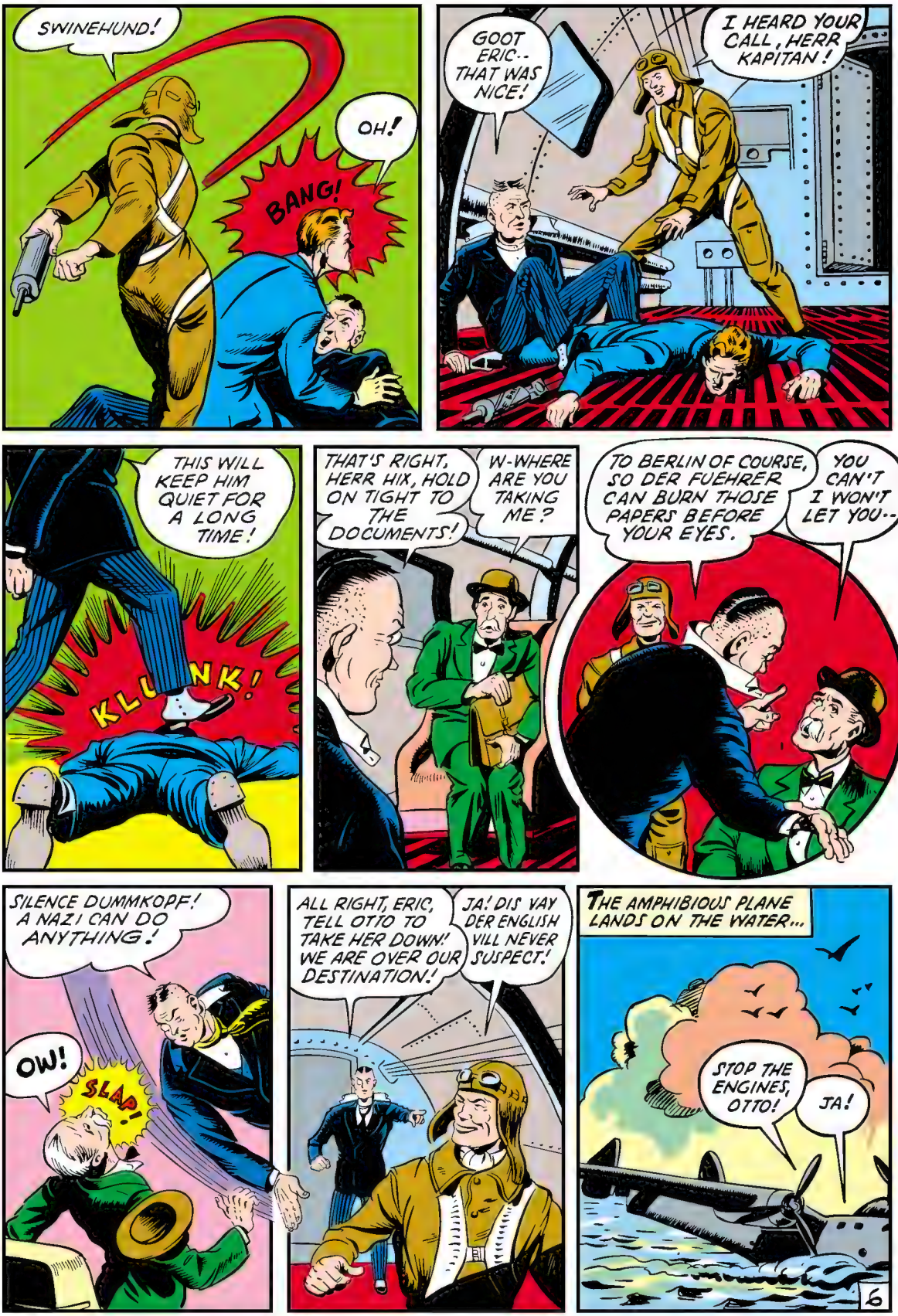

NOT MANY MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL ARRIVES...
I HOPE MR. HIX IS HERE ...
THANKS, GUV'NOR!

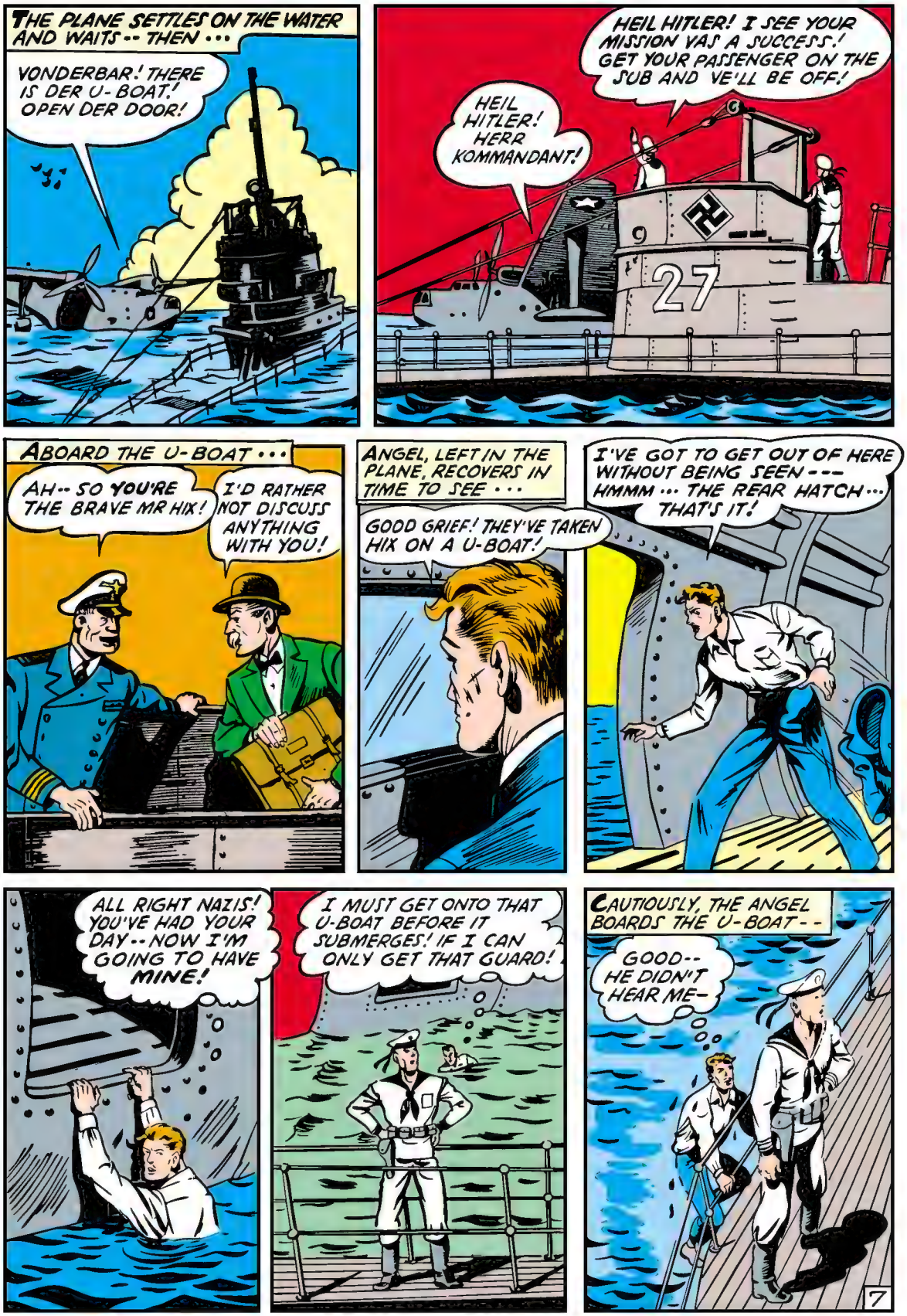
Then...
HELLO, MR. HIX! ALL READY? WHERE'S YOUR SECRETARY?
HE CAME ON AHEAD WITH MY BAGS-- GUESS HE'S IN THE PLANE--

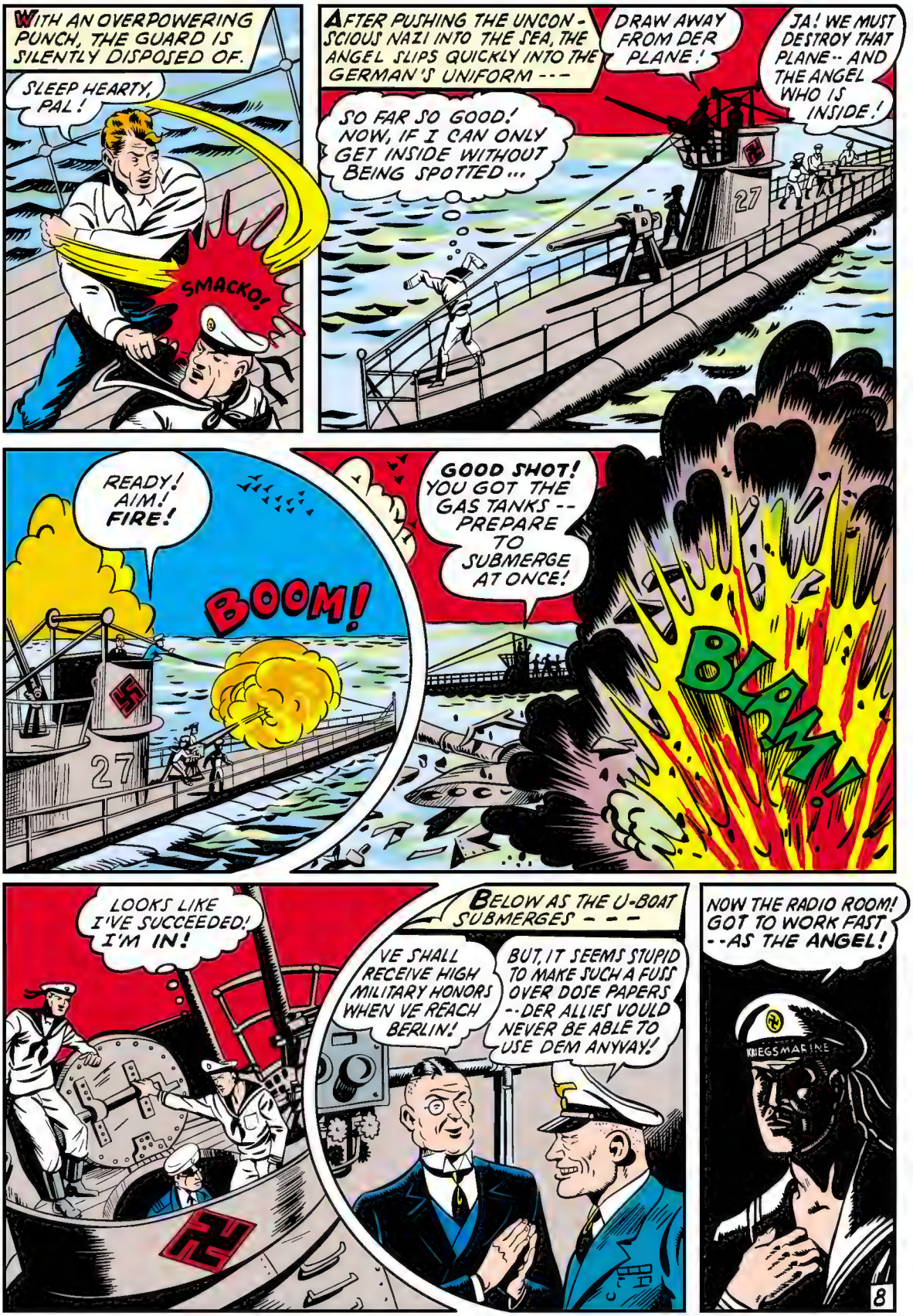

IT WILL BE GOOD TO GET THESE PAPERS TO THE PRESIDENT...
I GUESS IT ISN'T MUCH FUN FOR YOU-- CARRYING THAT LOAD OF DYNAMITE!
3


AS THEY STEP INTO THE CABIN, THE PLANE LURCHES FORWARD.
YES, THEY ARE-- OOPS! THE PLANE'S MOVING!
SIT DOWN-- I'LL GET THAT DOOR CLOSED! THAT START WAS A LITTLE TOO SUDDEN!
WELL, WE'RE OFF!
YOU KNOW, ANGEL, IT WILL BE GOOD TO GET HOME AGAIN!
YOU KNOW ANGEL, I HAVEN'T SEEN MY SECRETARY-- DO YOU SUPPOSE--
HE MAY BE UP WITH THE PILOT-- I'LL TAKE A LOOK!
IT WON'T BE NECESSARY, ANGEL --- HERE I AM!
WHY-- YOU'RE NOT ADAMS! YOU'RE NOT MY SECRETARY.
NO! OF COURSE NOT!
NO? THEN WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO ARE YOU?
CAPTAIN FELIX VON TONT, OF THE GESTAPO!
A NAZI!
OH! GOOD GRIEF!
THAT'S JUST--
IT'S NO USE, ANGEL-- MY MEN ARE FLYING THIS PLANE SO STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR YOU'LL GET HURT!
CORRECTION, PLEASE -- YOU'RE GOING TO GET HURT!
VERDAMT FOOL-- I DO NOT WISH TO KILL YOU YET--
4


PERHAPS THIS WILL SILENCE YOU FOR A TIME!
BLAM!
OH- MY HEAD ... I CAN'T SEE!
GOOD! SO, NOW NOW YOU'LL BE SMART!
But THE ANGEL HAD BEEN PLAYING POSSUM, AND - - -
YOU BET!
OHH - - - ACH!
DONNER! YOU TRICKED ME!
CERTAINLY - - - THINK YOU NAZIS ARE THE ONLY ACTORS?
ERIC! HELP! OWWW!
QUIET!
VAS ISS? ACH, DER ANGEL!
HANG IT! MORE TROUBLE!
5

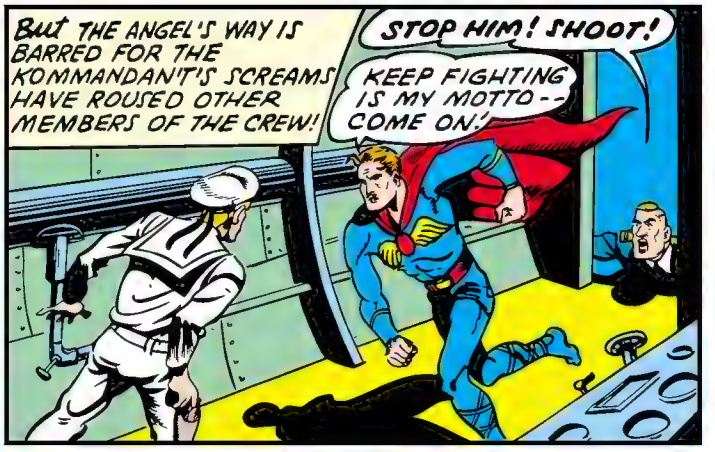

SWINEHUND!
OH!
BANG!
GOOT ERIC-- THAT WAS NICE!
I HEARD YOUR CALL, HERR KAPITAN!
THIS WILL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR A LONG TIME!
KLUNK!
THAT'S RIGHT, HERR HIX, HOLD ON TIGHT TO THE DOCUMENTS!
W-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO BERLIN OF COURSE, SO DER FUEHRER CAN BURN THOSE PAPERS BEFORE YOUR EYES.
YOU CAN'T I WON'T LET YOU--
SILENCE DUMMKOPF! A NAZI CAN DO ANYTHING!
OW!
SLAP!
ALL RIGHT, ERIC, TELL OTTO TO TAKE HER DOWN! WE ARE OVER OUR DESTINATION!
JA! DIS VAY DER ENGLISH VILL NEVER SUSPECT!
THE AMPHIBIOUS PLANE LANDS ON THE WATER...
STOP THE ENGINES, OTTO!
JA!
6

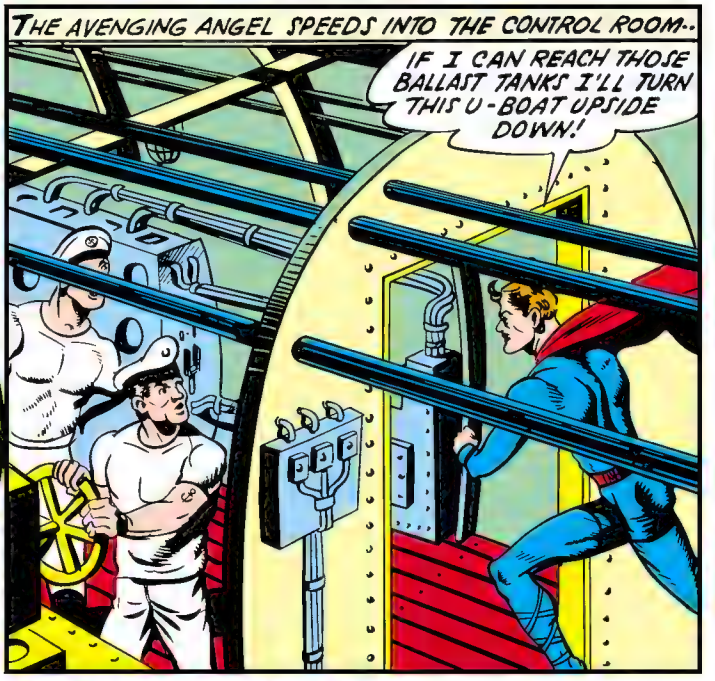

THE PLANE SETTLES ON THE WATER AND WAITS -- THEN ...
VONDERBAR! THERE IS DER U-BOAT! OPEN DER DOOR!
HEIL HITLER! I SEE YOUR MISSION VAS A SUCCESS! GET YOUR PASSENGER ON THE SUB AND VE'LL BE OFF!
HEIL HITLER! HERR KOMMANDANT!
27
ABOARD THE U-BOAT ...
AH -- SO YOU'RE THE BRAVE MR HIX!
I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS ANYTHING WITH YOU!
ANGEL, LEFT IN THE PLANE, RECOVERS IN TIME TO SEE ...
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'VE TAKEN HIX ON A U-BOAT!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN --- HMMM ... THE REAR HATCH ... THAT'S IT!
ALL RIGHT NAZIS! YOU'VE HAD YOUR DAY -- NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE MINE!
I MUST GET ONTO THAT U-BOAT BEFORE IT SUBMERGES! IF I CAN ONLY GET THAT GUARD!
CAUTIOUSLY, THE ANGEL BOARDS THE U-BOAT --
GOOD -- HE DIDN'T HEAR ME-
7

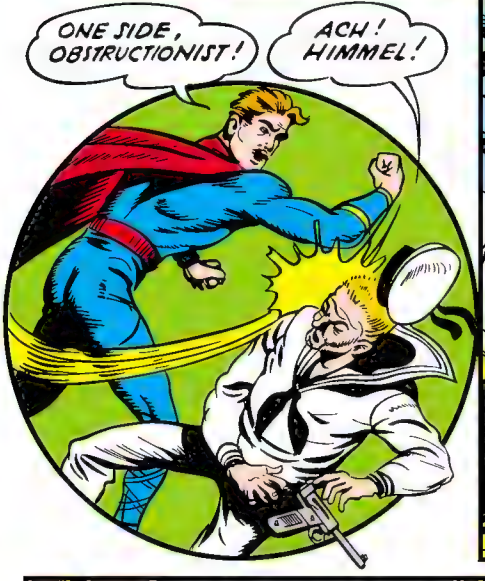

WITH AN OVERPOWERING PUNCH, THE GUARD IS SILENTLY DISPOSED OF.
SLEEP HEARTY, PAL!
SMACKO!
AFTER PUSHING THE UNCONSCIOUS NAZI INTO THE SEA, THE ANGEL SLIPS QUICKLY INTO THE GERMAN'S UNIFORM ---
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET INSIDE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED...
DRAW AWAY FROM DER PLANE!
JA! WE MUST DESTROY THAT PLANE-- AND THE ANGEL WHO IS INSIDE!
27
READY! AIM! FIRE!
BOOM!
GOOD SHOT! YOU GOT THE GAS TANKS -- PREPARE TO SUBMERGE AT ONCE!
BLAM!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE SUCCEEDED! I'M IN!
BELOW AS THE U-BOAT SUBMERGES - - -
VE SHALL RECEIVE HIGH MILITARY HONORS WHEN VE REACH BERLIN!
BUT, IT SEEMS STUPID TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS OVER DOSE PAPERS --DER ALLIES VOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO USE DEM ANYWAY!
NOW THE RADIO ROOM! GOT TO WORK FAST --AS THE ANGEL!
KRIEGSMARINE
8

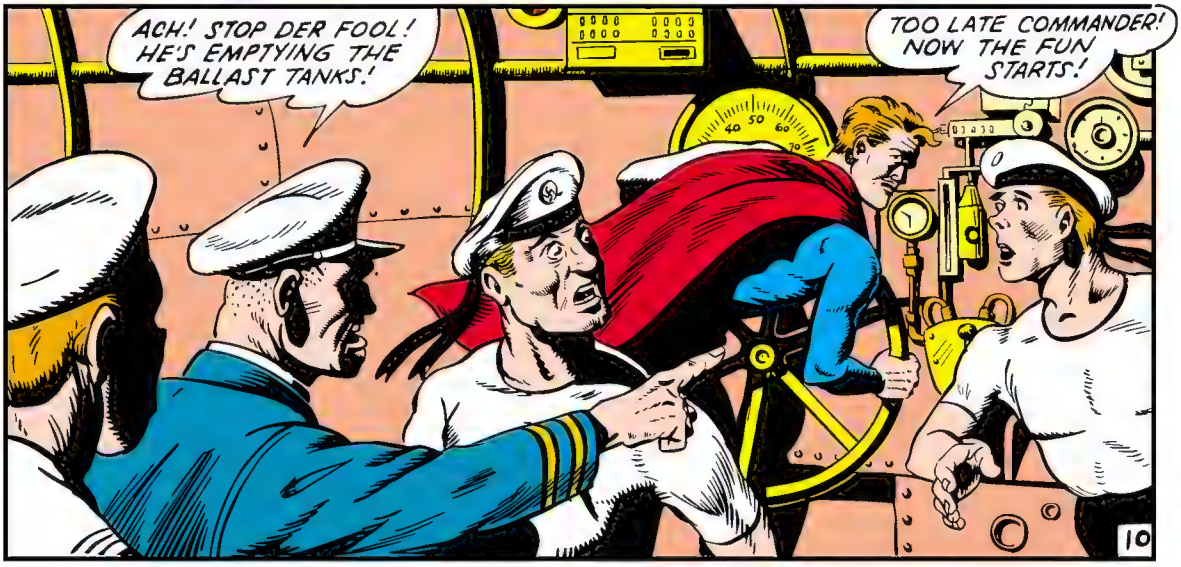
THE ANGEL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RADIO ROOM UNDETECTED!
HOLD IT, SPARKS-- HOLD IT!
THERE!
ACH!
ACHTUNG
ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE ANGEL SUCCEEDS IN CONTACTING A BRITISH NAVAL FORCE--
HELLO--HELLO--COME IMMEDIATELY--LEGATION ATTACHE' HIX IN EXTREME PERIL ABOARD NAZI U-BOAT! HERE IS APPROXIMATE POSITION---
MEANWHILE, THE U-BOAT KOMMANDANT ALSO DECIDES TO SEND A MESSAGE...
I VILL RADIO BERLIN DAT OUR MISSION VAS SUCCESSFUL - VE ARE RETURNING IMMEDIATELY!
JAWOHL, HERR KOMMANDANT!
RADIO ZIMMER
ACHTUNG
THEN--
ACH, DER ANGEL!
ANGEL SIGNING OFF! UH-OH... HANG THE LUCK!
GET HIM!
MAYBE YOU CAN, BUT MY MESSAGE IS OUT AND YOU WON'T GET ANY THROUGH!
ARINE
HERE--WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
OW!

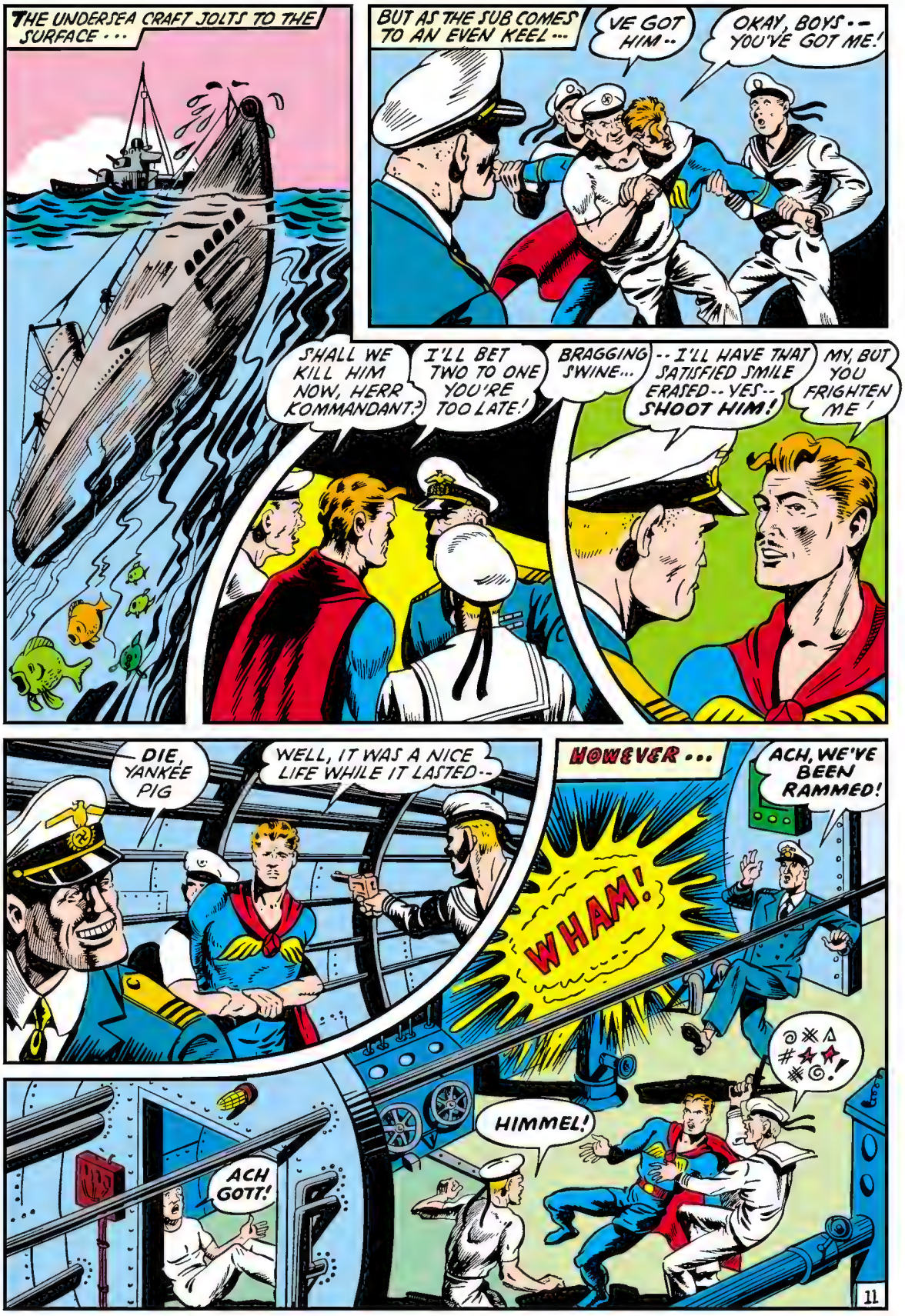
WHILE YOU TWO ARGUE, I'M SCRAMMING!
LUMMOX! GET OFF ME!
I'M SORRY, HERR KOMMANDANT!

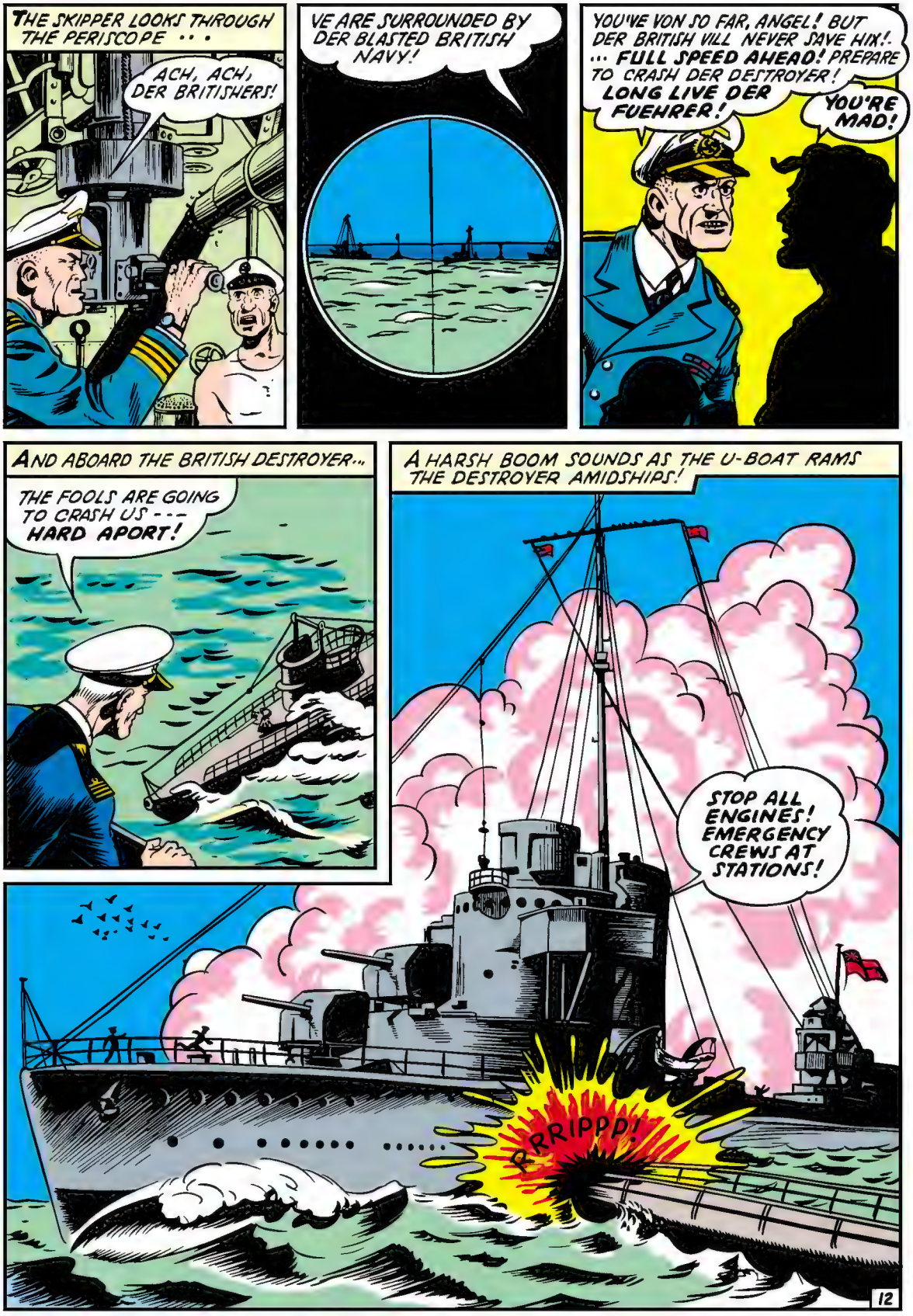

BUT THE ANGEL'S WAY IS BARRED FOR THE KOMMANDANT'S SCREAMS HAVE ROUSED OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CREW!
STOP HIM! SHOOT!
KEEP FIGHTING IS MY MOTTO -- COME ON!


THE AVENGING ANGEL SPEEDS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM..
IF I CAN REACH THOSE BALLAST TANKS I'LL TURN THIS U-BOAT UPSIDE DOWN!

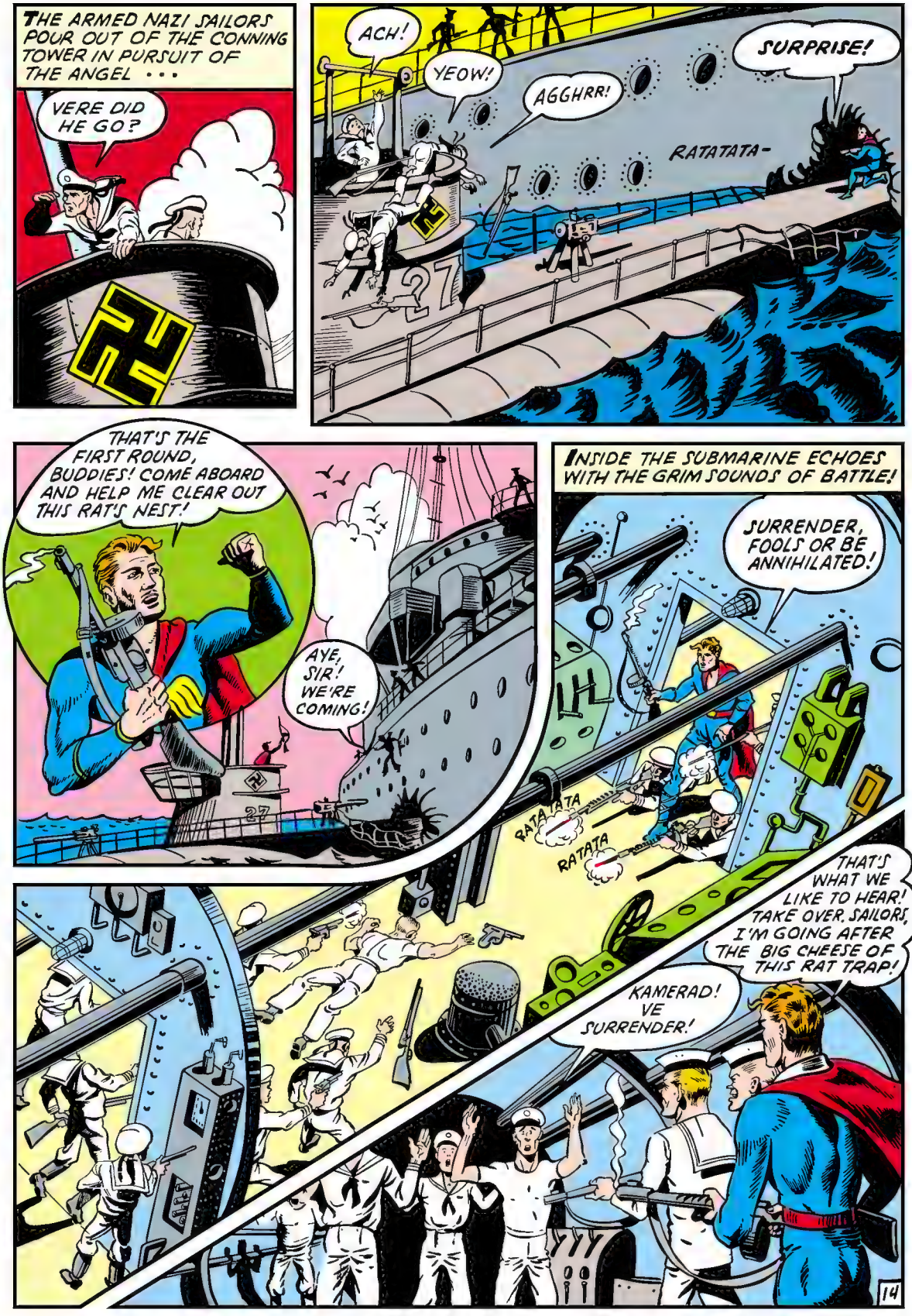

ONE SIDE, OBSTRUCTIONIST!
ACH! HIMMEL!

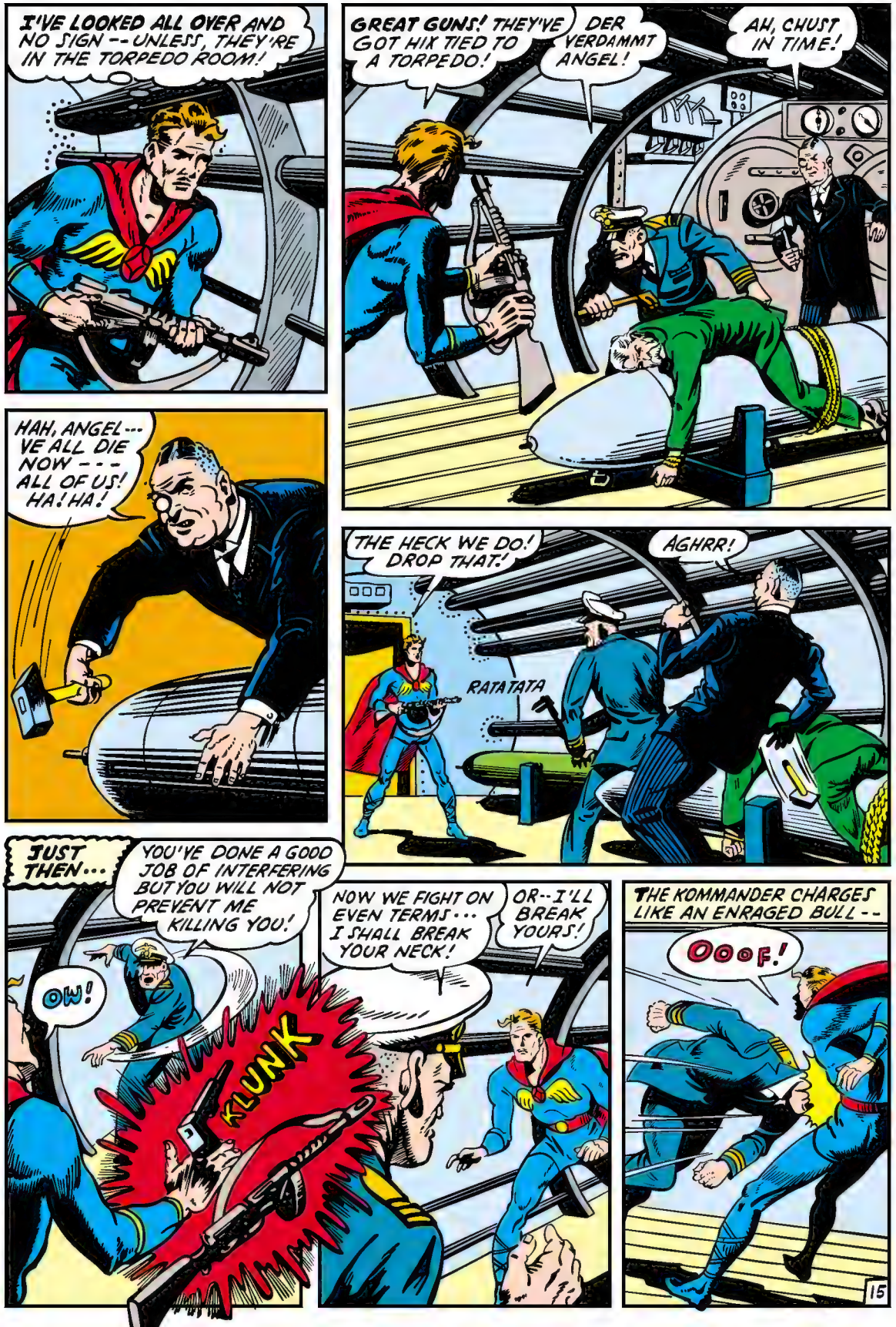

ACH! STOP DER FOOL! HE'S EMPTYING THE BALLAST TANKS!
TOO LATE COMMANDER! NOW THE FUN STARTS!
40
50
60
70
10

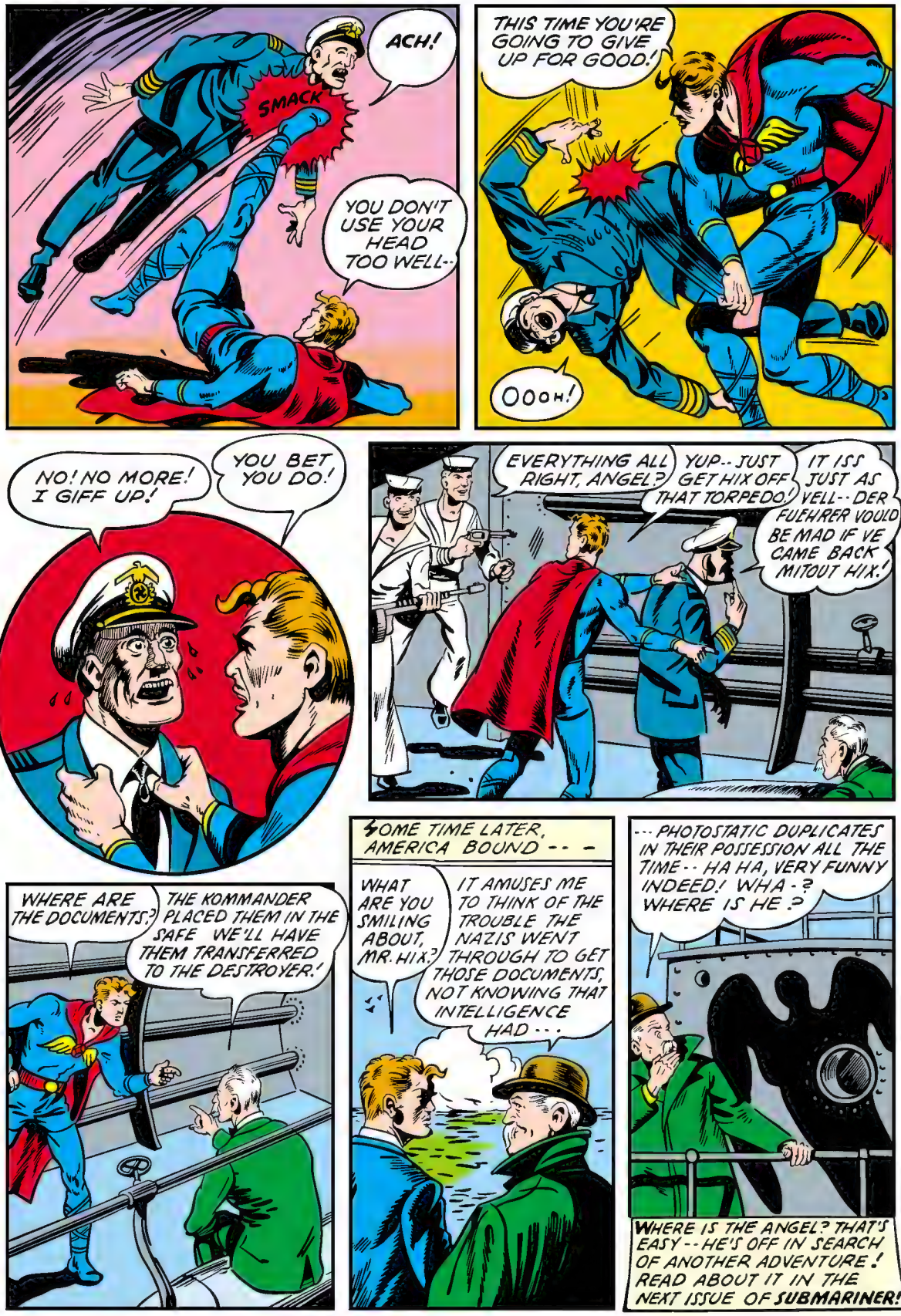

THE UNDERSEA CRAFT JOLTS TO THE SURFACE . . .
BUT AS THE SUB COMES TO AN EVEN KEEL . . .
VE GOT HIM . .
OKAY, BOYS . . — YOU'VE GOT ME!
SHALL WE KILL HIM NOW, HERR KOMMANDANT?
I'LL BET TWO TO ONE YOU'RE TOO LATE!
BRAGGING SWINE . . .
. . I'LL HAVE THAT SATISFIED SMILE ERASED . . YES . . SHOOT HIM!
MY, BUT YOU FRIGHTEN ME!
DIE, YANKEE PIG
WELL, IT WAS A NICE LIFE WHILE IT LASTED . .
HOWEVER . . .
WHAM!
ACH, WE'VE BEEN RAMMED!
@ ✳ △ # ★ ★ ! ✳ © !
HIMMEL!
ACH GOTT!
11


THE SKIPPER LOOKS THROUGH THE PERISCOPE . . .
ACH, ACH, DER BRITISHERS!
VE ARE SURROUNDED BY DER BLASTED BRITISH NAVY!
YOU'VE VON SO FAR, ANGEL! BUT DER BRITISH VILL NEVER SAVE HIX!. . . FULL SPEED AHEAD! PREPARE TO CRASH DER DESTROYER! LONG LIVE DER FUEHRER!
YOU'RE MAD!
AND ABOARD THE BRITISH DESTROYER...
THE FOOLS ARE GOING TO CRASH US --- HARD APORT!
A HARSH BOOM SOUNDS AS THE U-BOAT RAMS THE DESTROYER AMIDSHIPS!
STOP ALL ENGINES! EMERGENCY CREWS AT STATIONS!
RRRIPPP!
12

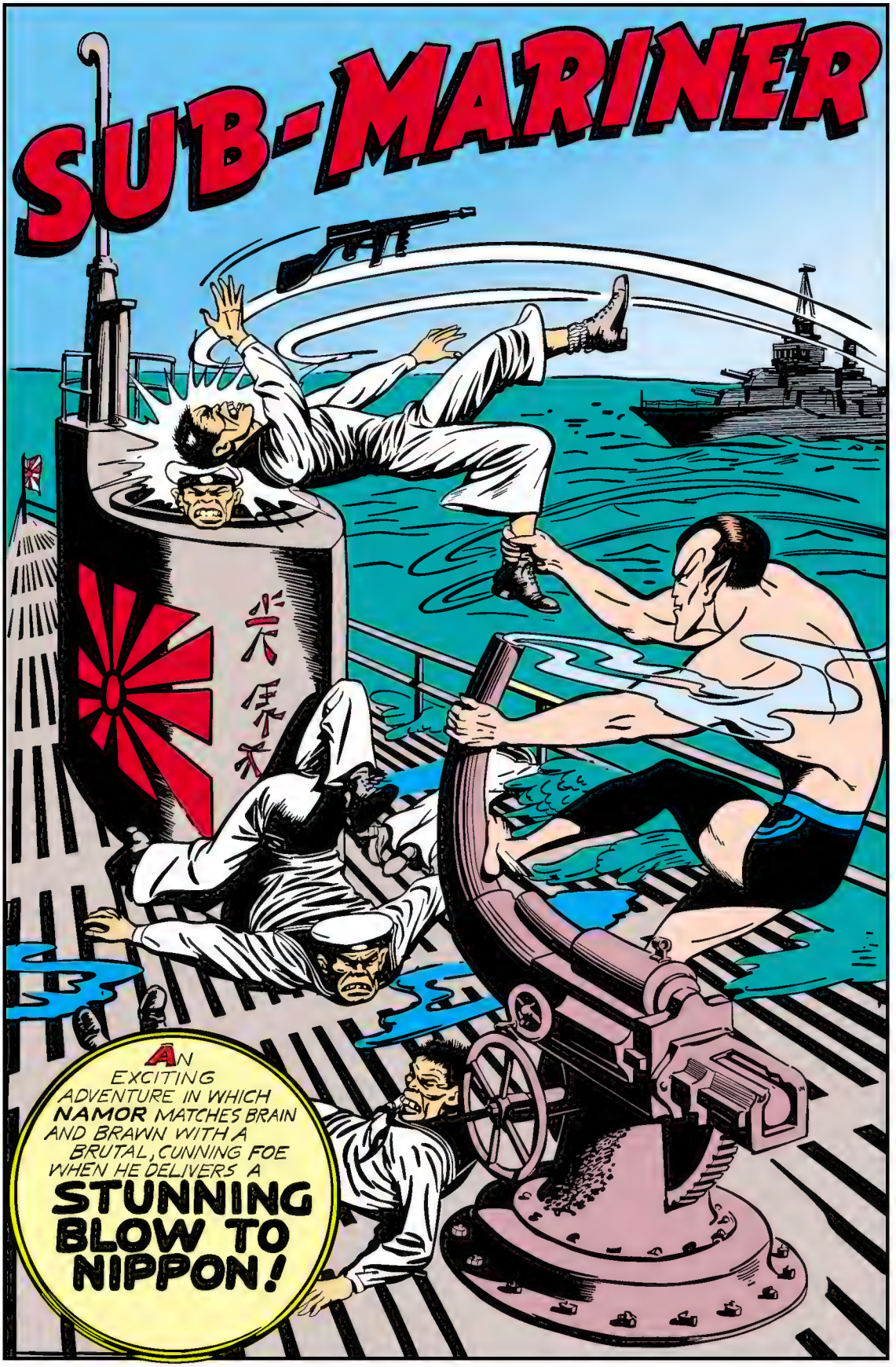
HAH! NO WATER! THE HULL DID NOT SPLIT!
?
HERR KOMMANDANT, DER GAUGES SHOW DOT WE ARE NOT SUBMERGING OR RISING! I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT!
ODD! VOT HAPPENED?
I'LL BET THIS SUB IS STUCK HALFWAY INTO THE DESTROYER IT RAMMED! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ANYWAY!
ONCE I GET ABOVE, I CAN GET HELP FROM THE
DUMMKOPFS! DON'T LET HIM GET OUT! STOP HIM!
THE ANGEL COMES OUT TO FIND ...
BLIMEY! HIT'S THE ANGEL!
YOU MEAN TRY AND STOP ME!
HI, MATEYS! THROW ME A TOMMY GUN!
THANKS! NOW STAND BY FOR ACTION!
13

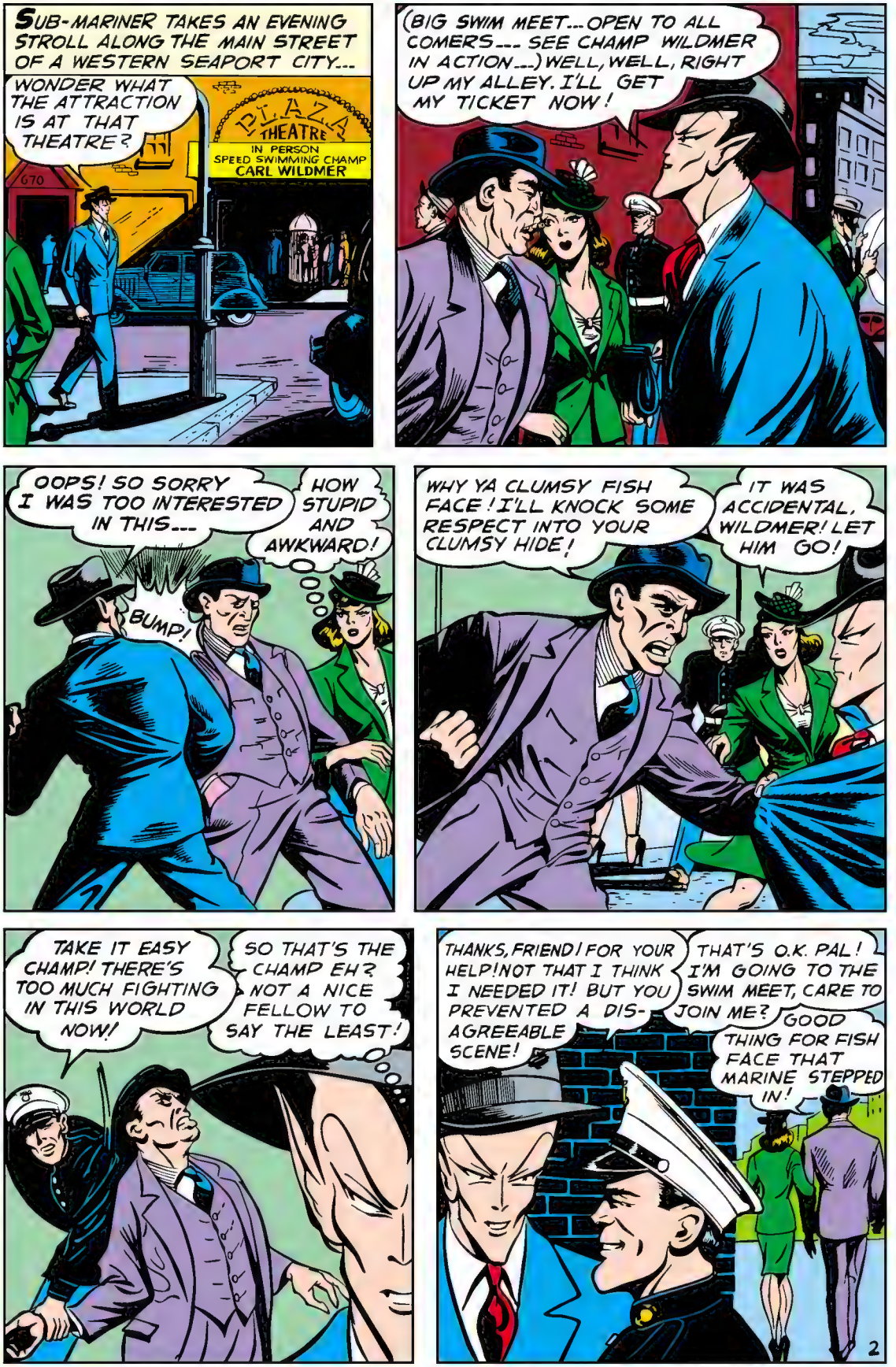

THE ARMED NAZI SAILORS POUR OUT OF THE CONNING TOWER IN PURSUIT OF THE ANGEL • • •
VERE DID HE GO?
ACH!
YEOW!
AGGHRR!
SURPRISE!
RATATATA-
27
THAT'S THE FIRST ROUND, BUDDIES! COME ABOARD AND HELP ME CLEAR OUT THIS RAT'S NEST!
AYE, SIR! WE'RE COMING!
27
INSIDE THE SUBMARINE ECHOES WITH THE GRIM SOUNDS OF BATTLE!
SURRENDER, FOOLS OR BE ANNIHILATED!
RATA-TATA
RATATA
KAMERAD! VE SURRENDER!
THAT'S WHAT WE LIKE TO HEAR! TAKE OVER, SAILORS, I'M GOING AFTER THE BIG CHEESE OF THIS RAT TRAP!
14

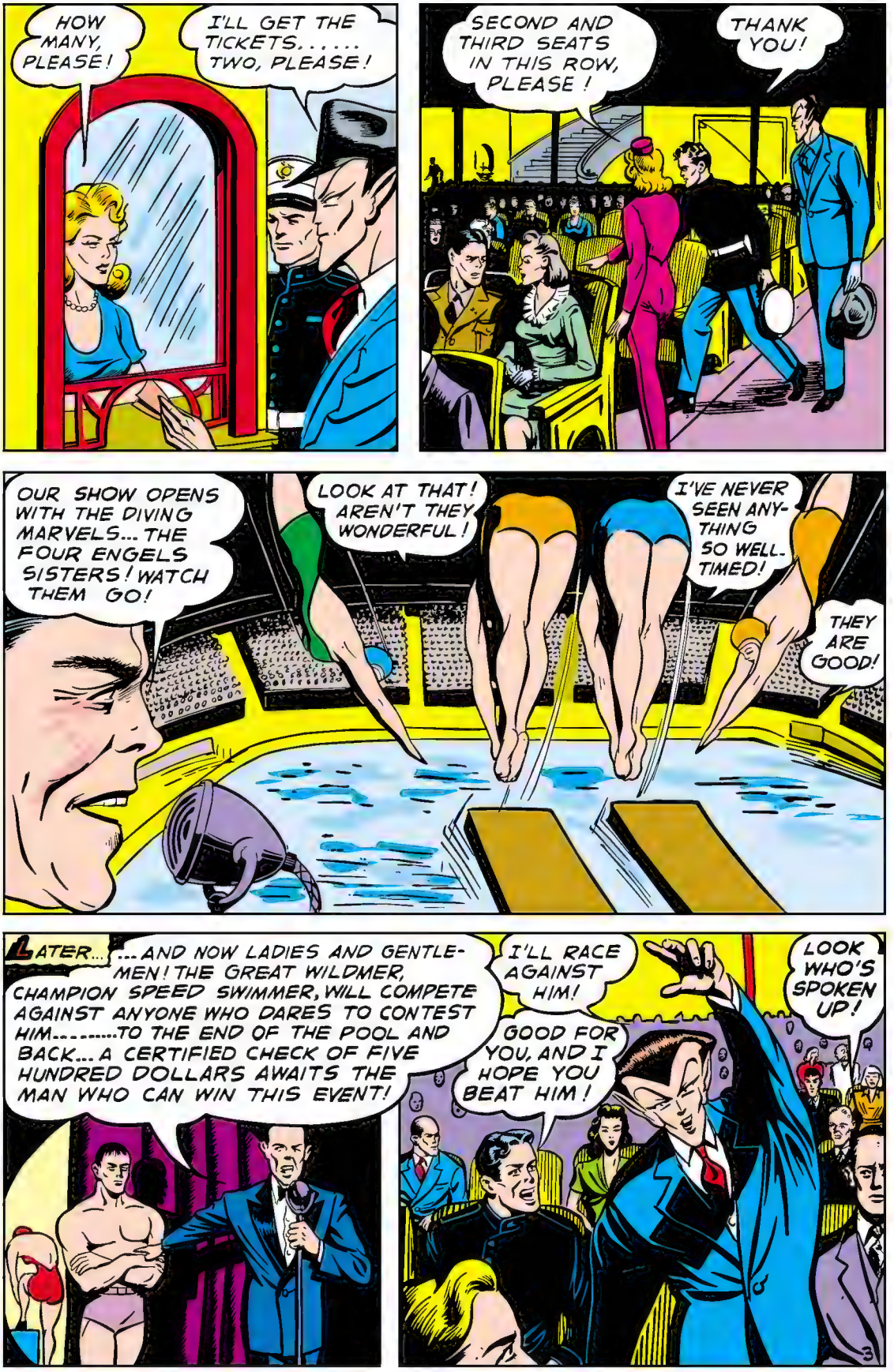

I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER AND NO SIGN -- UNLESS, THEY'RE IN THE TORPEDO ROOM!
GREAT GUNS! THEY'VE GOT HIX TIED TO A TORPEDO!
DER VERDAMMT ANGEL!
AH, CHUST IN TIME!
HAH, ANGEL--- VE ALL DIE NOW - - - ALL OF US! HA! HA!
THE HECK WE DO! DROP THAT!
AGHRR!
RATATATA
JUST THEN...
YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB OF INTERFERING BUT YOU WILL NOT PREVENT ME KILLING YOU!
OW!
KLUNK
NOW WE FIGHT ON EVEN TERMS... I SHALL BREAK YOUR NECK!
OR--I'LL BREAK YOURS!
THE KOMMANDER CHARGES LIKE AN ENRAGED BULL--
OOOF!
15

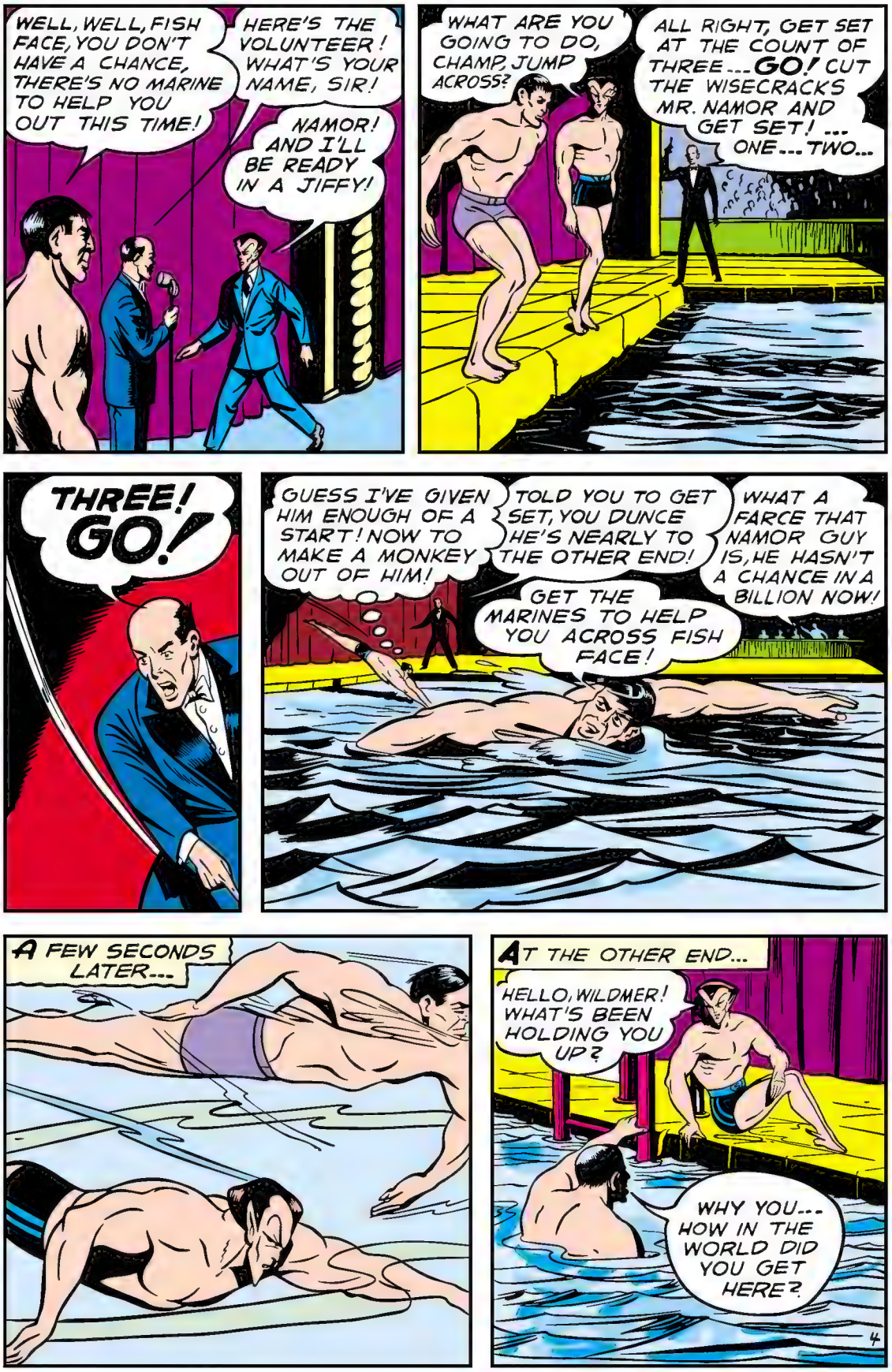

SMACK
ACH!
YOU DON'T USE YOUR HEAD TOO WELL--
THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE UP FOR GOOD!
OOOH!
NO! NO MORE! I GIFF UP!
YOU BET YOU DO!
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, ANGEL?
YUP-- JUST GET HIX OFF THAT TORPEDO!
IT ISS JUST AS VELL-- DER FUEHRER VOULD BE MAD IF VE CAME BACK MITOUT HIX!
WHERE ARE THE DOCUMENTS?
THE KOMMANDER PLACED THEM IN THE SAFE WE'LL HAVE THEM TRANSFERRED TO THE DESTROYER!
SOME TIME LATER, AMERICA BOUND --
WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT, MR. HIX?
IT AMUSES ME TO THINK OF THE TROUBLE THE NAZIS WENT THROUGH TO GET THOSE DOCUMENTS, NOT KNOWING THAT INTELLIGENCE HAD...
--- PHOTOSTATIC DUPLICATES IN THEIR POSSESSION ALL THE TIME-- HA HA, VERY FUNNY INDEED! WHA-? WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS THE ANGEL? THAT'S EASY-- HE'S OFF IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE! READ ABOUT IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SUBMARINER!

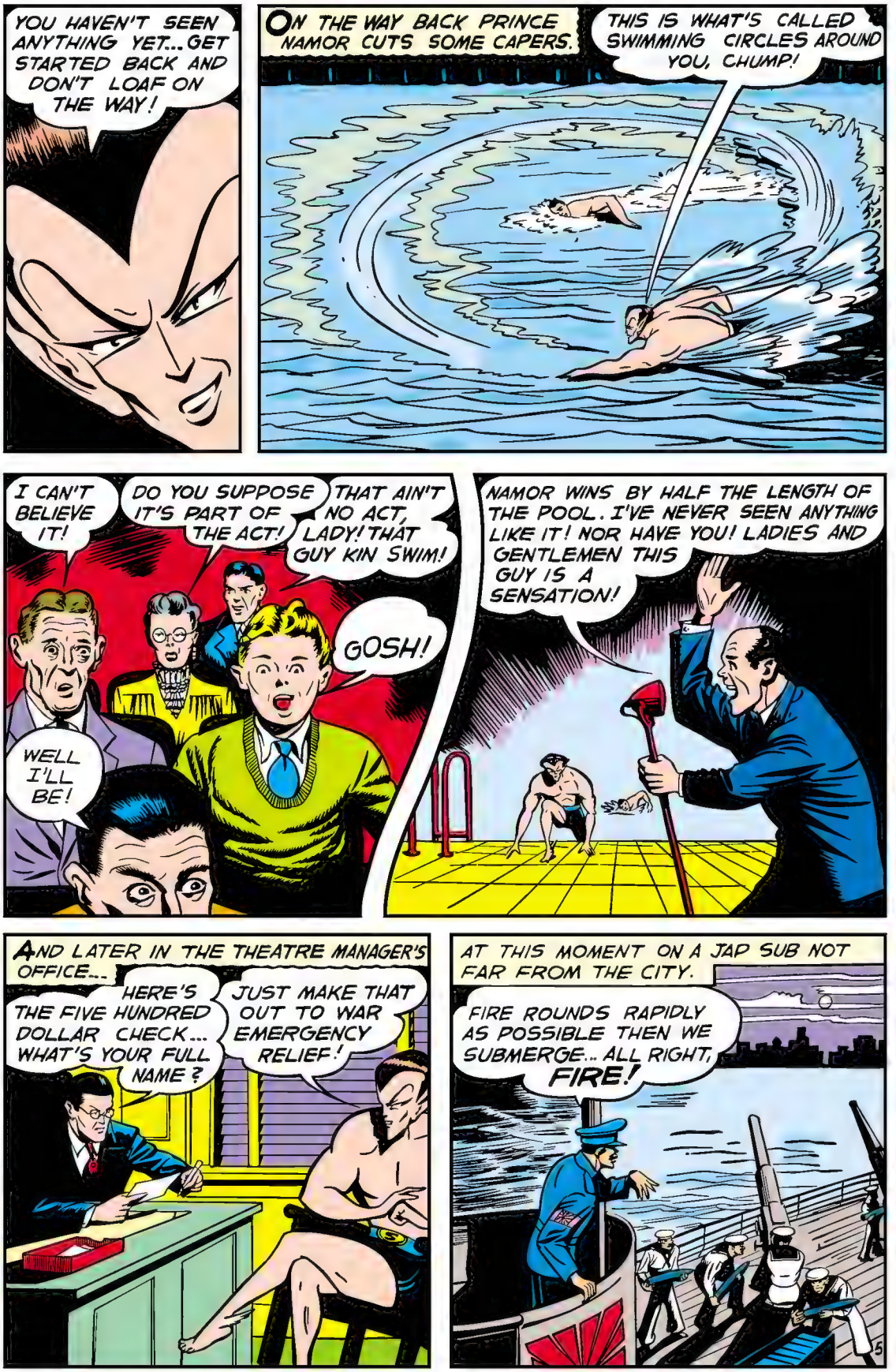
SUB-MARINER
NO. 12
WINTER ISSUE
COMICS
10¢
MID-CHANNEL FORT
PLUS 16 PAGES of THE ANGEL

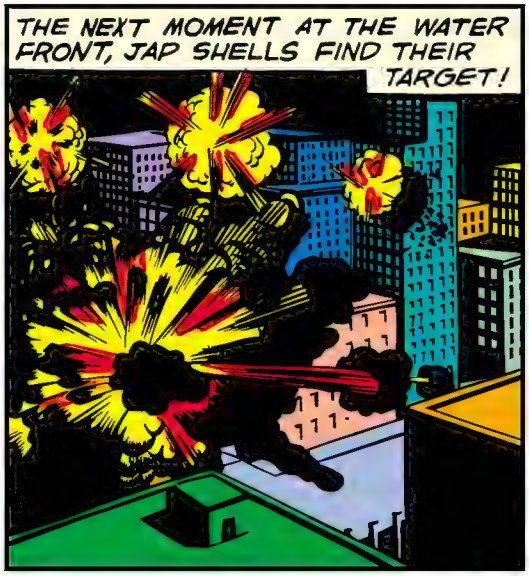

SUB-MARINER
AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN WHICH NAMOR MATCHES BRAIN AND BRAWN WITH A BRUTAL, CUNNING FOE WHEN HE DELIVERS A
STUNNING BLOW TO NIPPON!

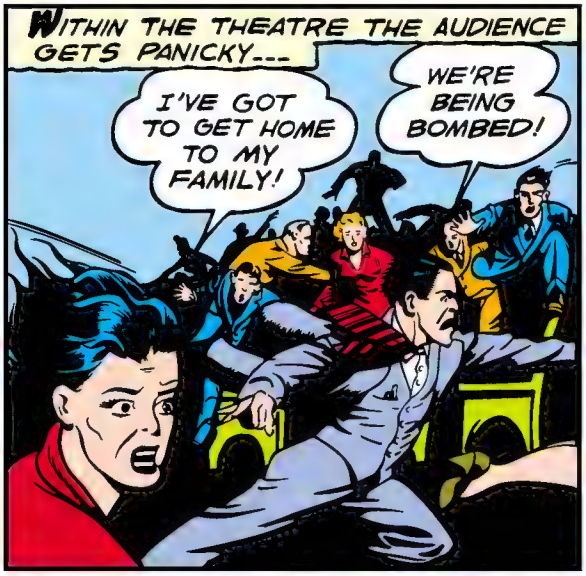

SUB-MARINER TAKES AN EVENING STROLL ALONG THE MAIN STREET OF A WESTERN SEAPORT CITY...
WONDER WHAT THE ATTRACTION IS AT THAT THEATRE?
PLAZA THEATRE
IN PERSON SPEED SWIMMING CHAMP CARL WILDMER
(BIG SWIM MEET... OPEN TO ALL COMERS... SEE CHAMP WILDMER IN ACTION...) WELL, WELL, RIGHT UP MY ALLEY. I'LL GET MY TICKET NOW!
OOPS! SO SORRY I WAS TOO INTERESTED IN THIS...
HOW STUPID AND AWKWARD!
BUMP!
WHY YA CLUMSY FISH FACE! I'LL KNOCK SOME RESPECT INTO YOUR CLUMSY HIDE!
IT WAS ACCIDENTAL, WILDMER! LET HIM GO!
TAKE IT EASY CHAMP! THERE'S TOO MUCH FIGHTING IN THIS WORLD NOW!
SO THAT'S THE CHAMP EH? NOT A NICE FELLOW TO SAY THE LEAST!
THANKS, FRIEND! FOR YOUR HELP! NOT THAT I THINK I NEEDED IT! BUT YOU PREVENTED A DISAGREEABLE SCENE!
THAT'S O.K. PAL! I'M GOING TO THE SWIM MEET, CARE TO JOIN ME?
GOOD THING FOR FISH FACE THAT MARINE STEPPED IN!
2


HOW MANY, PLEASE!
I'LL GET THE TICKETS..... TWO, PLEASE!
SECOND AND THIRD SEATS IN THIS ROW, PLEASE!
THANK YOU!
OUR SHOW OPENS WITH THE DIVING MARVELS... THE FOUR ENGELS SISTERS! WATCH THEM GO!
LOOK AT THAT! AREN'T THEY WONDERFUL!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-THING SO WELL-TIMED!
THEY ARE GOOD!
LATER...
...AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN! THE GREAT WILDMER, CHAMPION SPEED SWIMMER, WILL COMPETE AGAINST ANYONE WHO DARES TO CONTEST HIM.....TO THE END OF THE POOL AND BACK... A CERTIFIED CHECK OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AWAITS THE MAN WHO CAN WIN THIS EVENT!
I'LL RACE AGAINST HIM!
GOOD FOR YOU, AND I HOPE YOU BEAT HIM!
LOOK WHO'S SPOKEN UP!
3

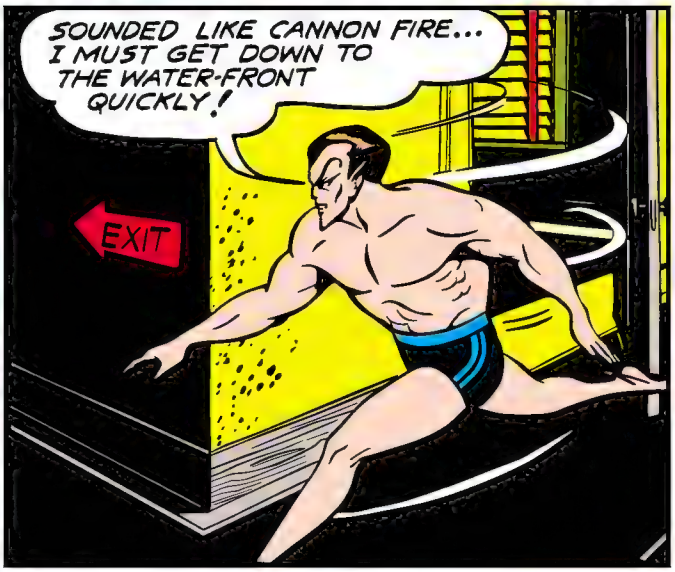

WELL, WELL, FISH FACE, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, THERE'S NO MARINE TO HELP YOU OUT THIS TIME!
HERE'S THE VOLUNTEER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR!
NAMOR! AND I'LL BE READY IN A JIFFY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CHAMP, JUMP ACROSS?
ALL RIGHT, GET SET AT THE COUNT OF THREE... GO! CUT THE WISECRACKS MR. NAMOR AND GET SET! ... ONE... TWO...
THREE! GO!
GUESS I'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH OF A START! NOW TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF HIM!
TOLD YOU TO GET SET, YOU DUNCE HE'S NEARLY TO THE OTHER END!
WHAT A FARCE THAT NAMOR GUY IS, HE HASN'T A CHANCE IN A BILLION NOW!
GET THE MARINES TO HELP YOU ACROSS FISH FACE!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
AT THE OTHER END...
HELLO, WILDMER! WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING YOU UP?
WHY YOU... HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET HERE?
4

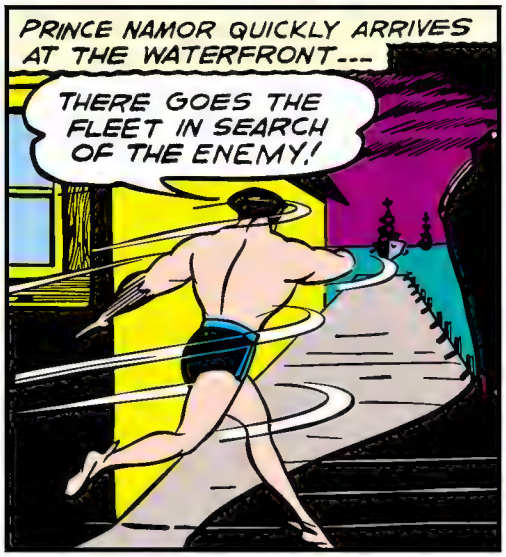

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET... GET STARTED BACK AND DON'T LOAF ON THE WAY!
ON THE WAY BACK PRINCE NAMOR CUTS SOME CAPERS.
THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED SWIMMING CIRCLES AROUND YOU, CHUMP!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S PART OF THE ACT!
THAT AIN'T NO ACT, LADY! THAT GUY KIN SWIM!
GOSH!
WELL I'LL BE!
NAMOR WINS BY HALF THE LENGTH OF THE POOL. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! NOR HAVE YOU! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THIS GUY IS A SENSATION!
AND LATER IN THE THEATRE MANAGER'S OFFICE...
HERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CHECK... WHAT'S YOUR FULL NAME?
JUST MAKE THAT OUT TO WAR EMERGENCY RELIEF!
AT THIS MOMENT ON A JAP SUB NOT FAR FROM THE CITY.
FIRE ROUNDS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE THEN WE SUBMERGE... ALL RIGHT, FIRE!
5

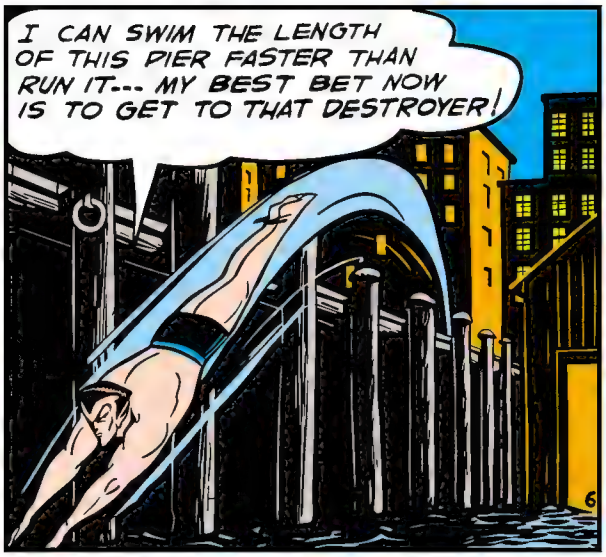

THE NEXT MOMENT AT THE WATER FRONT, JAP SHELLS FIND THEIR TARGET!

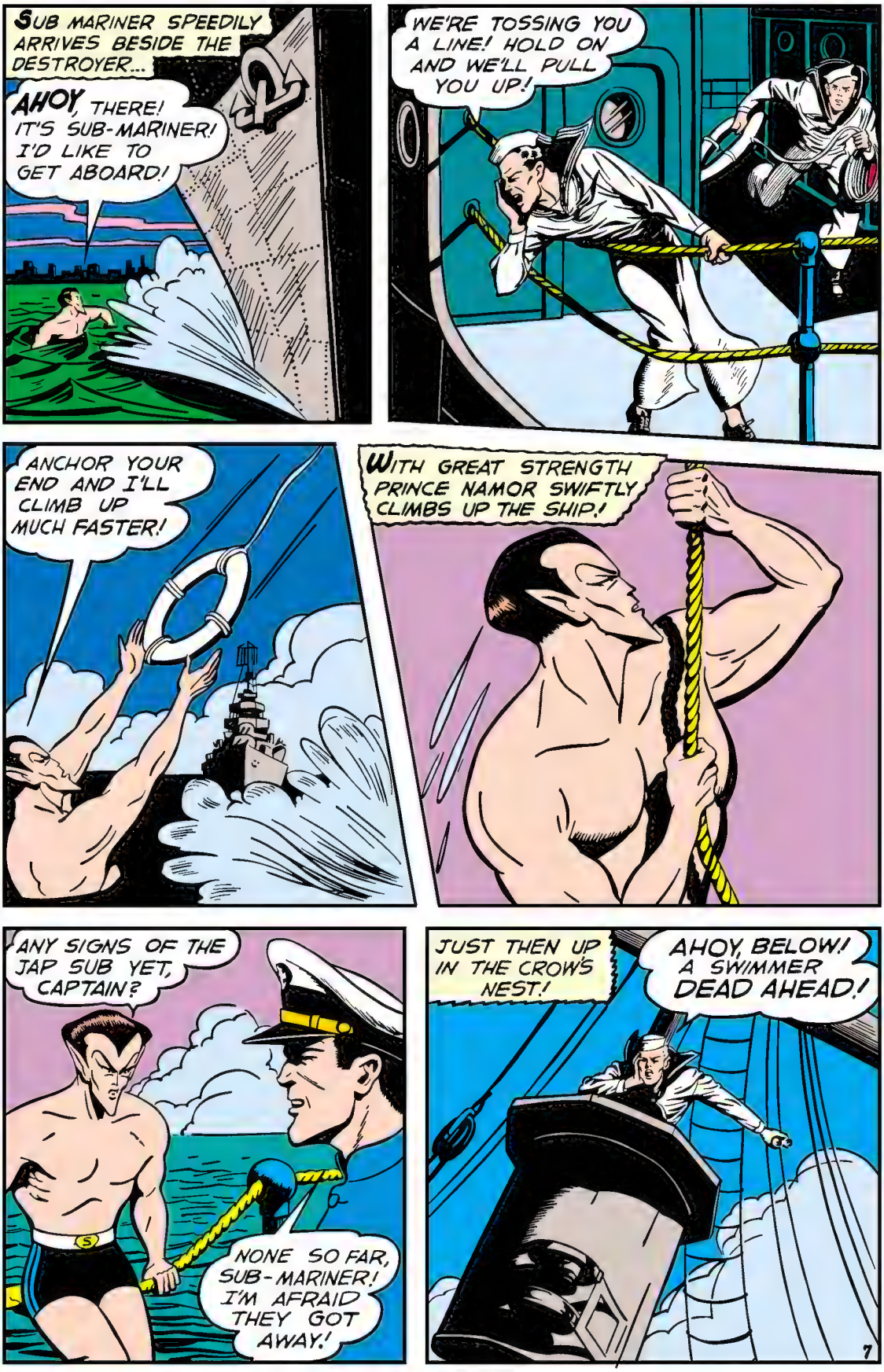

WITHIN THE THEATRE THE AUDIENCE GETS PANICKY---
I'VE GOT TO GET HOME TO MY FAMILY!
WE'RE BEING BOMBED!

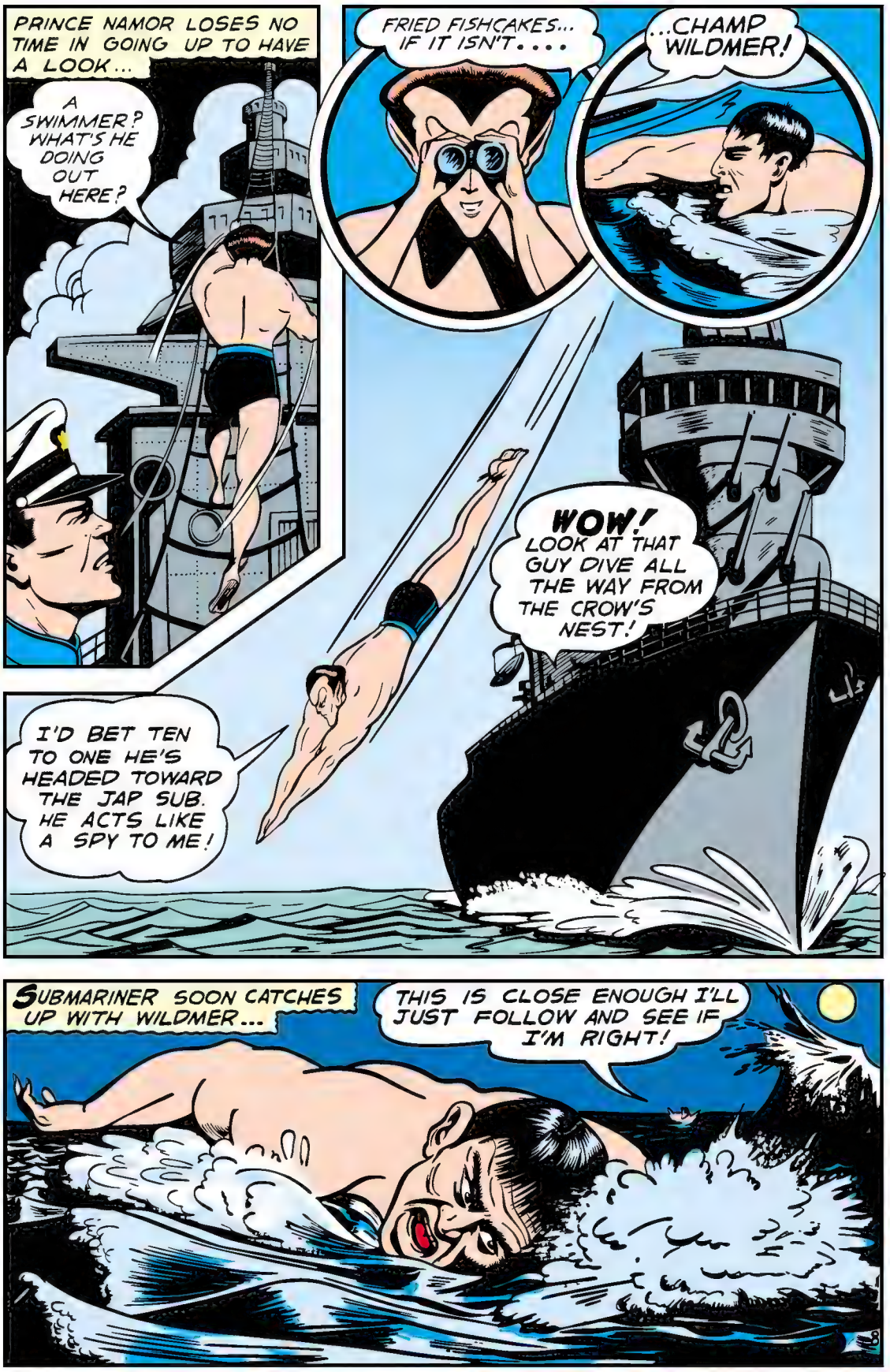
KEEP YOUR SEATS EVERY-ONE! YOU'LL BE MUCH SAFER!

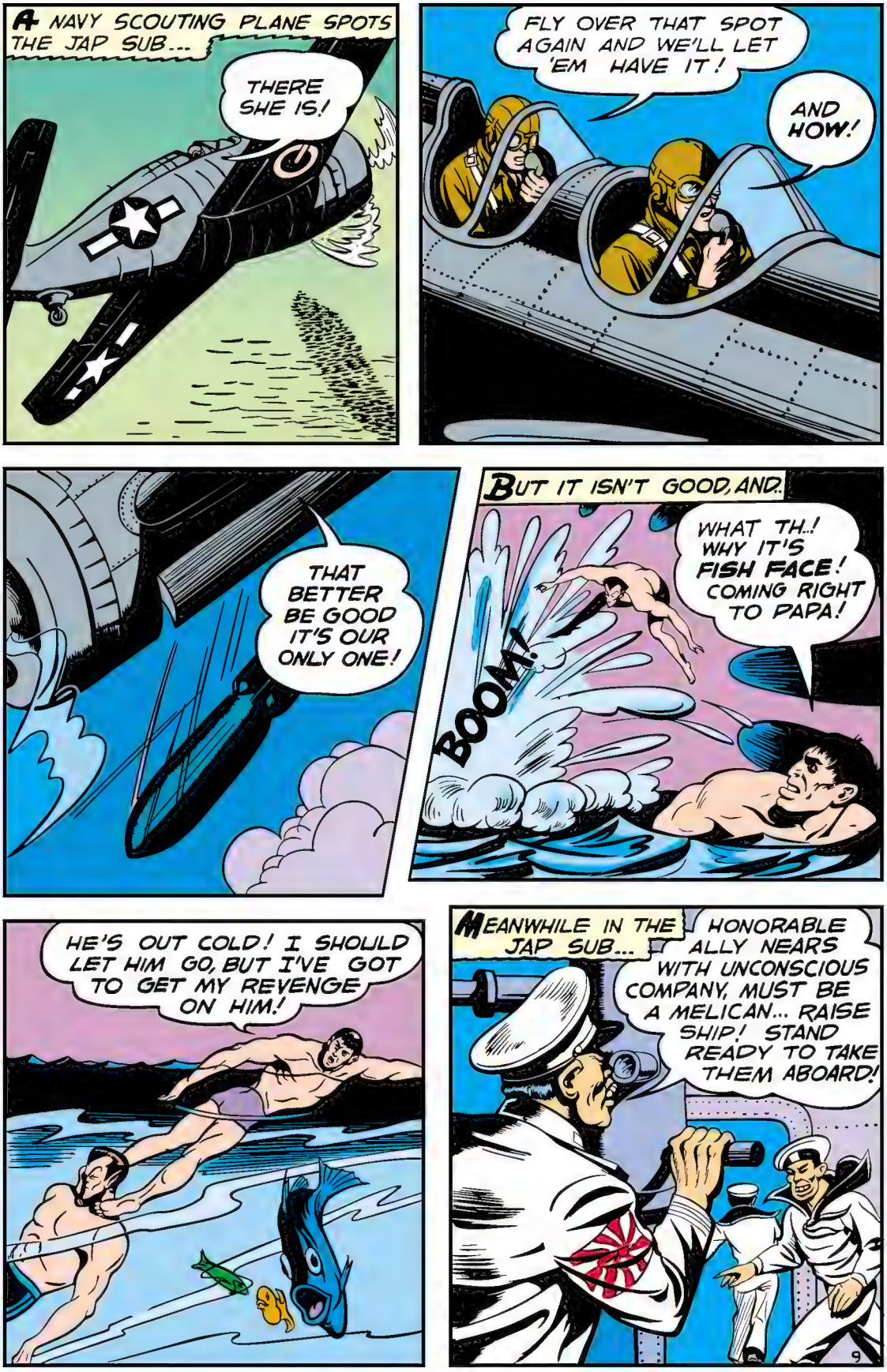

SOUNDED LIKE CANNON FIRE... I MUST GET DOWN TO THE WATER-FRONT QUICKLY!
EXIT

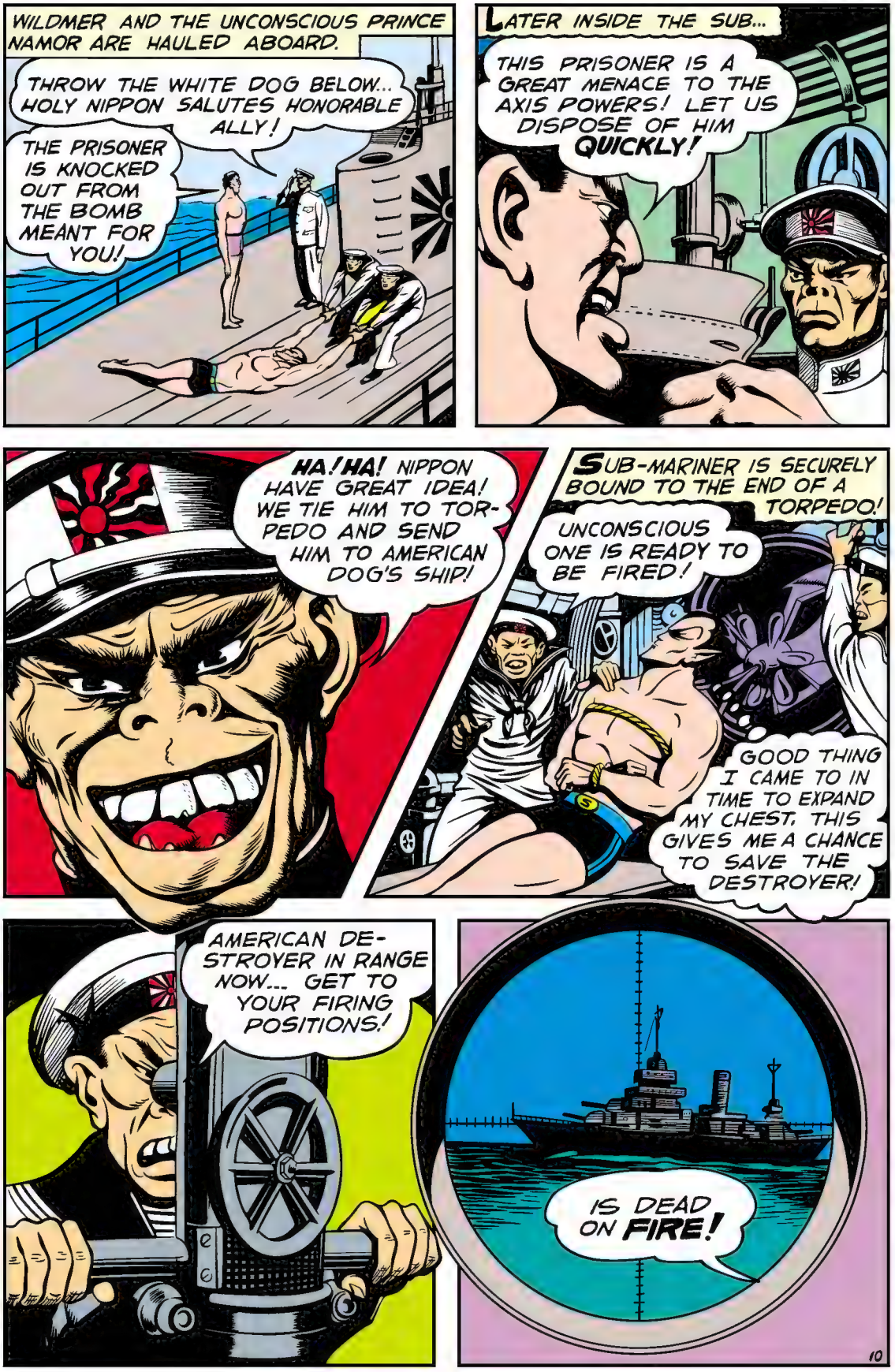

PRINCE NAMOR QUICKLY ARRIVES AT THE WATERFRONT---
THERE GOES THE FLEET IN SEARCH OF THE ENEMY!

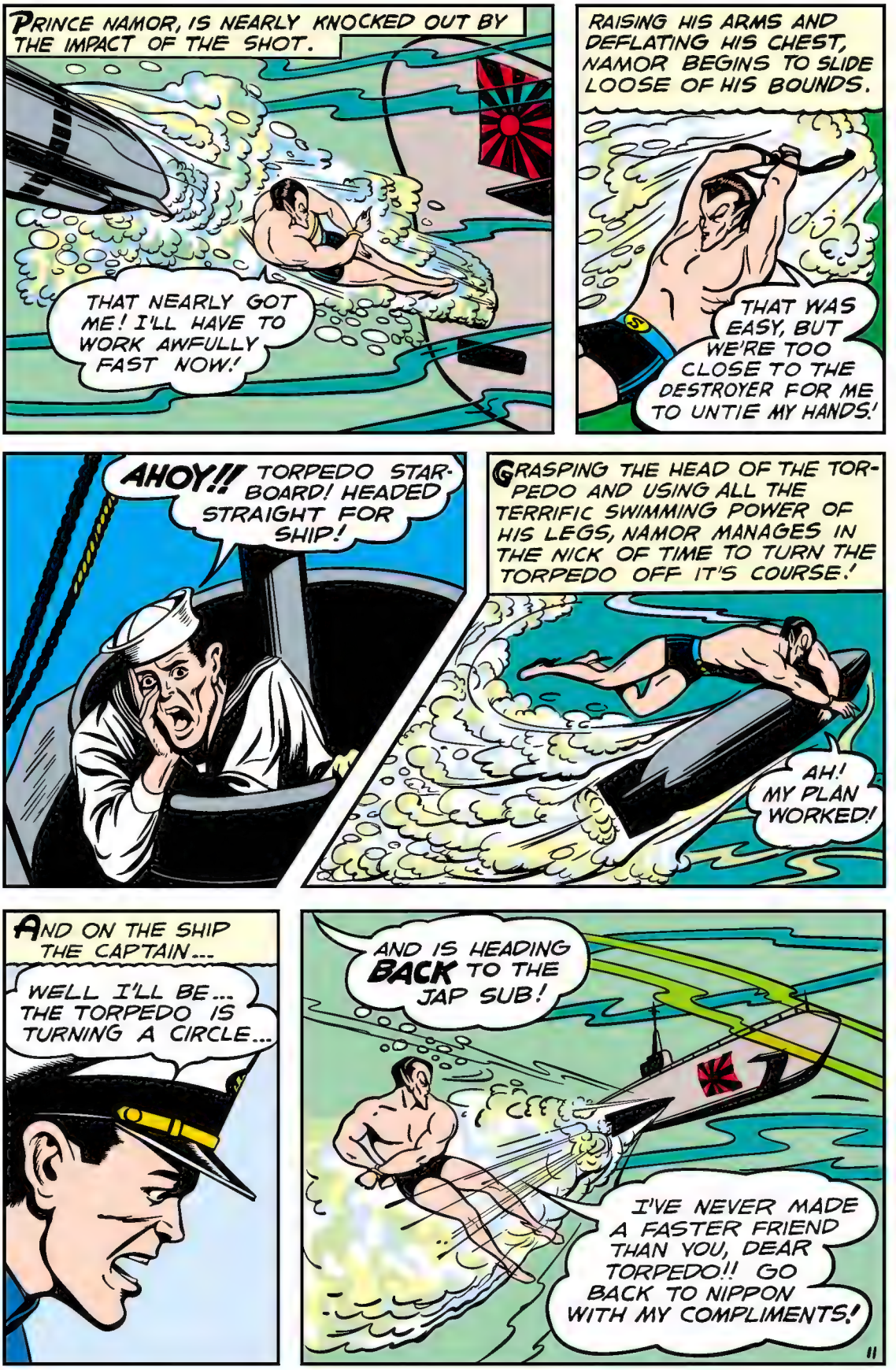

I CAN SWIM THE LENGTH OF THIS PIER FASTER THAN RUN IT--- MY BEST BET NOW IS TO GET TO THAT DESTROYER!
6

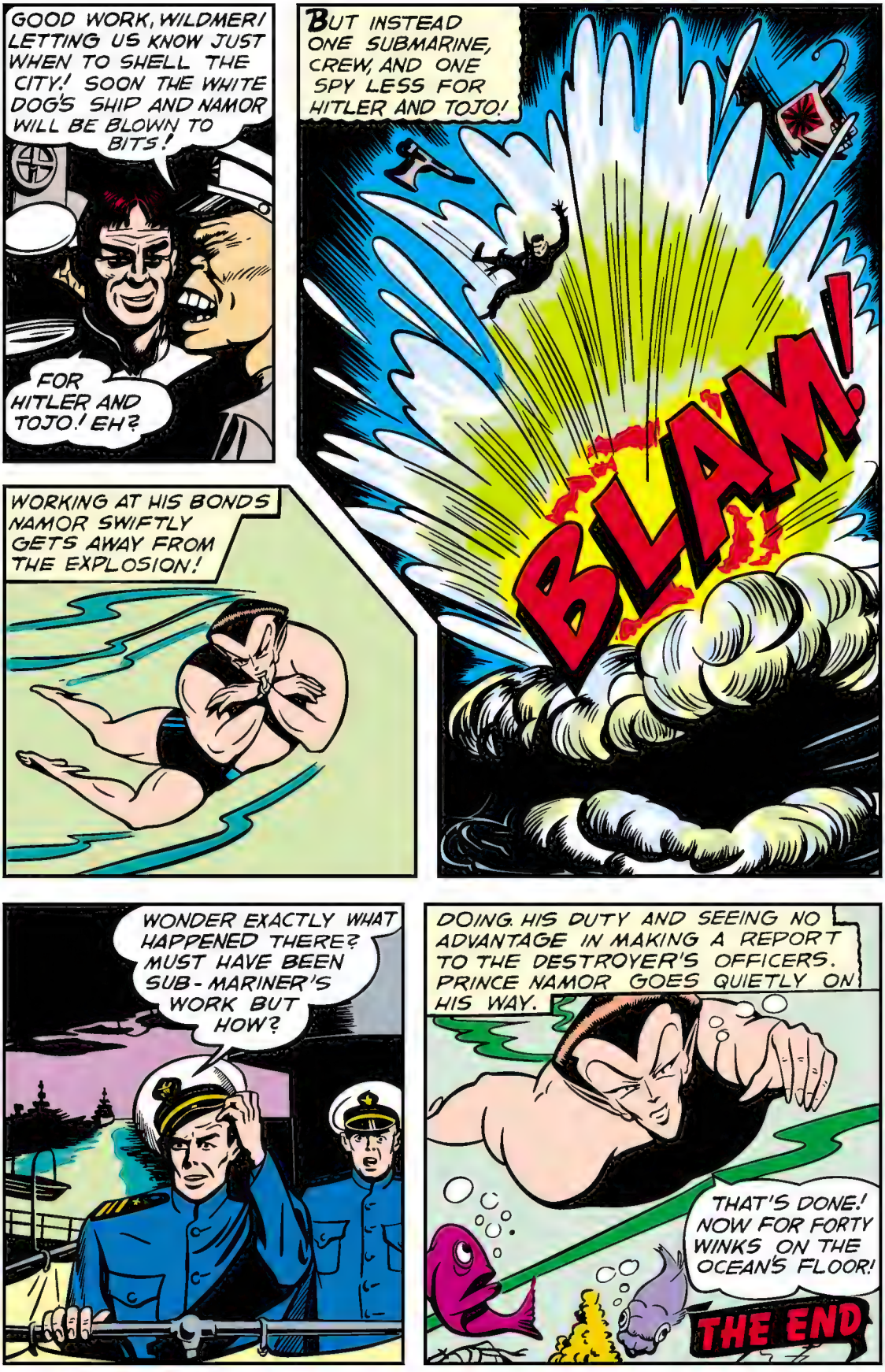

SUB MARINER SPEEDILY ARRIVES BESIDE THE DESTROYER...
AHOY, THERE! IT'S SUB-MARINER! I'D LIKE TO GET ABOARD!
WE'RE TOSSING YOU A LINE! HOLD ON AND WE'LL PULL YOU UP!
ANCHOR YOUR END AND I'LL CLIMB UP MUCH FASTER!
WITH GREAT STRENGTH PRINCE NAMOR SWIFTLY CLIMBS UP THE SHIP!
ANY SIGNS OF THE JAP SUB YET, CAPTAIN?
NONE SO FAR, SUB-MARINER! I'M AFRAID THEY GOT AWAY!
JUST THEN UP IN THE CROW'S NEST!
AHOY, BELOW! A SWIMMER DEAD AHEAD!

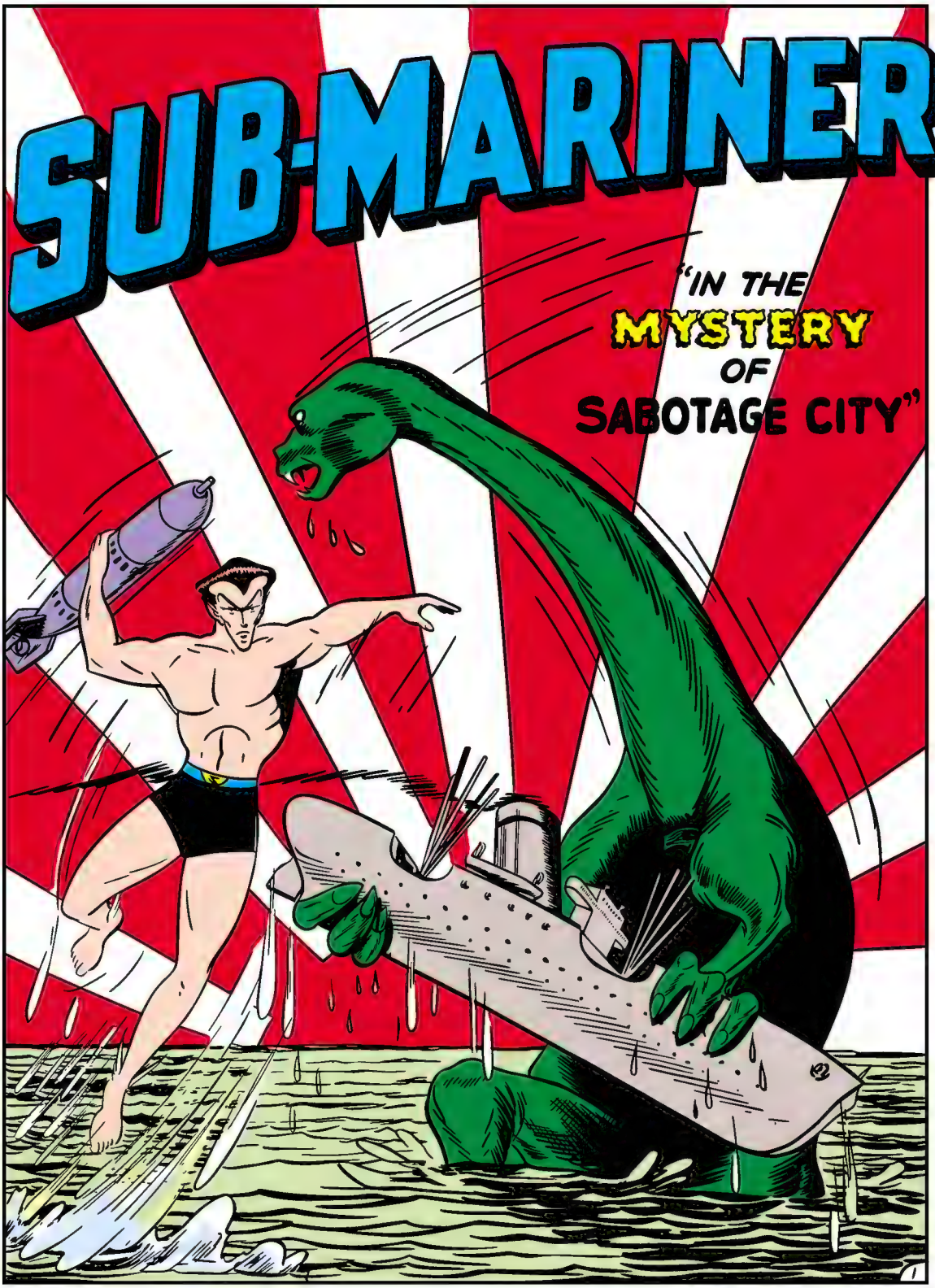

PRINCE NAMOR LOSES NO TIME IN GOING UP TO HAVE A LOOK...
A SWIMMER? WHAT'S HE DOING OUT HERE?
FRIED FISHCAKES... IF IT ISN'T....
...CHAMP WILDMER!
WOW! LOOK AT THAT GUY DIVE ALL THE WAY FROM THE CROW'S NEST!
I'D BET TEN TO ONE HE'S HEADED TOWARD THE JAP SUB. HE ACTS LIKE A SPY TO ME!
SUBMARINER SOON CATCHES UP WITH WILDMER...
THIS IS CLOSE ENOUGH I'LL JUST FOLLOW AND SEE IF I'M RIGHT!

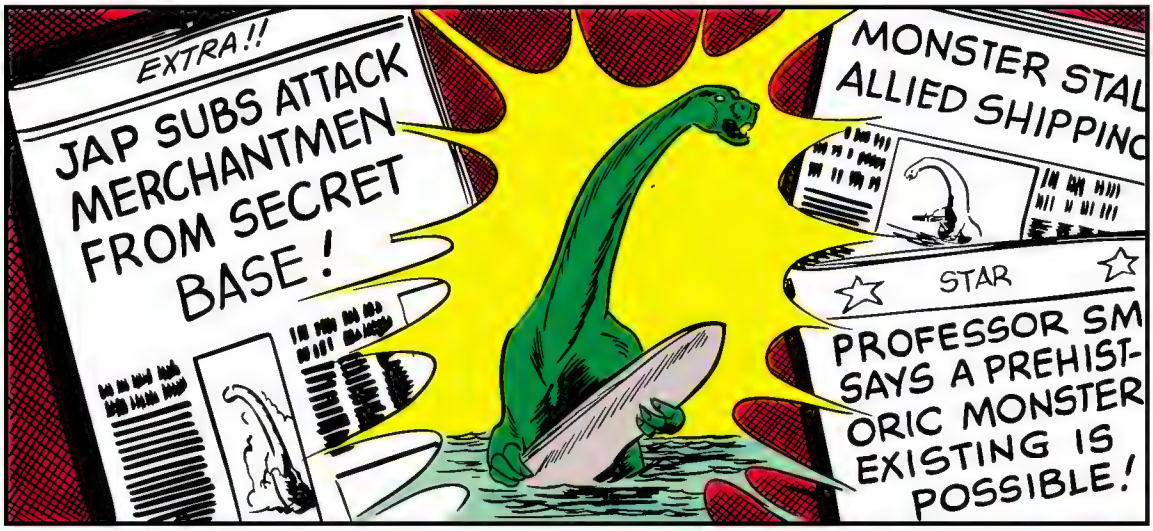

A NAVY SCOUTING PLANE SPOTS THE JAP SUB...
THERE SHE IS!
FLY OVER THAT SPOT AGAIN AND WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!
AND HOW!
THAT BETTER BE GOOD IT'S OUR ONLY ONE!
BUT IT ISN'T GOOD, AND...
WHAT TH..! WHY IT'S FISH FACE! COMING RIGHT TO PAPA!
BOOM!
HE'S OUT COLD! I SHOULD LET HIM GO, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET MY REVENGE ON HIM!
MEANWHILE IN THE JAP SUB...
HONORABLE ALLY NEARS WITH UNCONSCIOUS COMPANY, MUST BE A MELICAN... RAISE SHIP! STAND READY TO TAKE THEM ABOARD!
9

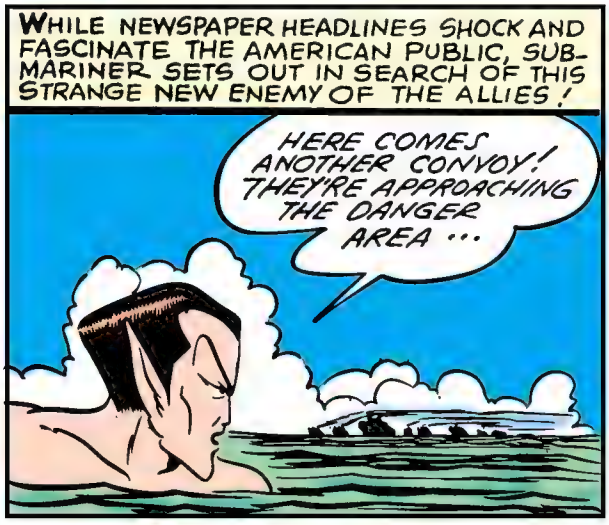

WILDMER AND THE UNCONSCIOUS PRINCE NAMOR ARE HAULED ABOARD.
THROW THE WHITE DOG BELOW... HOLY NIPPON SALUTES HONORABLE ALLY!
THE PRISONER IS KNOCKED OUT FROM THE BOMB MEANT FOR YOU!
LATER INSIDE THE SUB...
THIS PRISONER IS A GREAT MENACE TO THE AXIS POWERS! LET US DISPOSE OF HIM QUICKLY!
HA! HA! NIPPON HAVE GREAT IDEA! WE TIE HIM TO TORPEDO AND SEND HIM TO AMERICAN DOG'S SHIP!
SUB-MARINER IS SECURELY BOUND TO THE END OF A TORPEDO!
UNCONSCIOUS ONE IS READY TO BE FIRED!
GOOD THING I CAME TO IN TIME TO EXPAND MY CHEST. THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO SAVE THE DESTROYER!
AMERICAN DESTROYER IN RANGE NOW... GET TO YOUR FIRING POSITIONS!
IS DEAD ON FIRE!
10


PRINCE NAMOR, IS NEARLY KNOCKED OUT BY THE IMPACT OF THE SHOT.
THAT NEARLY GOT ME! I'LL HAVE TO WORK AWFULLY FAST NOW!
RAISING HIS ARMS AND DEFLATING HIS CHEST, NAMOR BEGINS TO SLIDE LOOSE OF HIS BOUNDS.
THAT WAS EASY, BUT WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER FOR ME TO UNTIE MY HANDS!
AHOY!! TORPEDO STARBOARD! HEADED STRAIGHT FOR SHIP!
GRASPING THE HEAD OF THE TORPEDO AND USING ALL THE TERRIFIC SWIMMING POWER OF HIS LEGS, NAMOR MANAGES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO TURN THE TORPEDO OFF IT'S COURSE!
AH! MY PLAN WORKED!
AND ON THE SHIP THE CAPTAIN...
WELL I'LL BE... THE TORPEDO IS TURNING A CIRCLE...
AND IS HEADING BACK TO THE JAP SUB!
I'VE NEVER MADE A FASTER FRIEND THAN YOU, DEAR TORPEDO!! GO BACK TO NIPPON WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

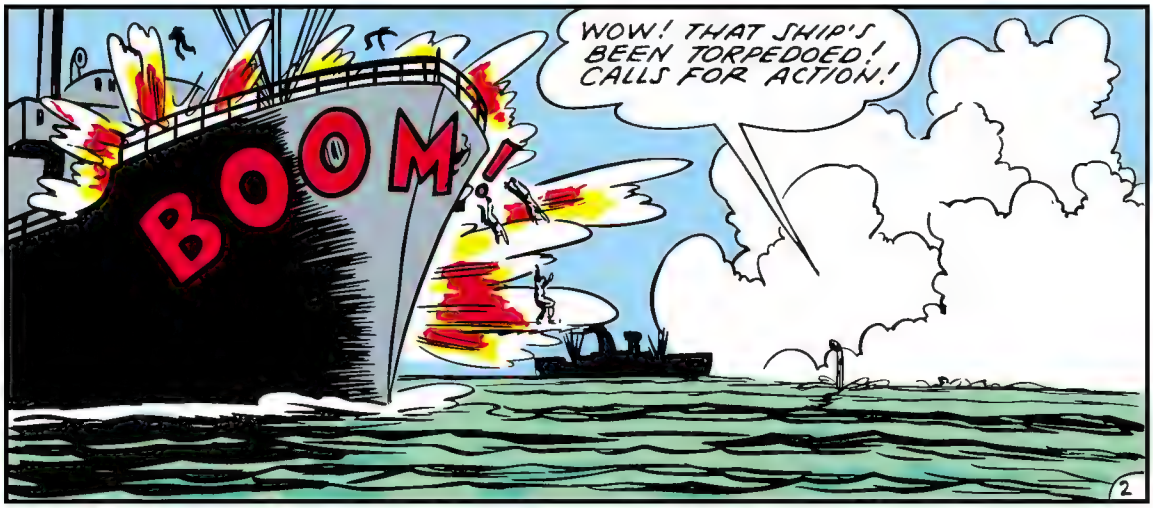

GOOD WORK, WILDMER! LETTING US KNOW JUST WHEN TO SHELL THE CITY! SOON THE WHITE DOG'S SHIP AND NAMOR WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
FOR HITLER AND TOJO! EH?
BUT INSTEAD ONE SUBMARINE, CREW, AND ONE SPY LESS FOR HITLER AND TOJO!
BLAM!
WORKING AT HIS BONDS NAMOR SWIFTLY GETS AWAY FROM THE EXPLOSION!
WONDER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED THERE? MUST HAVE BEEN SUB-MARINER'S WORK BUT HOW?
DOING HIS DUTY AND SEEING NO ADVANTAGE IN MAKING A REPORT TO THE DESTROYER'S OFFICERS. PRINCE NAMOR GOES QUIETLY ON HIS WAY.
THAT'S DONE! NOW FOR FORTY WINKS ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!
THE END

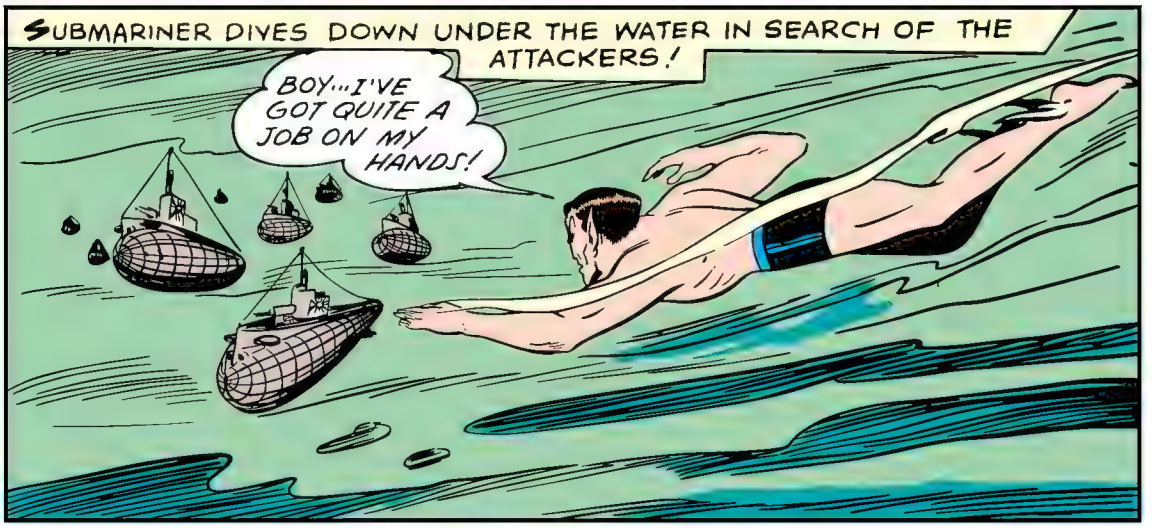

SUB-MARINER
"IN THE
MYSTERY
OF
SABOTAGE CITY"

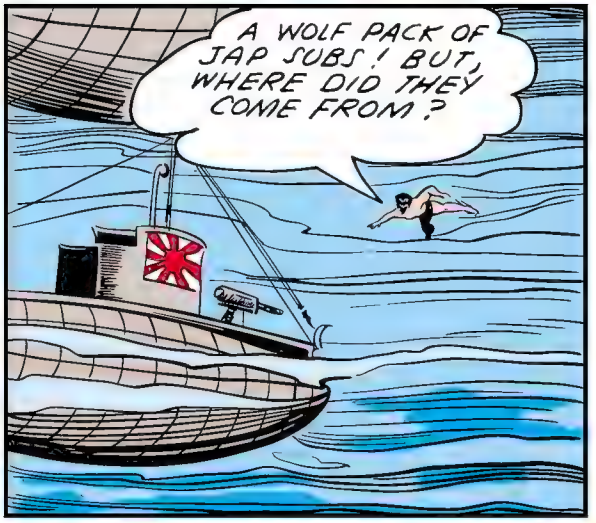

EXTRA!!
JAP SUBS ATTACK MERCHANTMEN FROM SECRET BASE!
MONSTER STAL
ALLIED SHIPPING
STAR
PROFESSOR SM
SAYS A PREHIST-
ORIC MONSTER
EXISTING IS
POSSIBLE!


WHILE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SHOCK AND FASCINATE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, SUB-MARINER SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF THIS STRANGE NEW ENEMY OF THE ALLIES!
HERE COMES ANOTHER CONVOY! THEY'RE APPROACHING THE DANGER AREA ...

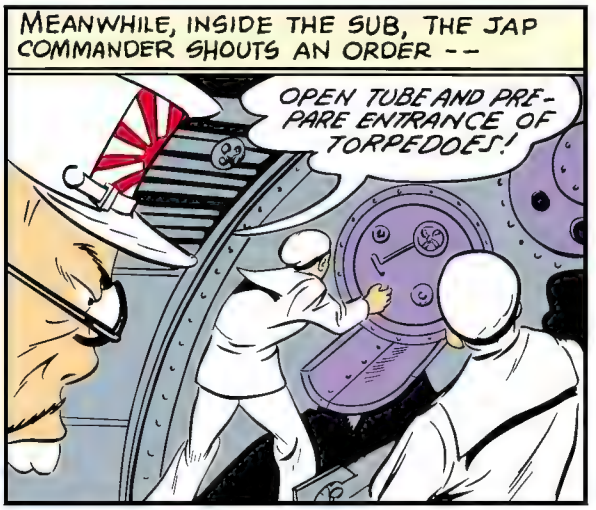
I'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT! THE OTHER SINKINGS OCCURRED AROUND THIS POINT!

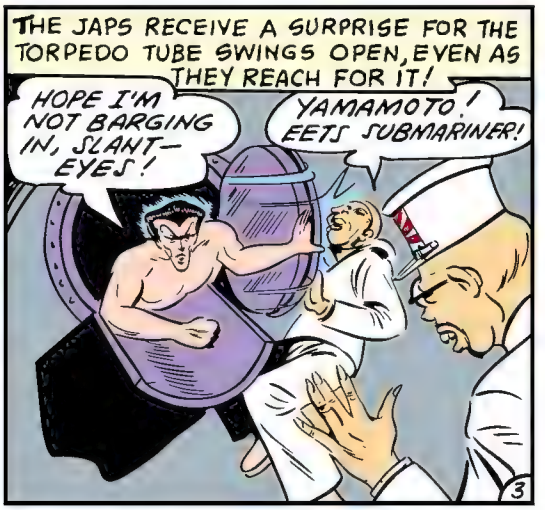

BOOM!
WOW! THAT SHIP'S BEEN TORPEDOED! CALLS FOR ACTION!
2

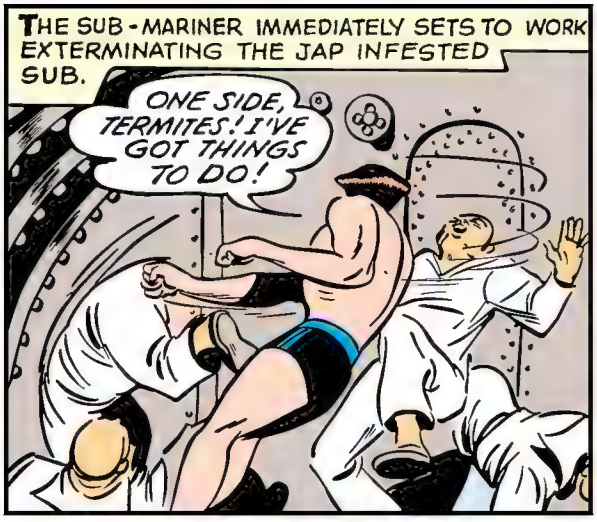

SUBMARINER DIVES DOWN UNDER THE WATER IN SEARCH OF THE ATTACKERS!
BOY...I'VE GOT QUITE A JOB ON MY HANDS!


A WOLF PACK OF JAP SUBS! BUT, WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

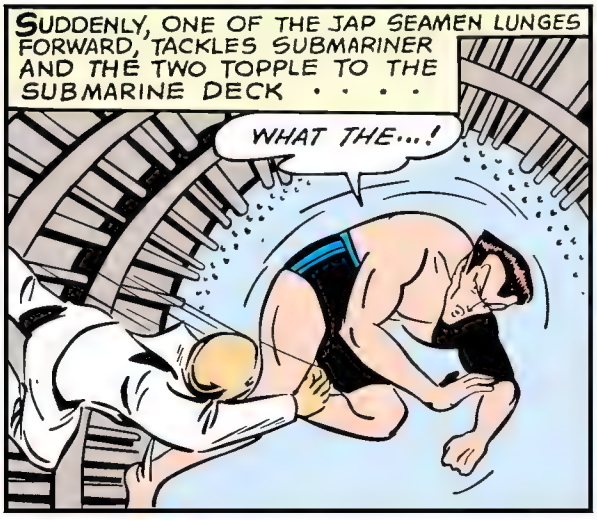
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

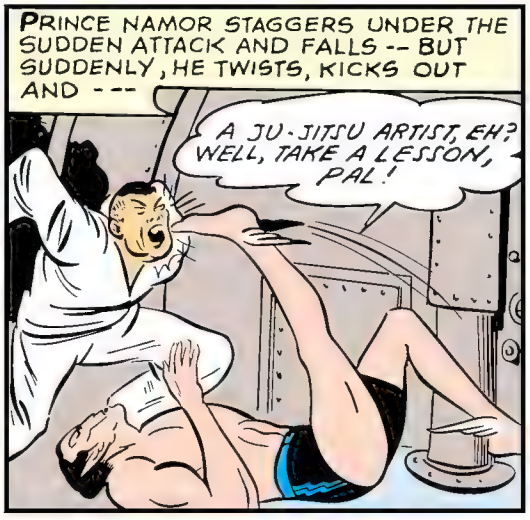

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE SUB, THE JAP COMMANDER SHOUTS AN ORDER --
OPEN TUBE AND PREPARE ENTRANCE OF TORPEDOES!

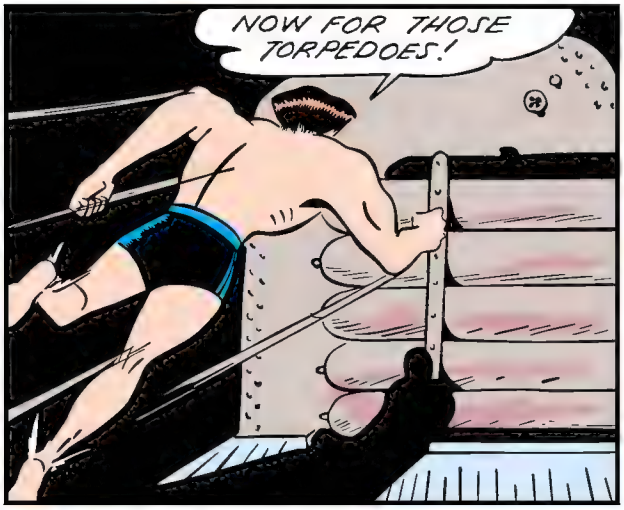

THE JAPS RECEIVE A SURPRISE FOR THE TORPEDO TUBE SWINGS OPEN, EVEN AS THEY REACH FOR IT!
HOPE I'M NOT BARGING IN, SLANT-EYES!
YAMAMOTO! EETS SUBMARINER!
3

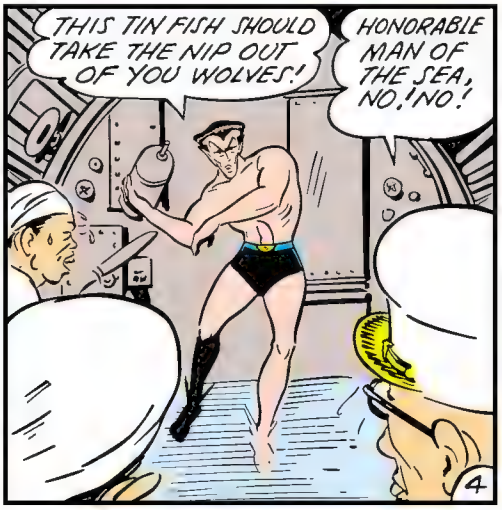

THE SUB-MARINER IMMEDIATELY SETS TO WORK EXTERMINATING THE JAP INFESTED SUB.
ONE SIDE, TERMITES! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

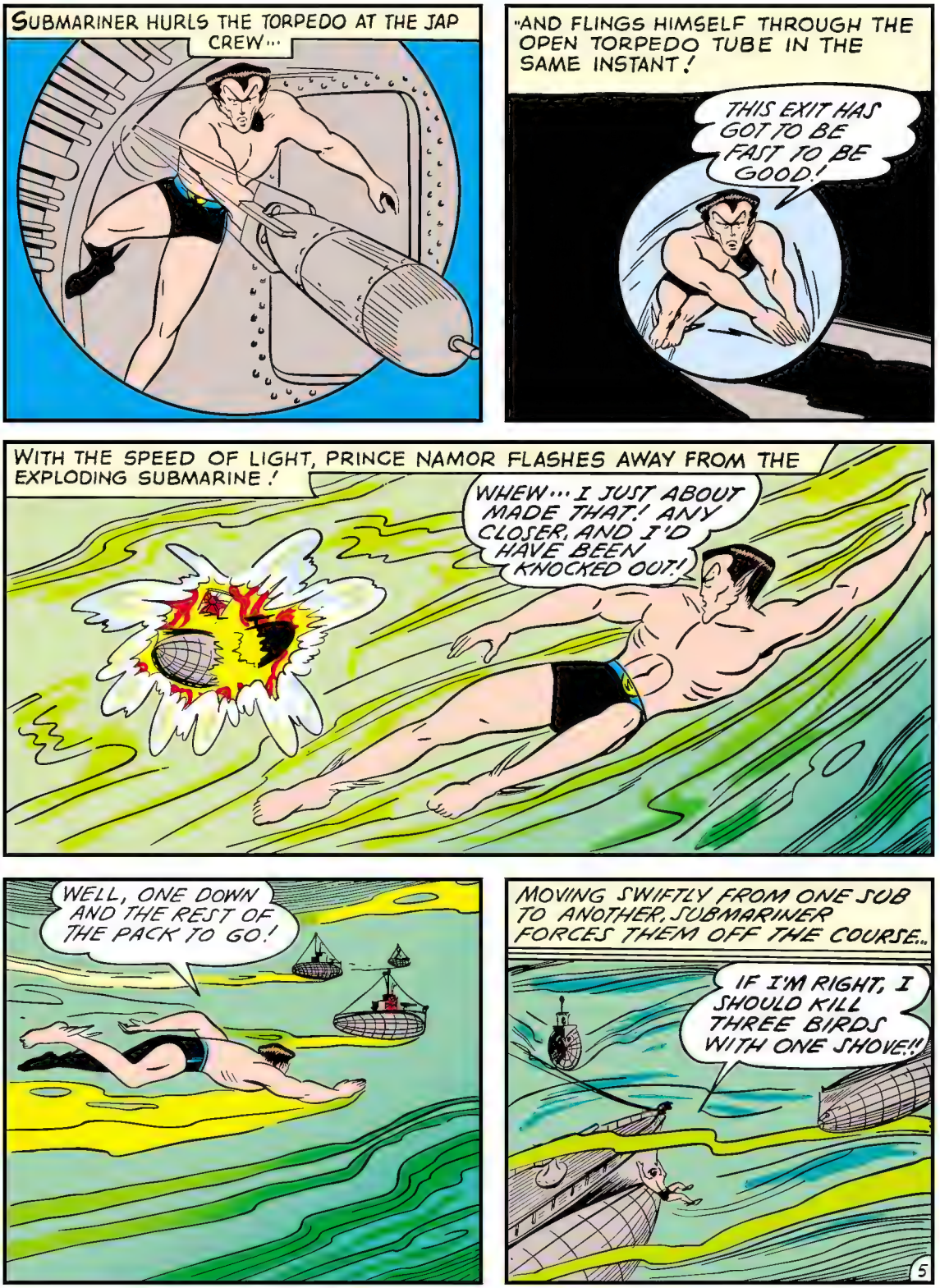
AH! TORPEDOES! THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR REAL EXCITEMENT!

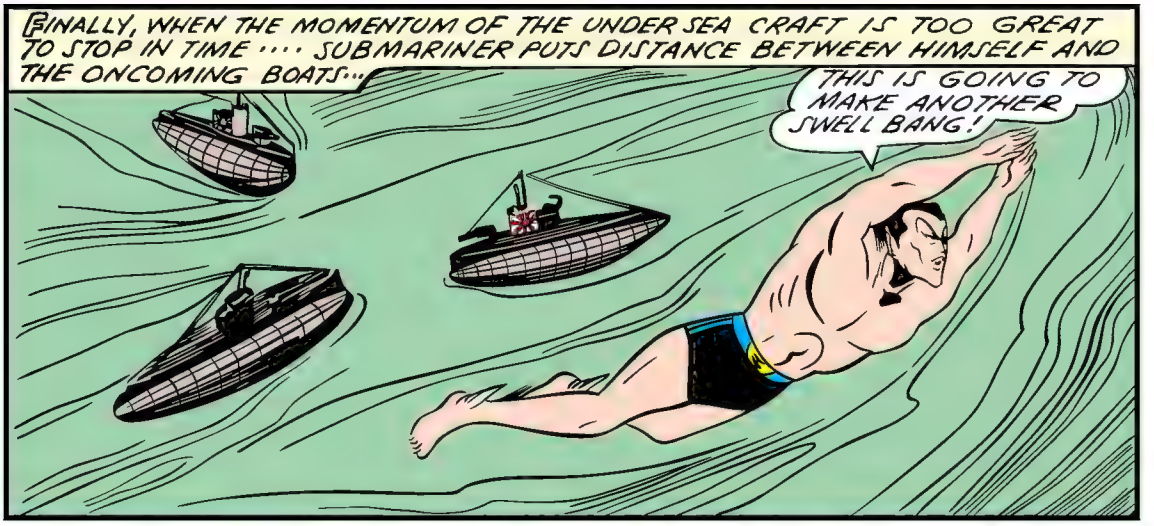

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE JAP SEAMEN LUNGES FORWARD, TACKLES SUBMARINER AND THE TWO TOPPLE TO THE SUBMARINE DECK . . . .
WHAT THE...!

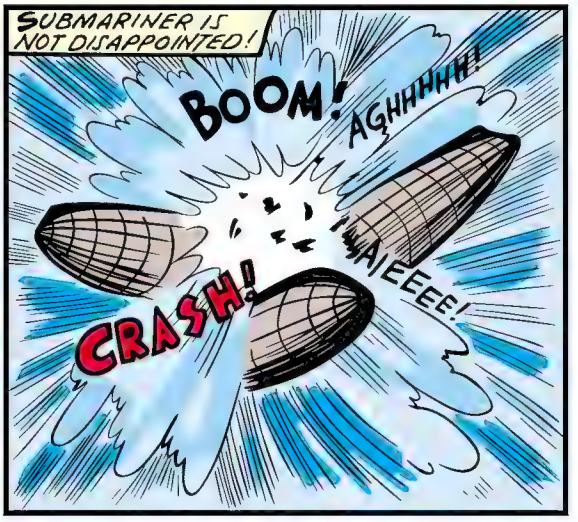

PRINCE NAMOR STAGGERS UNDER THE SUDDEN ATTACK AND FALLS -- BUT SUDDENLY, HE TWISTS, KICKS OUT AND ---
A JU-JITSU ARTIST, EH? WELL, TAKE A LESSON, PAL!

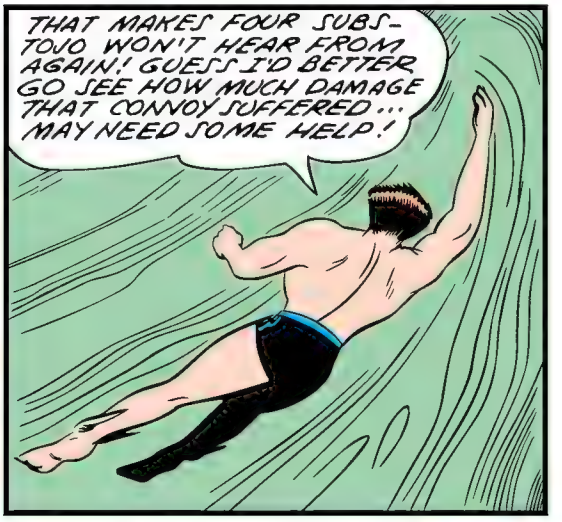

NOW FOR THOSE TORPEDOES!

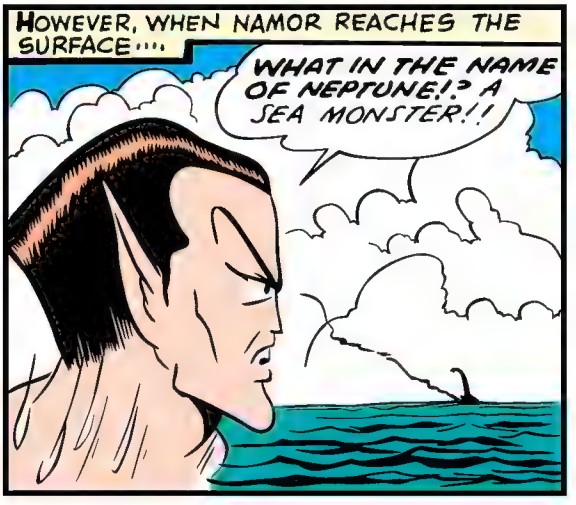

THIS TIN FISH SHOULD TAKE THE NIP OUT OF YOU WOLVES!
HONORABLE MAN OF THE SEA, NO! NO!
4

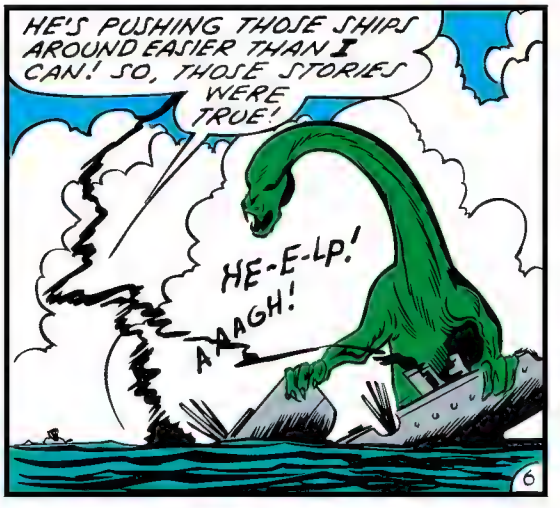

SUBMARINER HURLS THE TORPEDO AT THE JAP CREW...
"AND FLINGS HIMSELF THROUGH THE OPEN TORPEDO TUBE IN THE SAME INSTANT!
THIS EXIT HAS GOT TO BE FAST TO BE GOOD!
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, PRINCE NAMOR FLASHES AWAY FROM THE EXPLODING SUBMARINE!
WHEW... I JUST ABOUT MADE THAT! ANY CLOSER, AND I'D HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT!
WELL, ONE DOWN AND THE REST OF THE PACK TO GO!
MOVING SWIFTLY FROM ONE SUB TO ANOTHER, SUBMARINER FORCES THEM OFF THE COURSE..
IF I'M RIGHT, I SHOULD KILL THREE BIRDS WITH ONE SHOVE!!
5

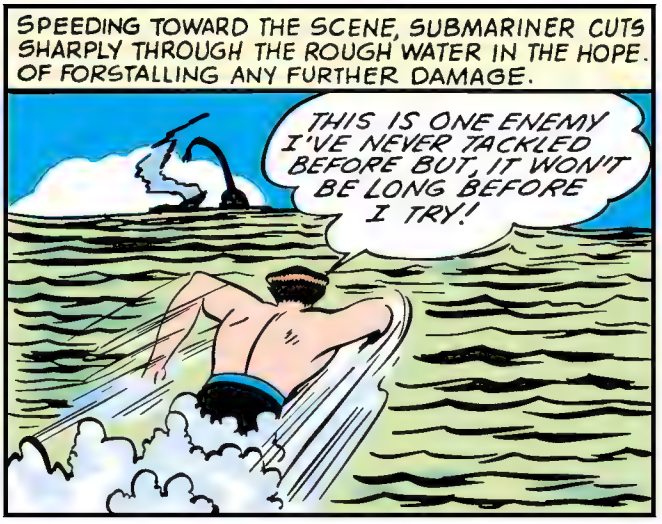

FINALLY, WHEN THE MOMENTUM OF THE UNDER SEA CRAFT IS TOO GREAT TO STOP IN TIME .... SUBMARINER PUTS DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE ONCOMING BOATS...
THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER SWELL BANG!

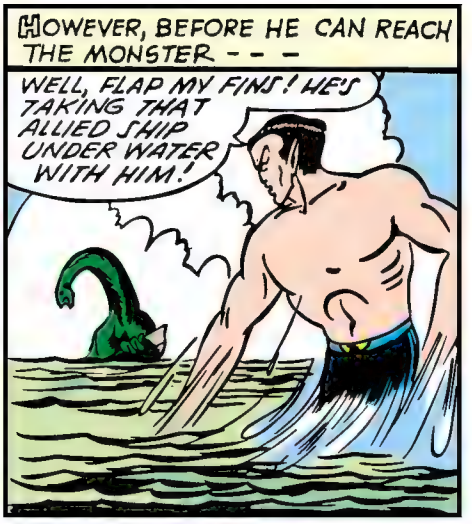

SUBMARINER IS NOT DISAPPOINTED!
BOOM!
AGHHHHH!
AIEEEE!
CRASH!

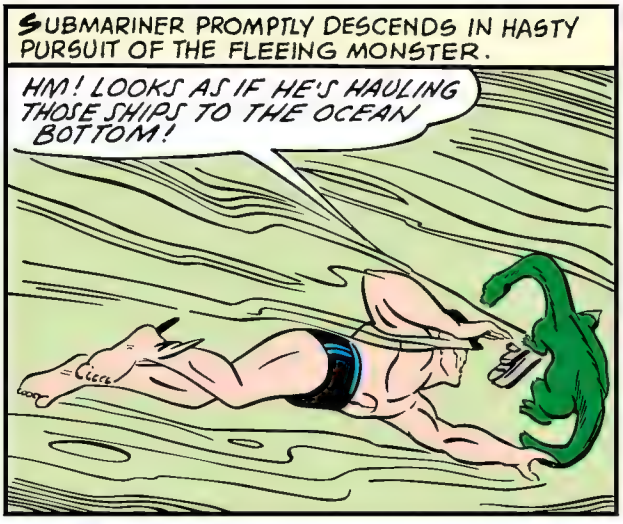

THAT MAKES FOUR SUBS- TOJO WON'T HEAR FROM AGAIN! GUESS I'D BETTER GO SEE HOW MUCH DAMAGE THAT CONVOY SUFFERED... MAY NEED SOME HELP!

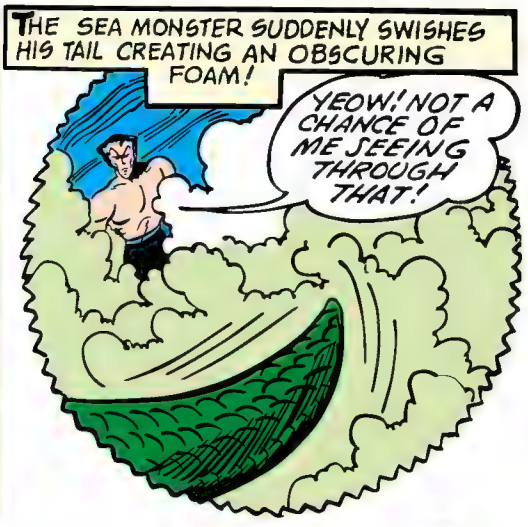

HOWEVER, WHEN NAMOR REACHES THE SURFACE....
WHAT IN THE NAME OF NEPTUNE!? A SEA MONSTER!!

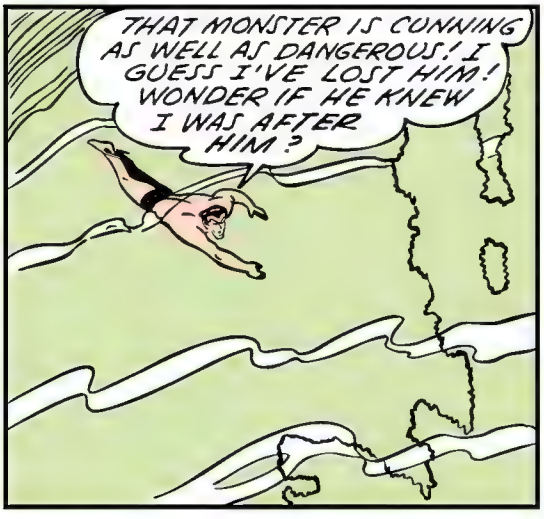

HE'S PUSHING THOSE SHIPS AROUND EASIER THAN I CAN! SO, THOSE STORIES WERE TRUE!
HE-E-LP!
AAAGH!
6

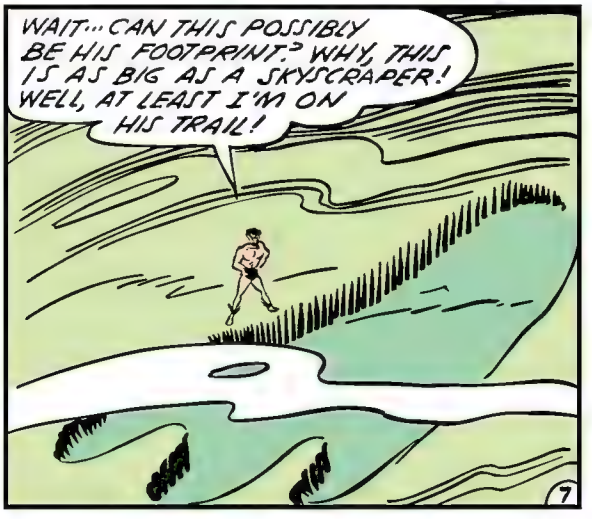

SPEEDING TOWARD THE SCENE, SUBMARINER CUTS SHARPLY THROUGH THE ROUGH WATER IN THE HOPE OF FORSTALLING ANY FURTHER DAMAGE.
THIS IS ONE ENEMY I'VE NEVER TACKLED BEFORE BUT, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I TRY!

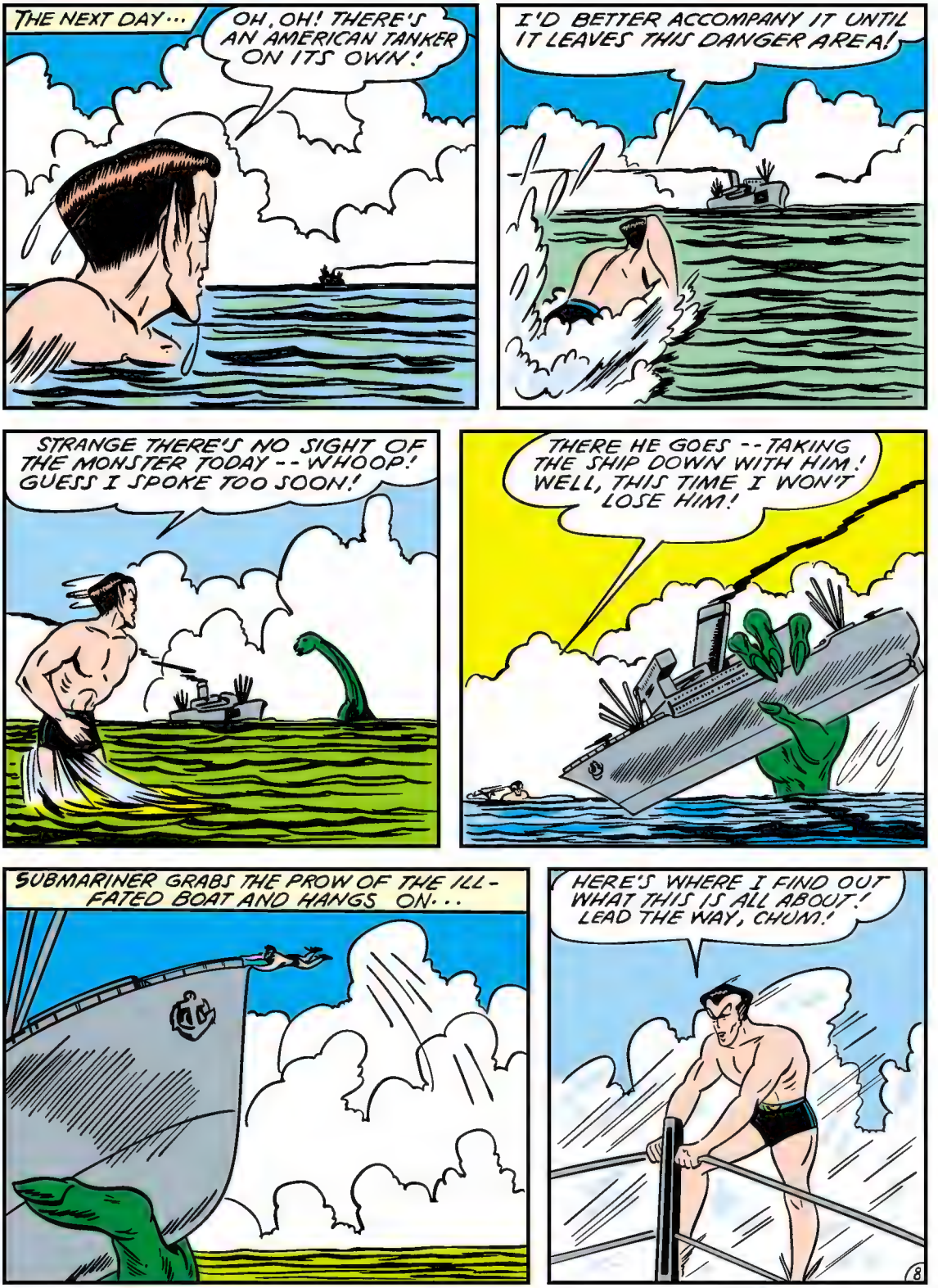

HOWEVER, BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE MONSTER - - -
WELL, FLAP MY FINS! HE'S TAKING THAT ALLIED SHIP UNDER WATER WITH HIM!

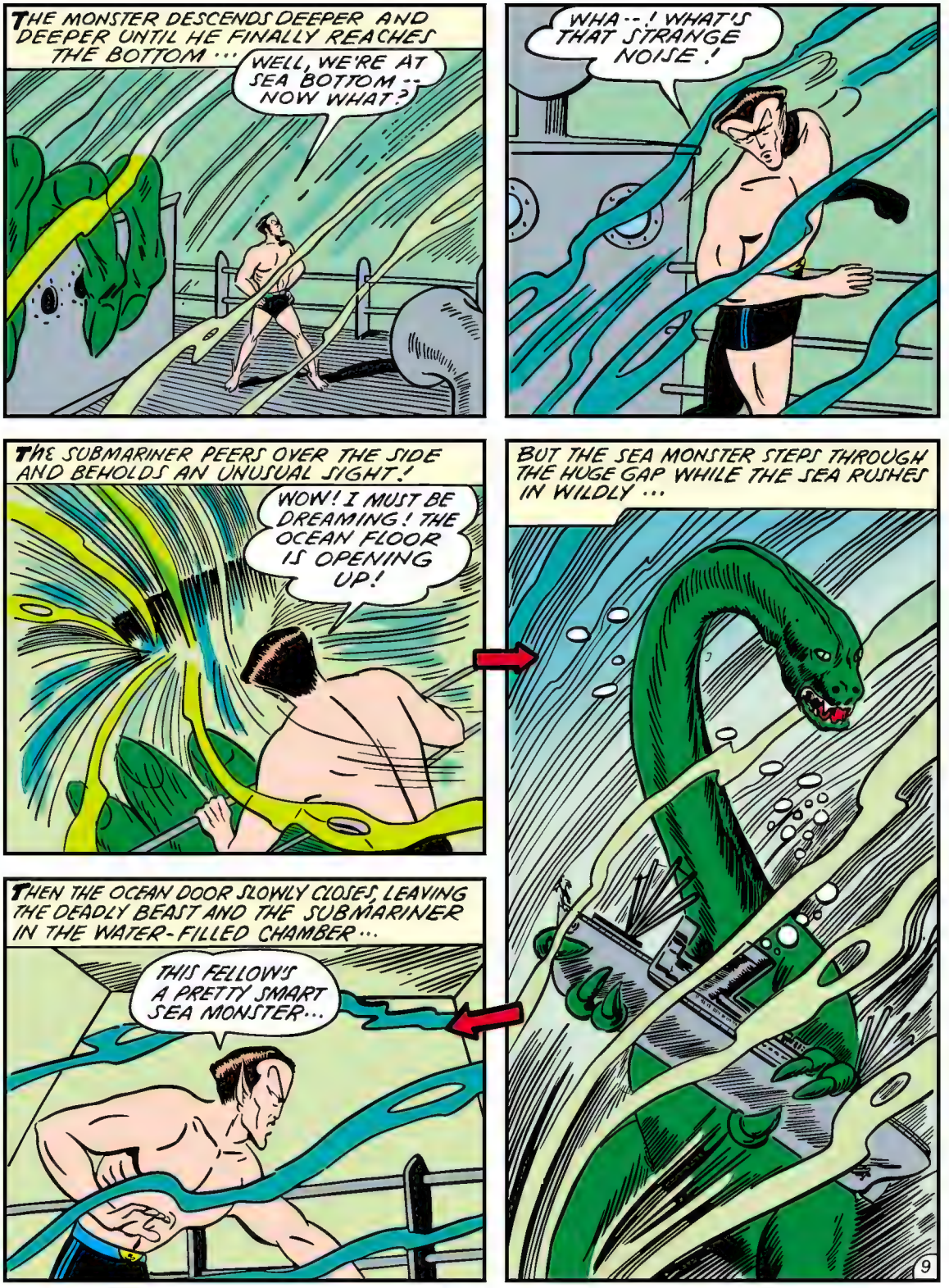

SUBMARINER PROMPTLY DESCENDS IN HASTY PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING MONSTER.
HM! LOOKS AS IF HE'S HAULING THOSE SHIPS TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM!

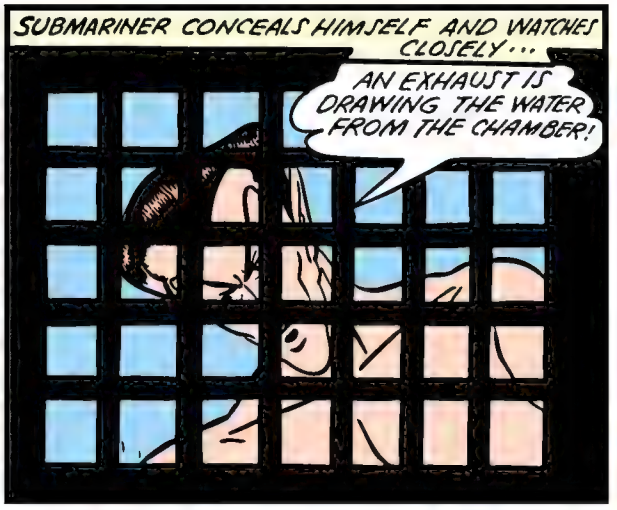

THE SEA MONSTER SUDDENLY SWISHES HIS TAIL CREATING AN OBSCURING FOAM!
YEOW! NOT A CHANCE OF ME SEEING THROUGH THAT!


THAT MONSTER IS CUNNING AS WELL AS DANGEROUS! I GUESS I'VE LOST HIM! WONDER IF HE KNEW I WAS AFTER HIM?

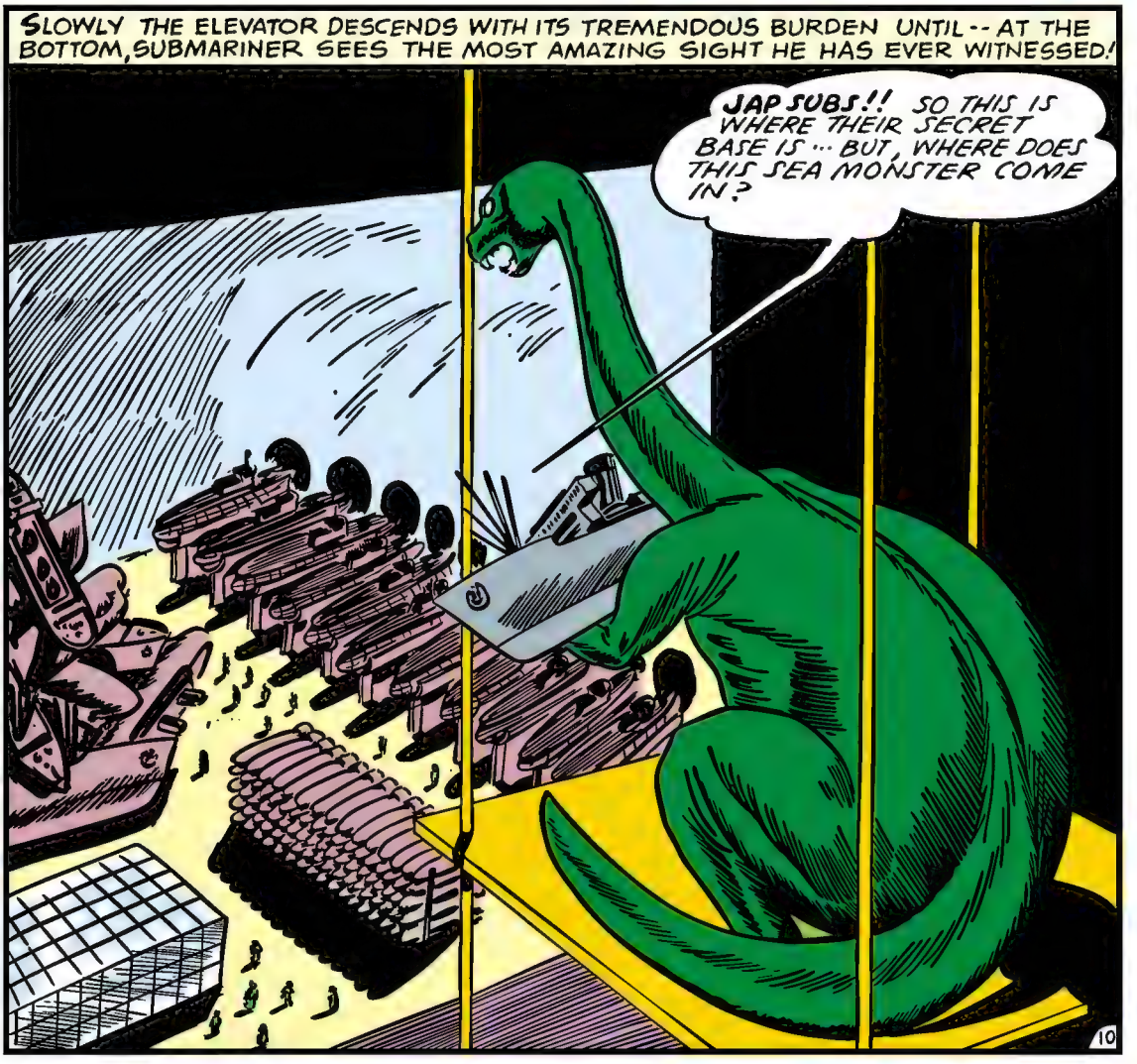

WAIT... CAN THIS POSSIBLY BE HIS FOOTPRINT? WHY, THIS IS AS BIG AS A SKYSCRAPER! WELL, AT LEAST I'M ON HIS TRAIL!

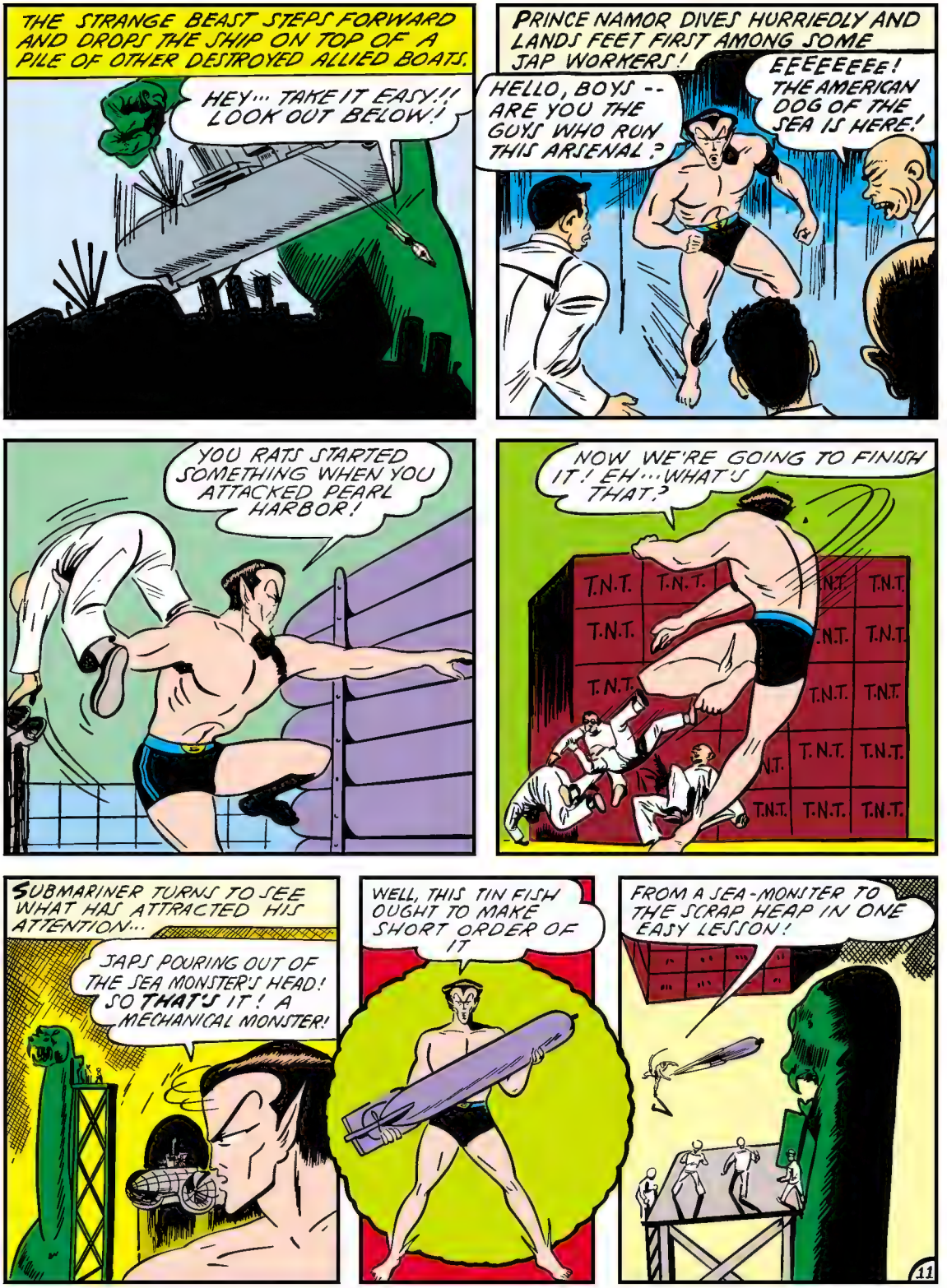

THE NEXT DAY...
OH, OH! THERE'S AN AMERICAN TANKER ON ITS OWN!
I'D BETTER ACCOMPANY IT UNTIL IT LEAVES THIS DANGER AREA!
STRANGE THERE'S NO SIGHT OF THE MONSTER TODAY -- WHOOP! GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON!
THERE HE GOES -- TAKING THE SHIP DOWN WITH HIM! WELL, THIS TIME I WON'T LOSE HIM!
SUBMARINER GRABS THE PROW OF THE ILL-FATED BOAT AND HANGS ON...
HERE'S WHERE I FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! LEAD THE WAY, CHUM!
8


THE MONSTER DESCENDS DEEPER AND DEEPER UNTIL HE FINALLY REACHES THE BOTTOM ...
WELL, WE'RE AT SEA BOTTOM -- NOW WHAT?
WHA--! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE NOISE!
THE SUBMARINER PEERS OVER THE SIDE AND BEHOLDS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT!
WOW! I MUST BE DREAMING! THE OCEAN FLOOR IS OPENING UP!
BUT THE SEA MONSTER STEPS THROUGH THE HUGE GAP WHILE THE SEA RUSHES IN WILDLY ...
THEN THE OCEAN DOOR SLOWLY CLOSES, LEAVING THE DEADLY BEAST AND THE SUBMARINER IN THE WATER-FILLED CHAMBER ...
THIS FELLOW'S A PRETTY SMART SEA MONSTER...


SUBMARINER CONCEALS HIMSELF AND WATCHES CLOSELY...
AN EXHAUST IS DRAWING THE WATER FROM THE CHAMBER!

ONCE EMPTY, THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER RISES TO REVEAL AN ELEVATOR...
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE! I HAVE A PRETTY STRONG HUNCH THE AXIS IS BEHIND THIS SOMEHOW!


SLOWLY THE ELEVATOR DESCENDS WITH ITS TREMENDOUS BURDEN UNTIL -- AT THE BOTTOM, SUBMARINER SEES THE MOST AMAZING SIGHT HE HAS EVER WITNESSED!
JAP SUBS!! SO THIS IS WHERE THEIR SECRET BASE IS... BUT, WHERE DOES THIS SEA MONSTER COME IN?
10


THE STRANGE BEAST STEPS FORWARD AND DROPS THE SHIP ON TOP OF A PILE OF OTHER DESTROYED ALLIED BOATS.
HEY... TAKE IT EASY!! LOOK OUT BELOW!
PRINCE NAMOR DIVES HURRIEDLY AND LANDS FEET FIRST AMONG SOME JAP WORKERS!
HELLO, BOYS -- ARE YOU THE GUYS WHO RUN THIS ARSENAL?
EEEEEEEE! THE AMERICAN DOG OF THE SEA IS HERE!
YOU RATS STARTED SOMETHING WHEN YOU ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR!
NOW WE'RE GOING TO FINISH IT! EH... WHAT'S THAT?
T.N.T.
SUBMARINER TURNS TO SEE WHAT HAS ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION...
JAPS POURING OUT OF THE SEA MONSTER'S HEAD! SO THAT'S IT! A MECHANICAL MONSTER!
WELL, THIS TIN FISH OUGHT TO MAKE SHORT ORDER OF IT
FROM A SEA-MONSTER TO THE SCRAP HEAP IN ONE EASY LESSON!

THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WHICH TEARS THE STRANGE MONSTER AND ITS JAP OPERATORS INTO MILLIONS OF SMALL PIECES!

BOMO

NOW TO GET MY HANDS ON THE REST OF THESE NIPS!

CALLING ON ALL HIS STRENGTH, SUBMARINER BREAKS THE WOODEN PLANKS THAT HOLD THE SUBMARINE PLATFORMS AND THEY COLLAPSE!

NOW FOR THE ELEVATOR AND THE KNOCKOUT BLOW!

STEPPING ON THE ELEVATOR, SUBMARINER PULLS THE CABLE AND THE MACHINE STARTS ON ITS UPWARD JOURNEY...

THIS SHOULD DO IT!

THE ELEVATOR, GAINING SPEED, RIDS INTO THE CHAMBER FLOOR WITH THE SUBMARINER STILL HANGING ON!

WOW!

THE RUNAWAY ELEVATOR PASSES THROUGH THE EMPTY CHAMBER AND TEARS A HUGE GAP INTO THE PARTITION ... SENDING THE OCEAN STREAMING INTO THE GREAT MAN-MADE CAVITY!

THAT'S ONE MORE JAP IDEA OUT OF COMMISSION AND THE JAP SUB MENACE IS UNDER CONTROL FOR A WHILE! GUESS I'D BETTER GET TO WASHINGTON AND EXPLAIN ABOUT THAT MONSTER!

THE END

URGENT!

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HELLO, KIDS! YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!** GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!

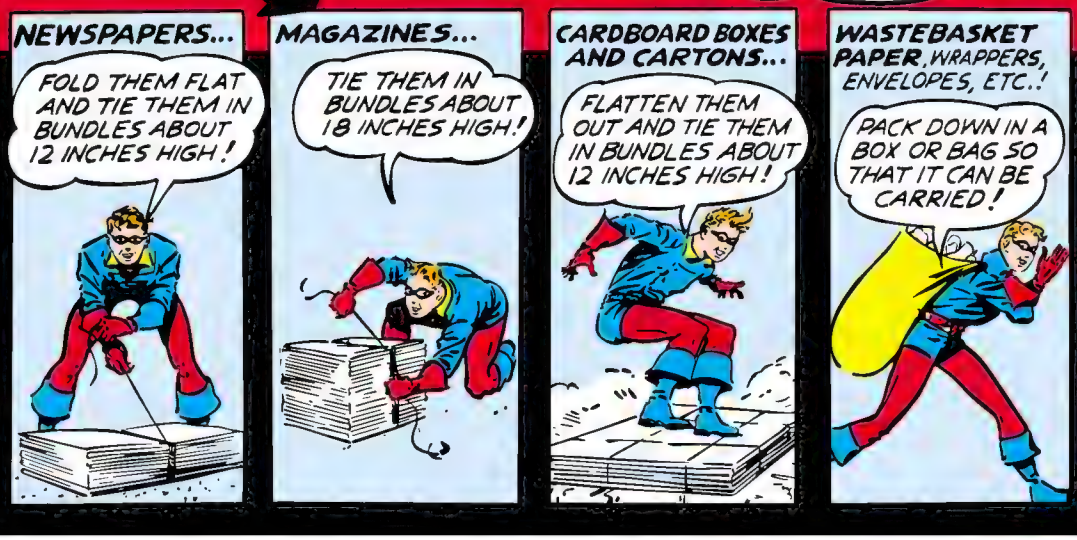
PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...

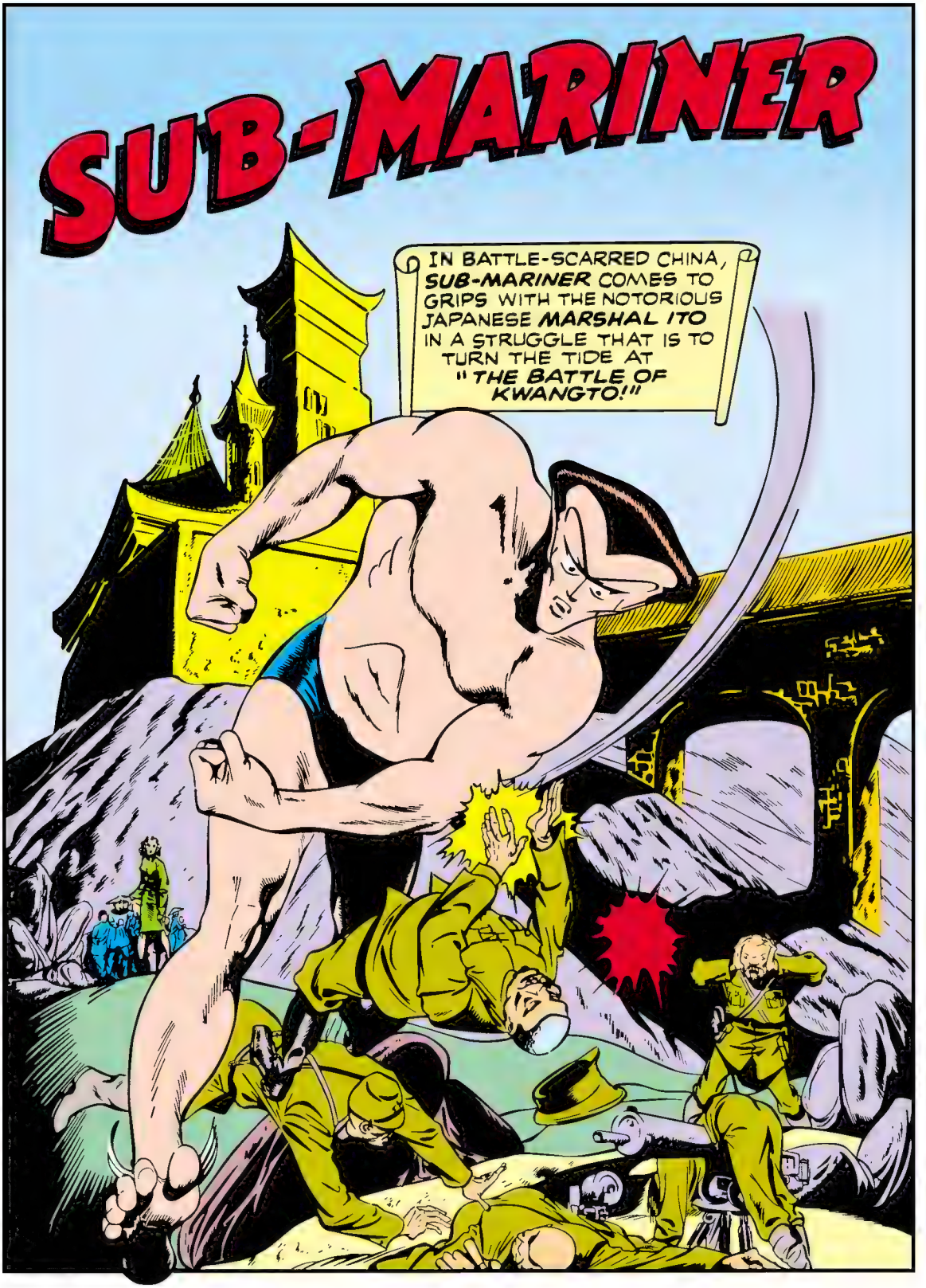
DO IT NOW ··· THIS MINUTE!

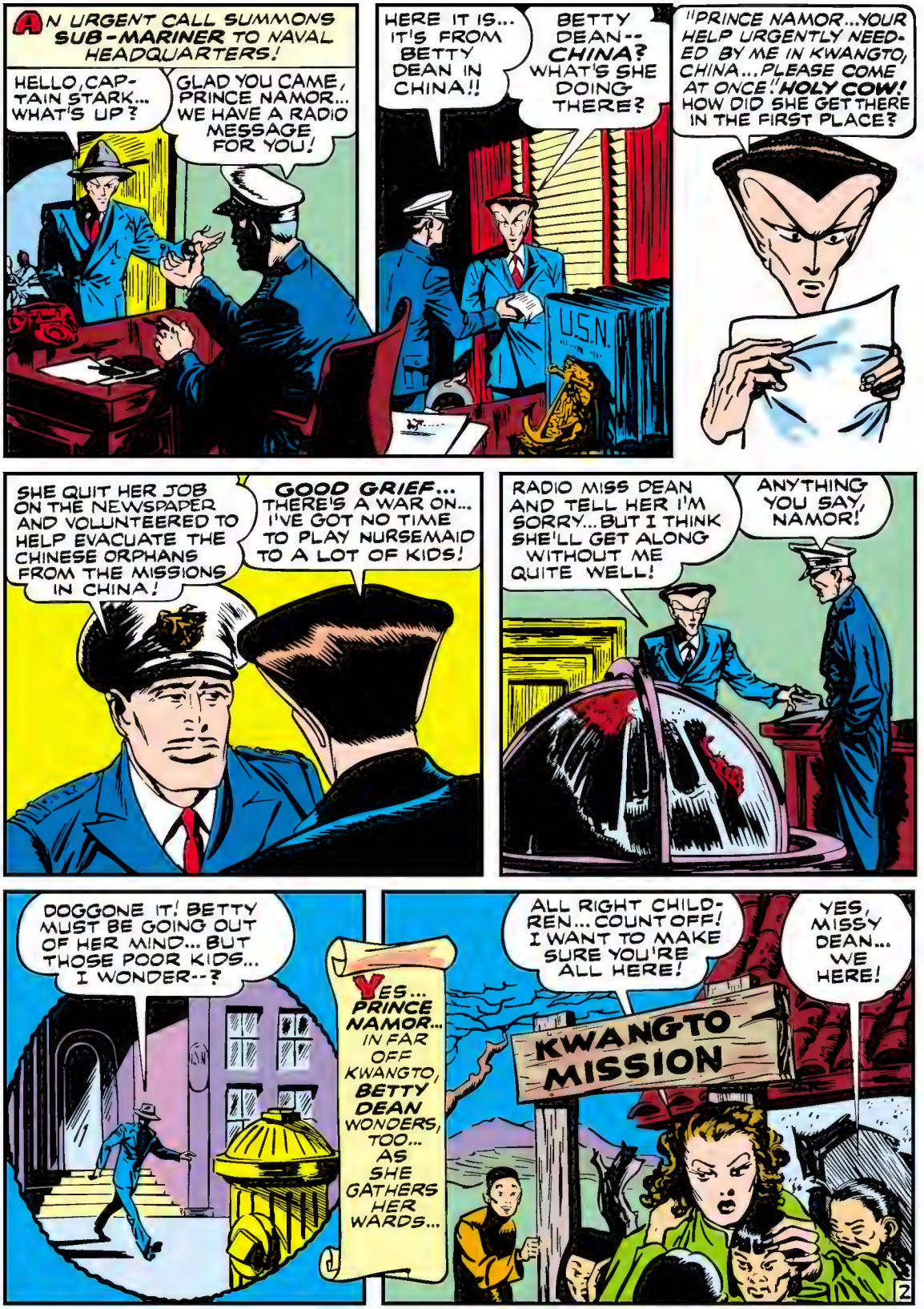
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!

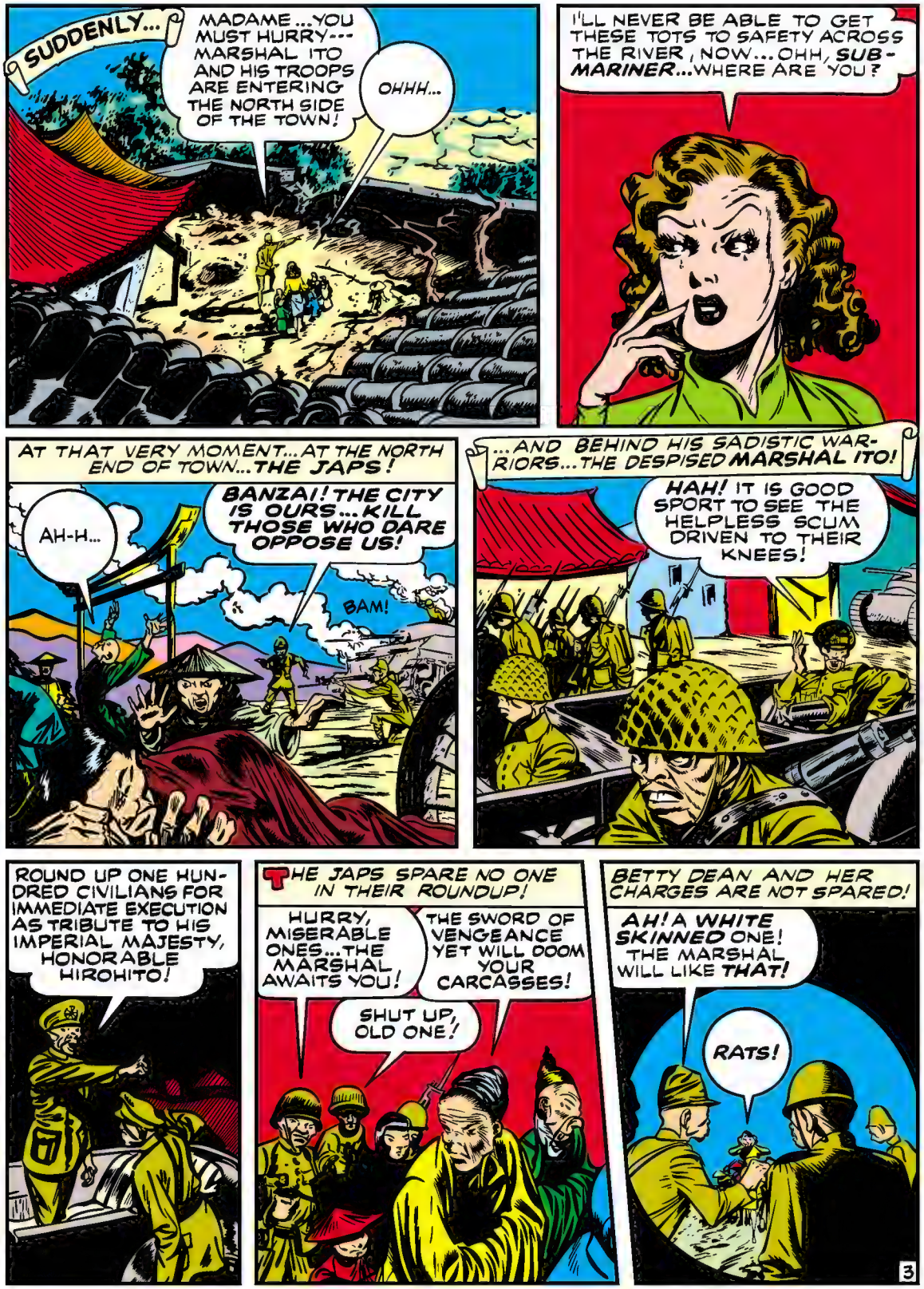
THANKS, KIDS!

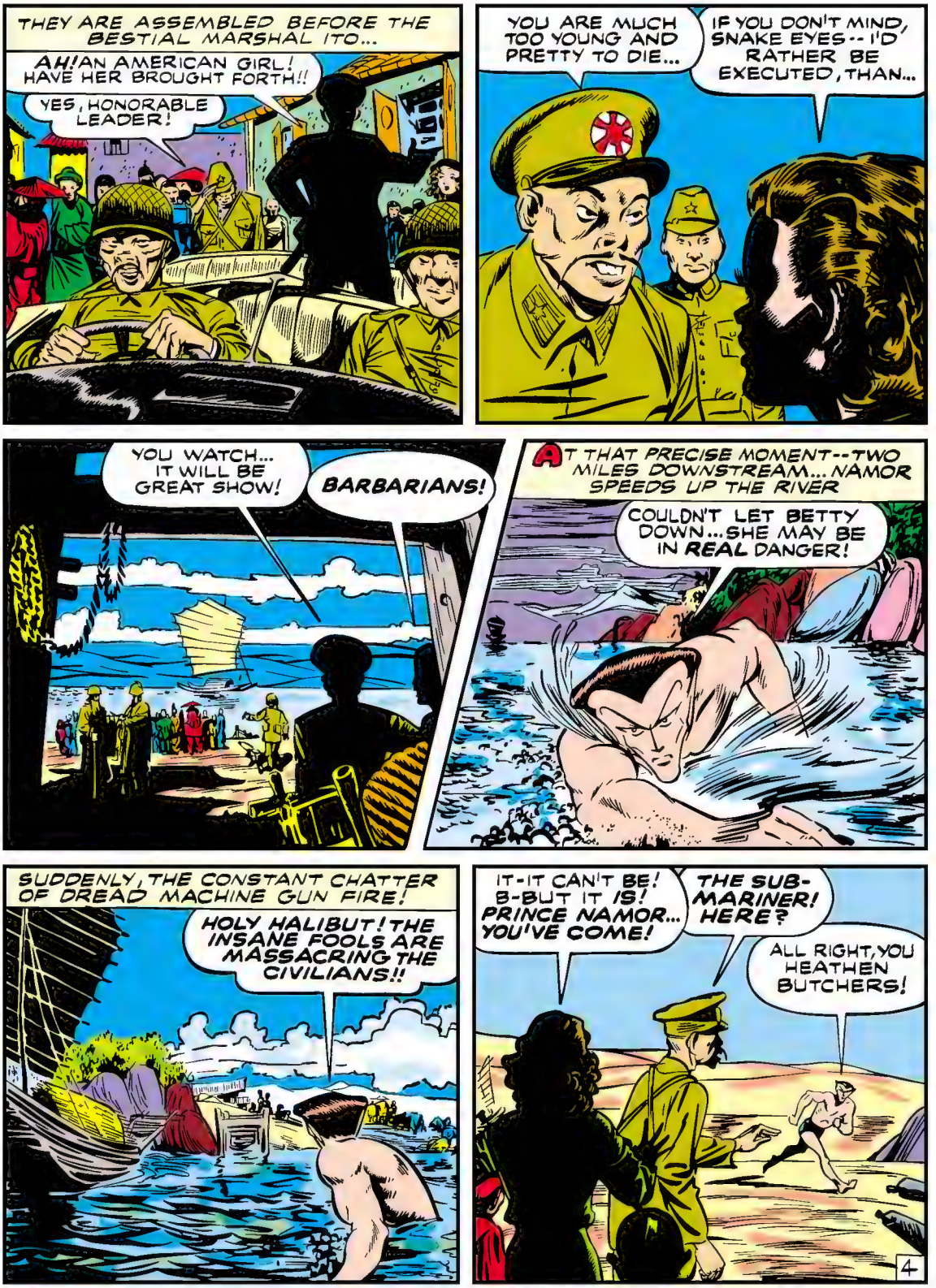
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER FOR EASY HANDLING!

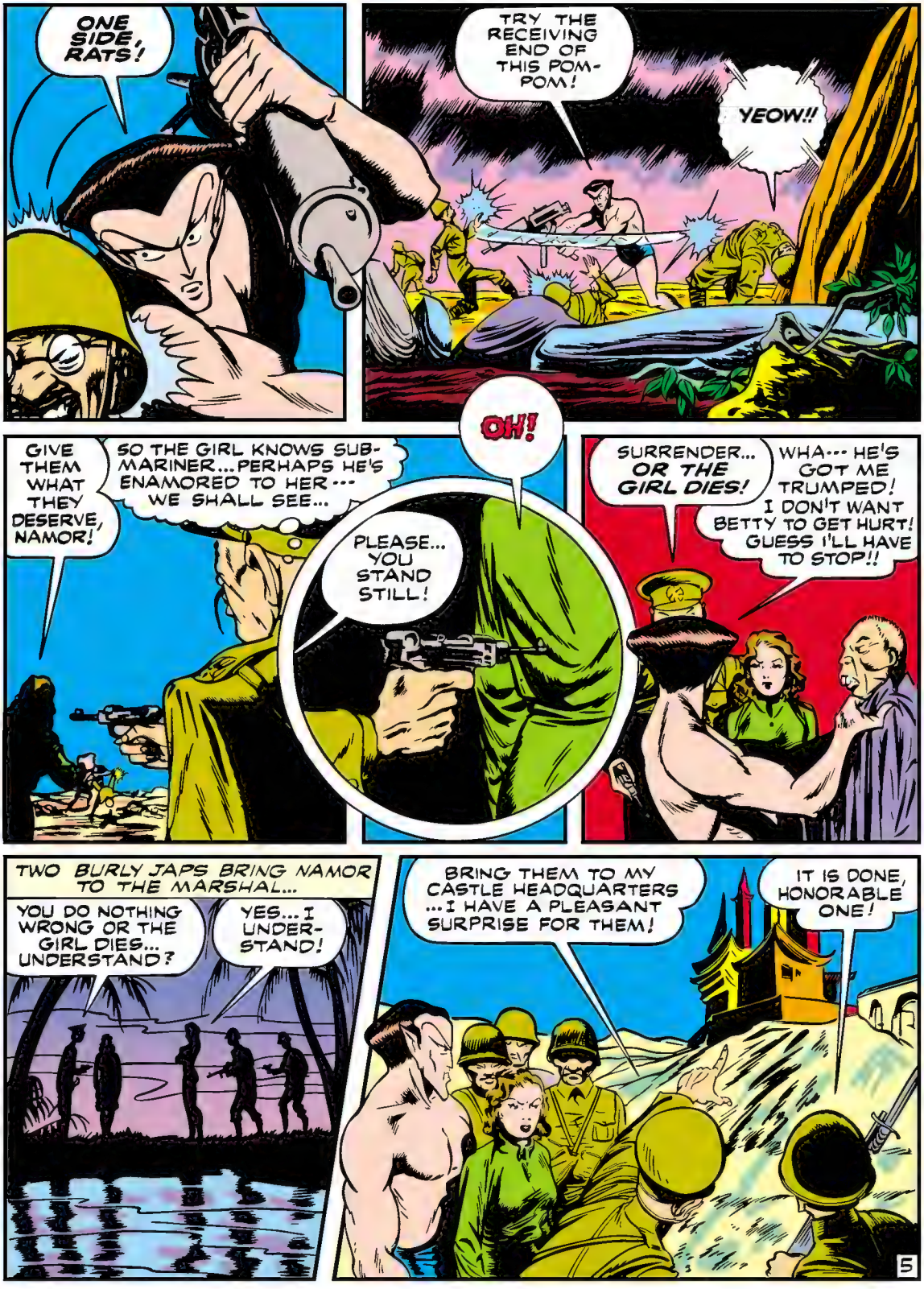

NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

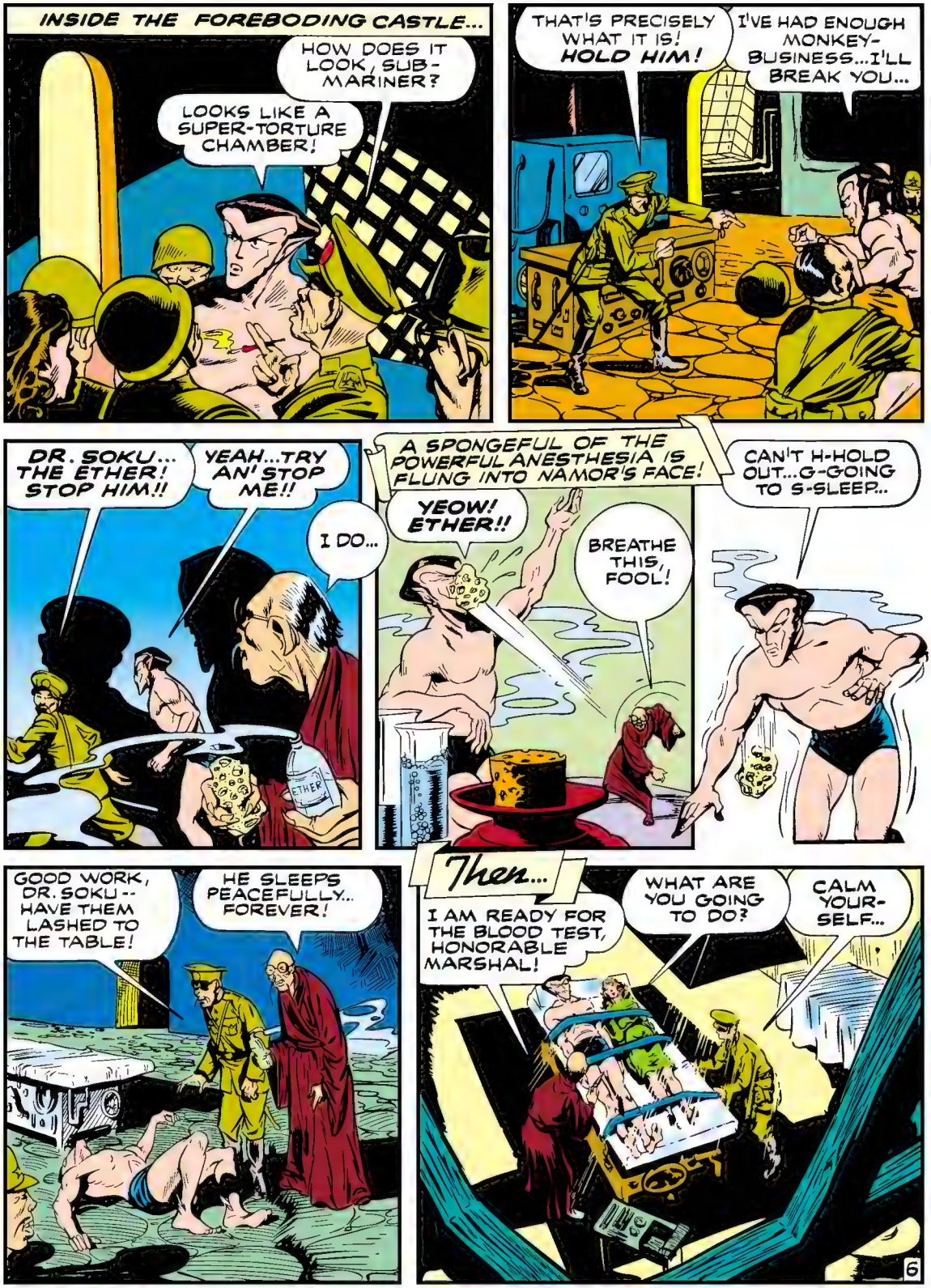

SUB-MARINER
IN BATTLE-SCARRED CHINA, SUB-MARINER COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE NOTORIOUS JAPANESE MARSHAL ITO IN A STRUGGLE THAT IS TO TURN THE TIDE AT "THE BATTLE OF KWANGTO!"

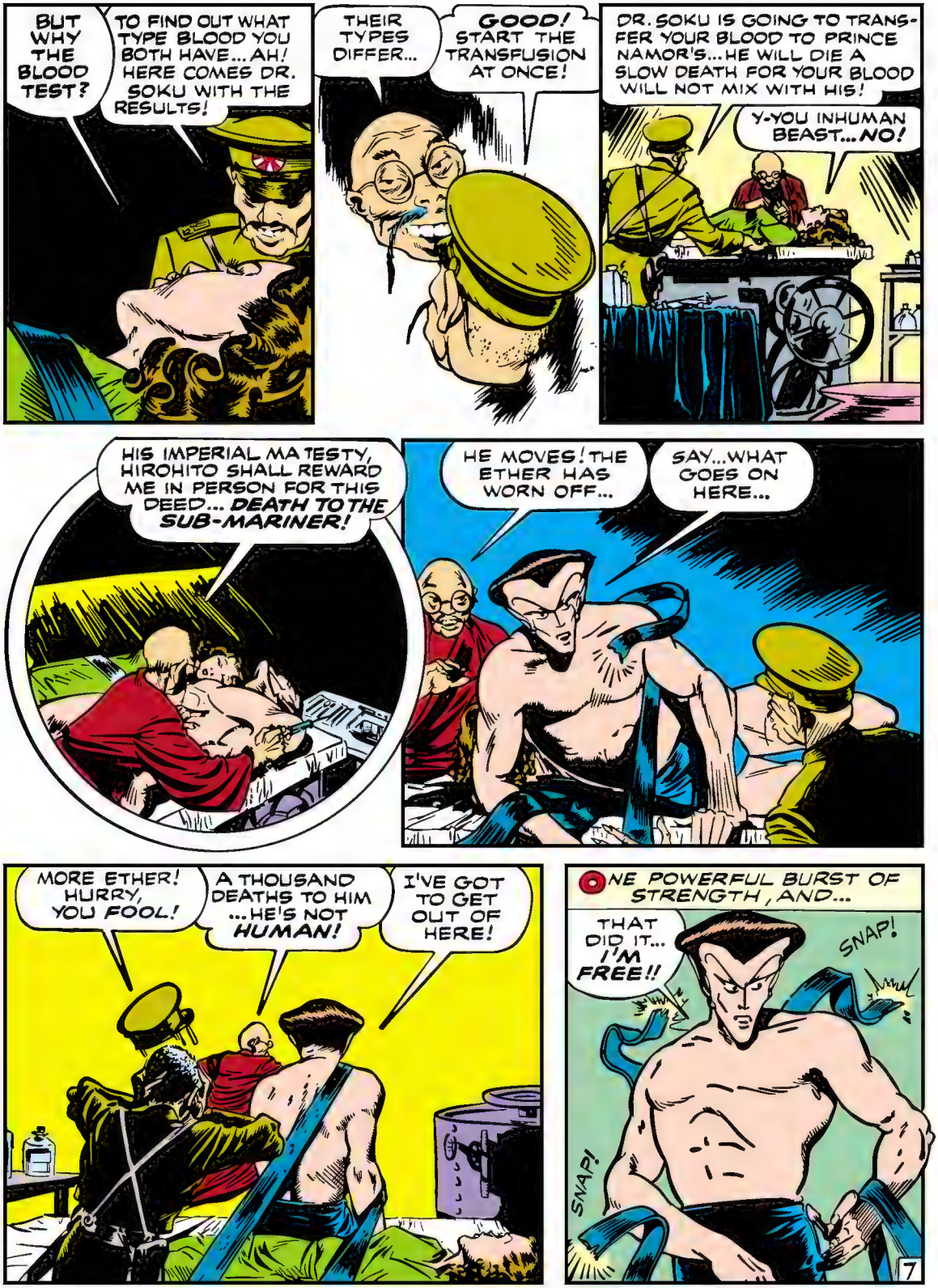

AN URGENT CALL SUMMONS SUB-MARINER TO NAVAL HEADQUARTERS!
HELLO, CAPTAIN STARK... WHAT'S UP?
GLAD YOU CAME, PRINCE NAMOR... WE HAVE A RADIO MESSAGE FOR YOU!
HERE IT IS... IT'S FROM BETTY DEAN IN CHINA!!
BETTY DEAN--CHINA? WHAT'S SHE DOING THERE?
U.S.N.
"PRINCE NAMOR...YOUR HELP URGENTLY NEEDED BY ME IN KWANGTO, CHINA...PLEASE COME AT ONCE!" HOLY COW! HOW DID SHE GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
SHE QUIT HER JOB ON THE NEWSPAPER AND VOLUNTEERED TO HELP EVACUATE THE CHINESE ORPHANS FROM THE MISSIONS IN CHINA!
GOOD GRIEF... THERE'S A WAR ON... I'VE GOT NO TIME TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO A LOT OF KIDS!
RADIO MISS DEAN AND TELL HER I'M SORRY...BUT I THINK SHE'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT ME QUITE WELL!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, NAMOR!
DOGGONE IT! BETTY MUST BE GOING OUT OF HER MIND... BUT THOSE POOR KIDS... I WONDER--?
YES... PRINCE NAMOR... IN FAR OFF KWANGTO, BETTY DEAN WONDERS, TOO... AS SHE GATHERS HER WARDS...
ALL RIGHT CHILDREN... COUNT OFF! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE ALL HERE!
YES, MISSY DEAN... WE HERE!
KWANGTO MISSION
2

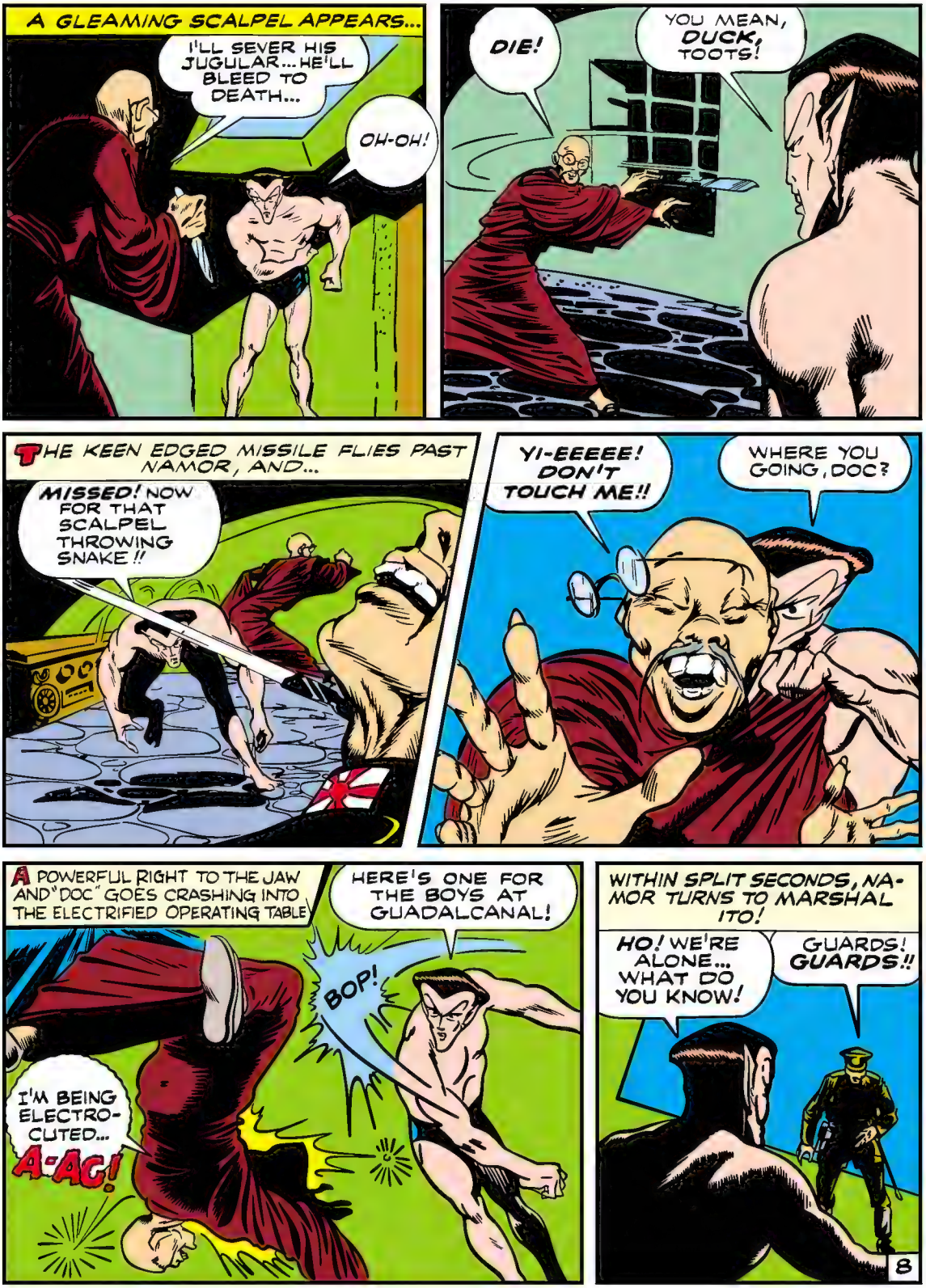

SUDDENLY...
MADAME ...YOU MUST HURRY--- MARSHAL ITO AND HIS TROOPS ARE ENTERING THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TOWN!
OHHH...
I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THESE TOTS TO SAFETY ACROSS THE RIVER, NOW... OHH, SUB-MARINER...WHERE ARE YOU?
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...AT THE NORTH END OF TOWN...THE JAPS!
AH-H...
BANZAI! THE CITY IS OURS...KILL THOSE WHO DARE OPPOSE US!
BAM!
...AND BEHIND HIS SADISTIC WARRIORS...THE DESPISED MARSHAL ITO!
HAH! IT IS GOOD SPORT TO SEE THE HELPLESS SCUM DRIVEN TO THEIR KNEES!
ROUND UP ONE HUNDRED CIVILIANS FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS TRIBUTE TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, HONORABLE HIROHITO!
THE JAPS SPARE NO ONE IN THEIR ROUNDUP!
HURRY, MISERABLE ONES...THE MARSHAL AWAITS YOU!
THE SWORD OF VENGEANCE YET WILL DOOM YOUR CARCASSES!
SHUT UP, OLD ONE!
BETTY DEAN AND HER CHARGES ARE NOT SPARED!
AH! A WHITE SKINNED ONE! THE MARSHAL WILL LIKE THAT!
RATS!
3


THEY ARE ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE BESTIAL MARSHAL ITO...
AH! AN AMERICAN GIRL! HAVE HER BROUGHT FORTH!!
YES, HONORABLE LEADER!
YOU ARE MUCH TOO YOUNG AND PRETTY TO DIE...
IF YOU DON'T MIND, SNAKE EYES -- I'D RATHER BE EXECUTED, THAN...
YOU WATCH... IT WILL BE GREAT SHOW!
BARBARIANS!
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT -- TWO MILES DOWNSTREAM... NAMOR SPEEDS UP THE RIVER
COULDN'T LET BETTY DOWN... SHE MAY BE IN REAL DANGER!
SUDDENLY, THE CONSTANT CHATTER OF DREAD MACHINE GUN FIRE!
HOLY HALIBUT! THE INSANE FOOLS ARE MASSACRING THE CIVILIANS!!
IT-IT CAN'T BE! B-BUT IT IS! PRINCE NAMOR... YOU'VE COME!
THE SUB-MARINER! HERE?
ALL RIGHT, YOU HEATHEN BUTCHERS!
4

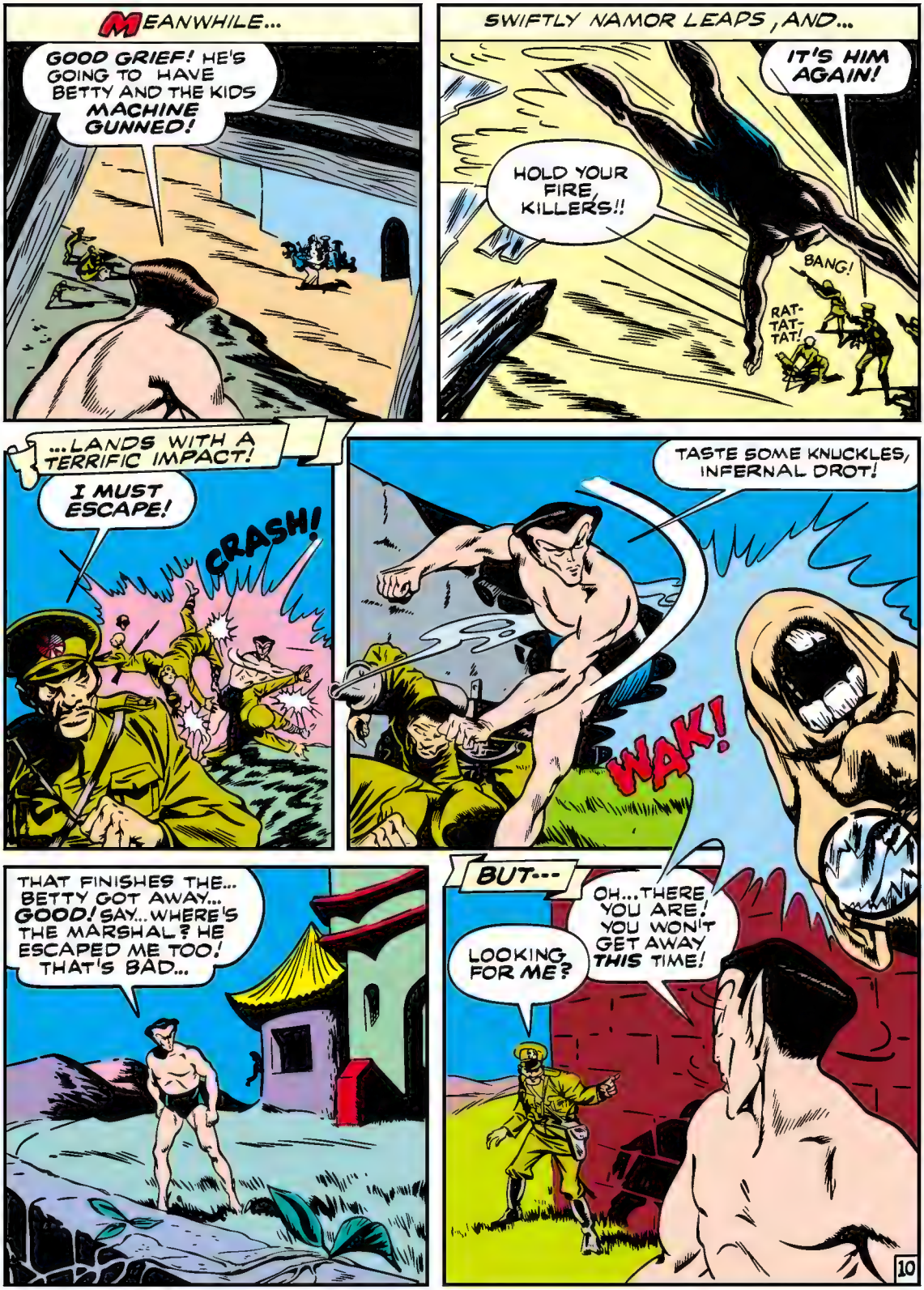

ONE SIDE, RATS!
TRY THE RECEIVING END OF THIS POM-POM!
YEOW!!
OH!
GIVE THEM WHAT THEY DESERVE, NAMOR!
SO THE GIRL KNOWS SUB-MARINER...PERHAPS HE'S ENAMORED TO HER--- WE SHALL SEE...
PLEASE... YOU STAND STILL!
SURRENDER... OR THE GIRL DIES!
WHA--- HE'S GOT ME TRUMPED! I DON'T WANT BETTY TO GET HURT! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO STOP!!
TWO BURLY JAPS BRING NAMOR TO THE MARSHAL...
YOU DO NOTHING WRONG OR THE GIRL DIES... UNDERSTAND?
YES... I UNDER-STAND!
BRING THEM TO MY CASTLE HEADQUARTERS ...I HAVE A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR THEM!
IT IS DONE, HONORABLE ONE!


INSIDE THE FOREBODING CASTLE...
HOW DOES IT LOOK, SUB-MARINER?
LOOKS LIKE A SUPER-TORTURE CHAMBER!
THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT IT IS! HOLD HIM!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH MONKEY-BUSINESS...I'LL BREAK YOU...
DR. SOKU... THE ETHER! STOP HIM!!
YEAH...TRY AN' STOP ME!!
I DO...
ETHER
A SPONGEFUL OF THE POWERFUL ANESTHESIA IS FLUNG INTO NAMOR'S FACE!
YEOW! ETHER!!
BREATHE THIS, FOOL!
CAN'T H-HOLD OUT...G-GOING TO S-SLEEP...
GOOD WORK, DR. SOKU -- HAVE THEM LASHED TO THE TABLE!
HE SLEEPS PEACEFULLY... FOREVER!
Then...
I AM READY FOR THE BLOOD TEST, HONORABLE MARSHAL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
CALM YOUR-SELF...
6


BUT WHY THE BLOOD TEST?
TO FIND OUT WHAT TYPE BLOOD YOU BOTH HAVE... AH! HERE COMES DR. SOKU WITH THE RESULTS!
THEIR TYPES DIFFER...
GOOD! START THE TRANSFUSION AT ONCE!
DR. SOKU IS GOING TO TRANSFER YOUR BLOOD TO PRINCE NAMOR'S... HE WILL DIE A SLOW DEATH FOR YOUR BLOOD WILL NOT MIX WITH HIS!
Y-YOU INHUMAN BEAST... NO!
HIS IMPERIAL MA TESTY, HIROHITO SHALL REWARD ME IN PERSON FOR THIS DEED... DEATH TO THE SUB-MARINER!
HE MOVES! THE ETHER HAS WORN OFF...
SAY... WHAT GOES ON HERE...
MORE ETHER! HURRY, YOU FOOL!
A THOUSAND DEATHS TO HIM ...HE'S NOT HUMAN!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
ONE POWERFUL BURST OF STRENGTH, AND...
THAT DID IT... I'M FREE!!
SNAP!
SNAP!


A GLEAMING SCALPEL APPEARS...
I'LL SEVER HIS JUGULAR... HE'LL BLEED TO DEATH...
OH-OH!
DIE!
YOU MEAN, DUCK, TOOTS!
THE KEEN EDGED MISSILE FLIES PAST NAMOR, AND...
MISSED! NOW FOR THAT SCALPEL THROWING SNAKE!!
YI-EEEEE! DON'T TOUCH ME!!
WHERE YOU GOING, DOC?
A POWERFUL RIGHT TO THE JAW AND "DOC" GOES CRASHING INTO THE ELECTRIFIED OPERATING TABLE
HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOYS AT GUADALCANAL!
BOP!
I'M BEING ELECTRO-CUTED...
A-AC!
WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS, NAMOR TURNS TO MARSHAL ITO!
HO! WE'RE ALONE... WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
GUARDS! GUARDS!!
8

GOSH... THIS PLACE HAS QUITE A FEW CALLERS...
GET HIM!
KILL THE INFIDEL!
THE GUARDS ARE BEATEN BACK!
BAM!
SOCK!
BOP!
MARSHAL ITO HAVING DISAPPEARED, PRINCE NAMOR RELEASES BETTY!
BETTY...YOUR KIDS ARE IN THE COURTYARD BELOW...TAKE THEM AND I'LL MEET YOU BY THE RIVER AFTER I'VE CLEANED THINGS UP HERE!
NAMOR... PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
WHEN BETTY LEAVES...
THAT RAT, ITO, MUST STILL BE AROUND! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
AND DOWN IN THE COURTYARD... MARSHAL ITO!
WE'RE GOING BACK WITH REINFORCEMENTS! WE MUST SLAY SUB-MARINER!
YES, HONORABLE, ITO!
JUST THEN...
HO! THERE IS THE GIRL WITH HER CHILDREN! SHE CAUSED ME LOT OF GRIEF!
SHOOT HER DOWN!!
WE DO!
9


MEANWHILE...
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO HAVE BETTY AND THE KIDS MACHINE GUNNED!
SWIFTLY NAMOR LEAPS, AND...
IT'S HIM AGAIN!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, KILLERS!!
BANG!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
...LANDS WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT!
I MUST ESCAPE!
CRASH!
TASTE SOME KNUCKLES, INFERNAL DROT!
WAK!
THAT FINISHES THE... BETTY GOT AWAY... GOOD! SAY... WHERE'S THE MARSHAL? HE ESCAPED ME TOO! THAT'S BAD...
BUT---
LOOKING FOR ME?
OH... THERE YOU ARE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
10

BUT JUST THEN...TWO TANKS BEAR DOWN UPON PRINCE NAMOR FROM EITHER DIRECTION!
GOOD GOSH! A TRAP!!
TRY GETTING OUT OF THIS ONE, SUB-MARINER!
WOW! THEY'RE BOTH COMING HEAD ON! I'LL BE PULVERIZED!--
--- IF I DON'T SCRAM!
NAMOR HURLS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND!
MADE IT!!
BAM!
?
HOLD IT, GRUESOME!
DON'T! LET ME GO!
HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR BLOODY ANCESTORS, MARSHAL!
NO... STOP!
THE KILLER PULLS A HAND GRENADE FROM HIS TUNIC, AND...
WE BOTH DIE, SUB-MARINER!
OH-OH! TROUBLE!!
11

SPOTTING AN AMMUNITION DUMP, NAMOR TOSSES THE MARSHAL TOWARD IT!
IF YOU ARE SO HEP ON DYING... DO IT ALONE!
A VIOLENT EXPLOSION HAILS THE END OF MARSHAL ITO!
BLAM!
GOOD GRIEF! THAT EXPLOSION SET OFF ALL THE AMMUNITION DUMPS IN TOWN!
SECONDS LATER...
NAMOR... YOU'RE SAFE!
GET YOUR KIDS INTO THAT BOAT! THIS WHOLE TOWN IS GOING TO PIECES!
PRINCE NAMOR PROVIDES SPEEDY TRANSPORTATION ACROSS THE RIVER...
YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW... THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF THE VILLAGE!
AND ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE...
WE'RE SAFE AND SOUND, NOW! OH, NAMOR--- IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I... WE...
I COULD KISS YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
NIX ON THAT! DESTROYING JAPS IN THAT VILLAGE WAS ENOUGH REWARD! BESIDES, I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!
THE END.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

WITH the flat report of the rifle shot still ringing in his ears, Dave Williams started down toward the deserted huddle of buildings in the valley below.

High overhead a red-tail hawk whistled tenuously and Dave paused, staring down to where old Hank Crawford's sprawled body lay beside the building he'd been searching.

Typically a part of the old west, as it had been years ago, old Hank Crawford had been a decent sort. Dave Williams threw off the cold lethargy gripping him. His hand slid under his coat, fondled the butt of the flat automatic. Then he moved forward, skirting the rim of the valley, coming down from the back.

Carefully Dave Williams approached. He and Hank had combed this deserted ghost town a couple of times over, and hadn't found even a sign of the escaped prisoner. But Hank was out there sprawled on his face. Dave had heard the shot. There must be someone here. Venturing out there was like hanging himself. But Dave had to chance it.

The sun was going down beyond the wall of the valley, touching fleetingly the buildings, climbing their edges to the top, resting a brief moment on the old water tower at the far end of town Dave watched the ruddy light fade, moved on to the edge of the building.

Then he sprinted forward, knelt swiftly and gathered old Hank Crawford's crumpled body into his arms. Plunging awkwardly back Dave expected at any second to hear the crack of a rifle.

Reaching the shelter of the buildings, Dave set his burden down, made a sufficient examination to show Hank was far from dead. The slug had only creased the side of his head. Dave drew a breath of relief. He didn't mind the hills too much, not with someone like Hank along. But he didn't want to be left alone.

DAVE made Hank comfortable back in camp, on the opposite side of the ridge. He slung a pail of water over the fire to heat. Hank grumbled angrily, "Tight squeak, mister. Good thing I'm tough."

"I was thinking the same thing." Dave opened the first aid kit. "You near got caught instead of doing the catching."

Hank rolled his shaggy head to stare over at his companion. "I know what you're thinkin,' mister. You're figurin' I ain't so smart after all, eh? Me, walking into a hunk of lead this way. Only thing worried you was having to shift fer yourself."

Dave chuckled. "I'll admit I'm not much good at this sort of thing."

"You city cops," old Hank growled. "Just because you were sent out special—Hey! Go easy with that! What in blazes you puttin' on me?"

"I thought you were so all fired tough."

"They'll have to get me between the ears before I'll lay down to stay. Y'gotta be tough to be deputy sheriff of this county for 30 years."

Dave completed the job of bandaging. For an amateur it looked okay. Hank seemed to have recovered considerably. After he dozed off, Dave sat watching the dark set in. Dave stood up. He had to go over into the valley again. Someone had nicked Hank . . . probably the escaped prisoner. Dave knew he had to get him. Now—tonight. Or it would be too late.

Dave made his way over into the valley. Reaching the first of the weathered buildings, he let himself sink into the shadows. Somewhere a door swung on its hinges, banging open and shut. Again Dave moved forward. There were eighteen or twenty buildings. It was a hit or miss proposition. He paused, started across the dusty street at a trot—

Something whanged past his ear and desperately Dave hurled himself into the welcome shadows beside an old hotel. The sound of the shot came to him, distant and soft. Gun in hand, Dave peered out. For a moment panic

gripped him as he remembered old Hank back in camp with a bad scalp wound.

Grimly Dave turned back toward camp. He'd have to wait for morning. He couldn't leave Hank alone. The would-be killer would probably do his best to eliminate them, in order to conceal his own place of hiding.

The fire was now a bed of dim embers. For a moment Dave stood motionless, peering toward the ground where Hank had been lying.

But old Hank Crawford was gone!

Uneasily Dave turned to peer into the darkness. Had old Hank heard the shot and, in spite of his condition, gone out to help? Or had the man who had attempted to take their lives, been here already, perhaps finishing Hank off, while even now lining his sights up on Dave?

SILVERY moonlight lay on the buildings like a thin layer of frosting. Dave Williams moved down toward them, taking advantage of every clump of bushes. Occasionally he paused. He was almost in the valley when he saw the light out across the flats where the old water tank stood.

The light was at the bottom, an eerie light that flickered up once, twice, then died down to a faint glow and finally went out altogether. Tense, Dave started forward, gun in hand.

Once more the light flickered up, then vanished. And Dave paused, eyes riveted to the old tower, from which smoke was filtering. The moon tinted it faintly with a blue-white light, and as Dave stared, watching the smoke drift out, he saw something else.

Someone was climbing out. A man who slid hastily over the edge of the tower, feet reaching for the rungs leading down—

Somewhere a rifle cracked. The man was half way to the ground. He started to fall, stopped himself, swinging by one hand. He swarmed down almost to the ground when the sound of another flat report broke the stillness.

The man dropped. Dave started forward. He saw the man leap up, slinging a rifle from his shoulder, leveling it. . . .

The gun in Dave's hand smashed sharply. Again Dave fired. the two reports blending closely on the chill air.

The man staggered, turned and sprawled to his face.

DAVE stood looking down. Hank held the lantern close to the man on the ground.

"He's yourn," Hank said simply. "Some papers here in his pocket. Mebbe you can understand 'em better'n I kin. Looks like mumbo-jumbo to me."

"German," Dave said, glancing over the wrinkled papers Hank handed him. "Yes, he's our man." Dave hesitated, staring at his companion. "How come you're here? When I saw that infernal light under the water tower—"

"Fire," Hank explained softly. "With plenty of green leaves to make a smoke, right under the pipe leading up into that tower. Our friend here was hiding in it!"

"Nice going," Dave conceded softly. "You learn from experience, I guess. Things the books don't teach you."

Hank nodded. "I reckon so. I learned a lot no book'll ever teach me." He added: "Reckon you could learn something, though. You gotta fix this danged bandage so's it won't go slippin' over my eyes again. Like it did jest now. One thing I never could do was shoot blindfolded!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Sub-Mariner Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Sub-Mariner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation,) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Manvis Publications, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Manvis Publications, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1943.

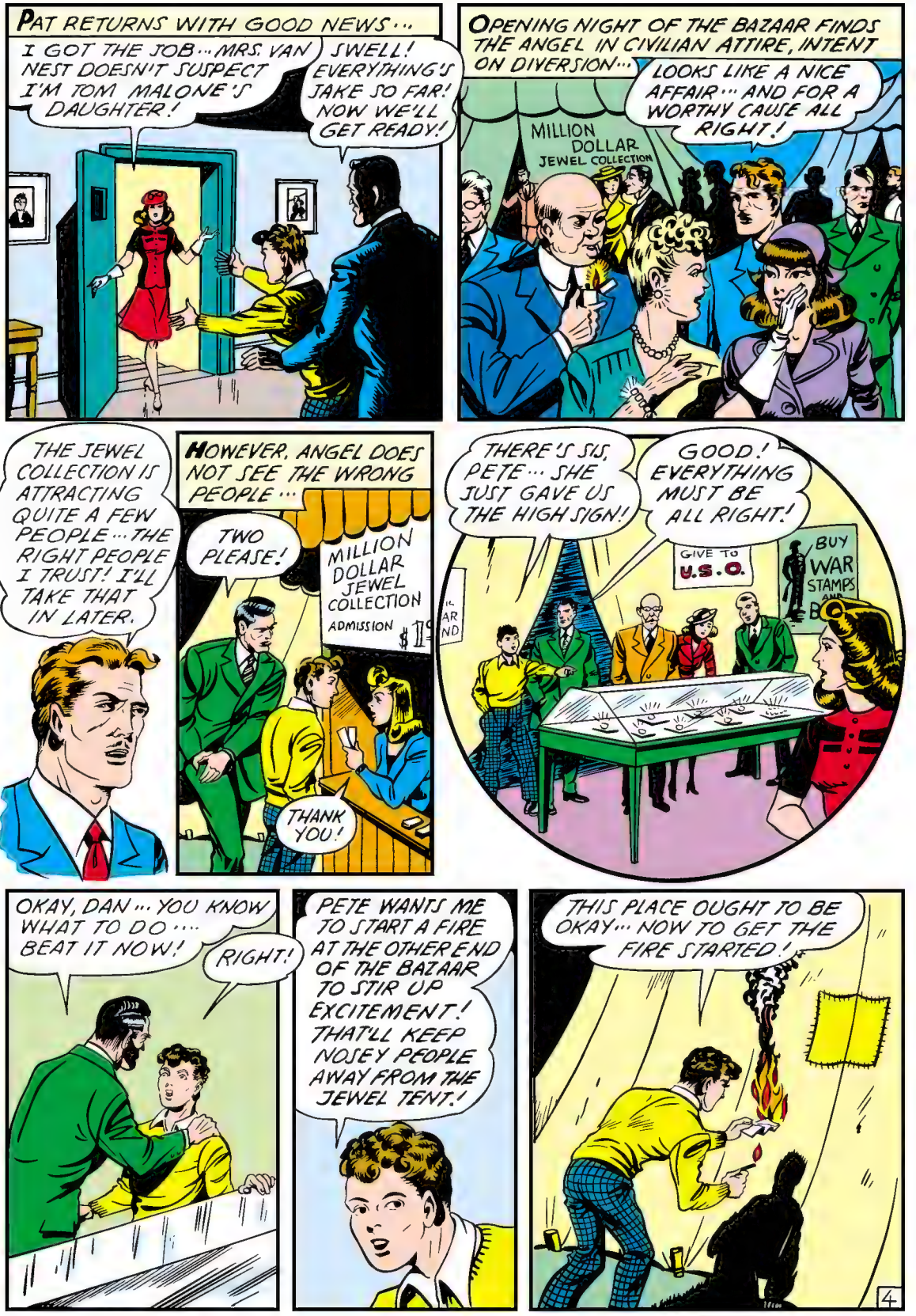
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires, March 30, 1945.)

THE
ANGEL
TAKES A HAND
IN THE
CHARITY
BAZAAR
MURDERS!

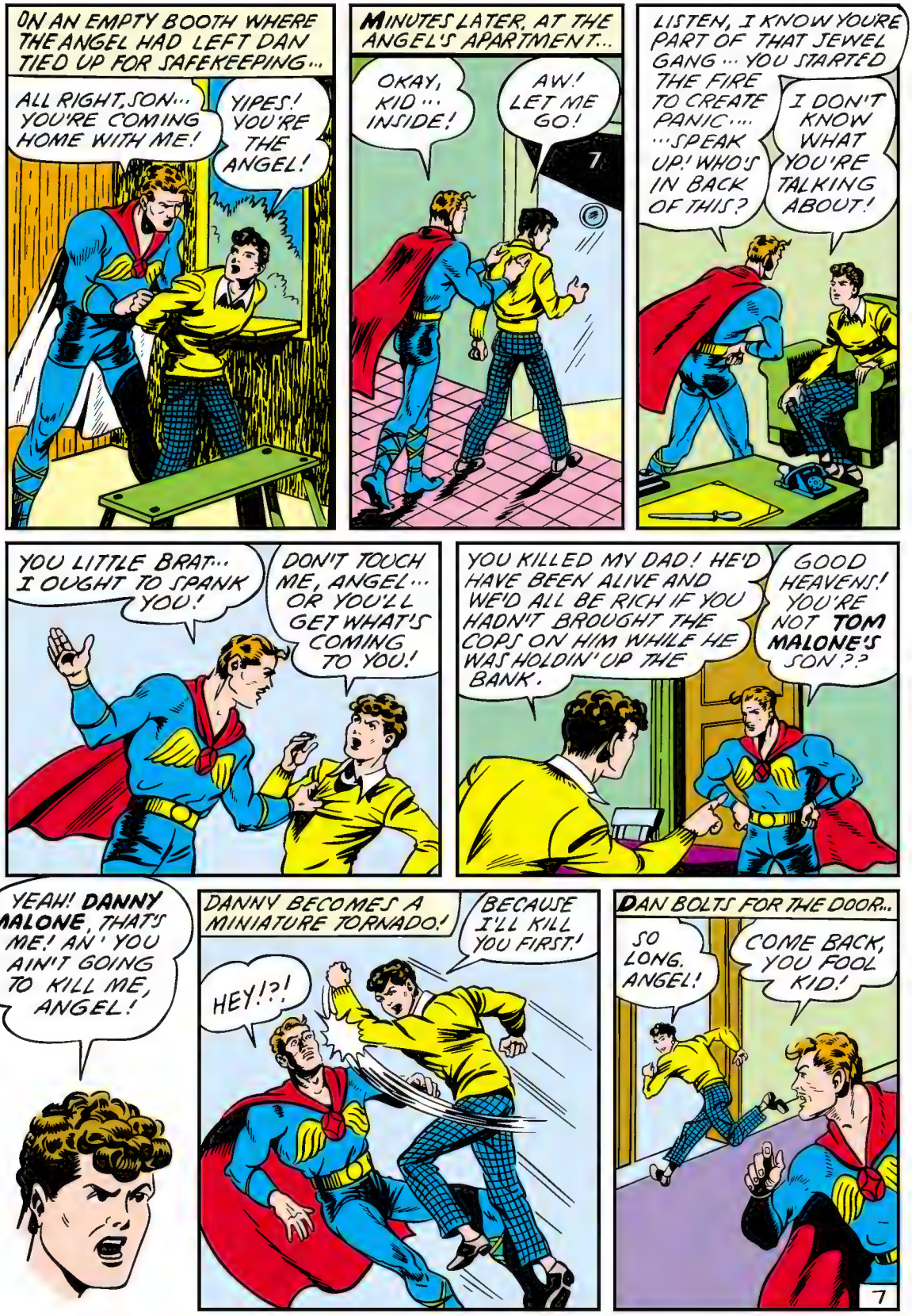
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, JUST BEFORE BANK CLOSING TIME..
OKAY, BOYS... CIRCULATE... THERE MUSTN'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS!
THERE WON'T!
CLERKS FREEZE BEFORE GLINTING GUNS...
OOH!
THIS IS A STICK-UP... EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
TELLER
DEPOSIT
GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, BOYS.!
BANK of
SUDDENLY, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL OBSCURES THE PAVEMENT!
YIPES! THE ANGEL!
PLUG 'IM!
YOU'RE FINISHED, MALONE!
DE COPS... WE'RE TRAPPED!
THE ANGEL BROUGHT THEM!
SURRENDER, MALONE!
SURRENDER! MY NECK!
BLAM!
WOW!
BUT, A WELL AIMED BULLET BRINGS TO A JUST END THE CAREER OF TOM MALONE..
YAAGHH---- THEY GOT ME!
2

THAT EVENING ...
DAILY WORLD
TOM MALONE AND GANG SLAIN OUTSIDE BANK
HEADQUARTERS SAY THEIR ELIMINATION DUE TO QUICK WORK OF THE ANGEL
THREE PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY AFFECTED BY THE NEWS... TOM MALONE'S CHILDREN ...
HE'S DEAD ... THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!
IT-IT'S ALL THE ANGEL'S FAULT!
POP WUZ A GOOD GUY... NOW HE'S GONE!
WE MUST TAKE STEPS FOR REVENGE...
YES ... AGAINST THE ANGEL! HE IS ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE!
WATCHA GONNA DO?
FIRST WE MUST LURE THE ANGEL TO US ... AHH ... I HAVE IT!
LOOK, HERE'S SOMETHING IN THE PAPER: MRS. VAN NEST GIVING A WAR RELIEF CHARITY BAZAAR... AND THE ANGEL WILL BE PRESENT....
SO WHAT?
PETE MALONE OUTLINES HIS PLAN...
SIS, YOU'RE GOING TO MRS. VAN NEST AND APPLY FOR A VOLUNTEER JOB AND THEN ...
GO ON!
THE NEXT DAY, AT MRS. VAN NEST'S HOME...
ALL RIGHT, MISS MALONE... WE CAN USE YOU AS AN USHER IN THE TENT WHERE MY JEWEL COLLECTION IS ON DISPLAY...
THANK YOU, MRS. VAN NEST!
3

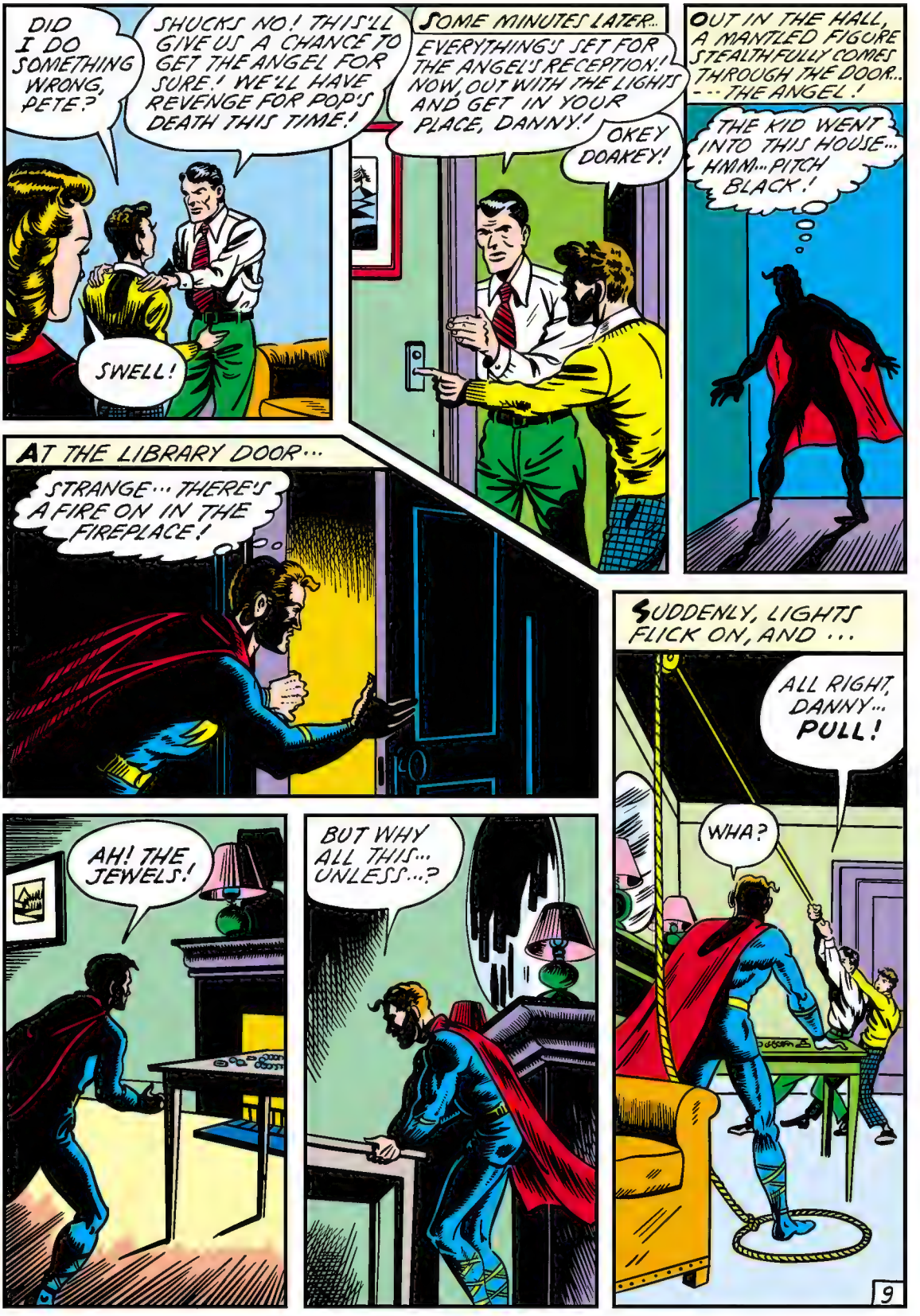

PAT RETURNS WITH GOOD NEWS...
I GOT THE JOB... MRS. VAN NEST DOESN'T SUSPECT I'M TOM MALONE'S DAUGHTER!
SWELL! EVERYTHING'S JAKE SO FAR! NOW WE'LL GET READY!
OPENING NIGHT OF THE BAZAAR FINDS THE ANGEL IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE, INTENT ON DIVERSION...
LOOKS LIKE A NICE AFFAIR... AND FOR A WORTHY CAUSE ALL RIGHT!
MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL COLLECTION
THE JEWEL COLLECTION IS ATTRACTING QUITE A FEW PEOPLE... THE RIGHT PEOPLE I TRUST! I'LL TAKE THAT IN LATER.
HOWEVER, ANGEL DOES NOT SEE THE WRONG PEOPLE...
TWO PLEASE!
MILLION DOLLAR JEWEL COLLECTION
ADMISSION
THANK YOU!
THERE'S SIS, PETE... SHE JUST GAVE US THE HIGH SIGN!
GOOD! EVERYTHING MUST BE ALL RIGHT!
GIVE TO U.S.O.
BUY WAR STAMPS
OKAY, DAN... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.... BEAT IT NOW!
RIGHT!
PETE WANTS ME TO START A FIRE AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAZAAR TO STIR UP EXCITEMENT! THAT'LL KEEP NOSEY PEOPLE AWAY FROM THE JEWEL TENT!
THIS PLACE OUGHT TO BE OKAY... NOW TO GET THE FIRE STARTED!
4

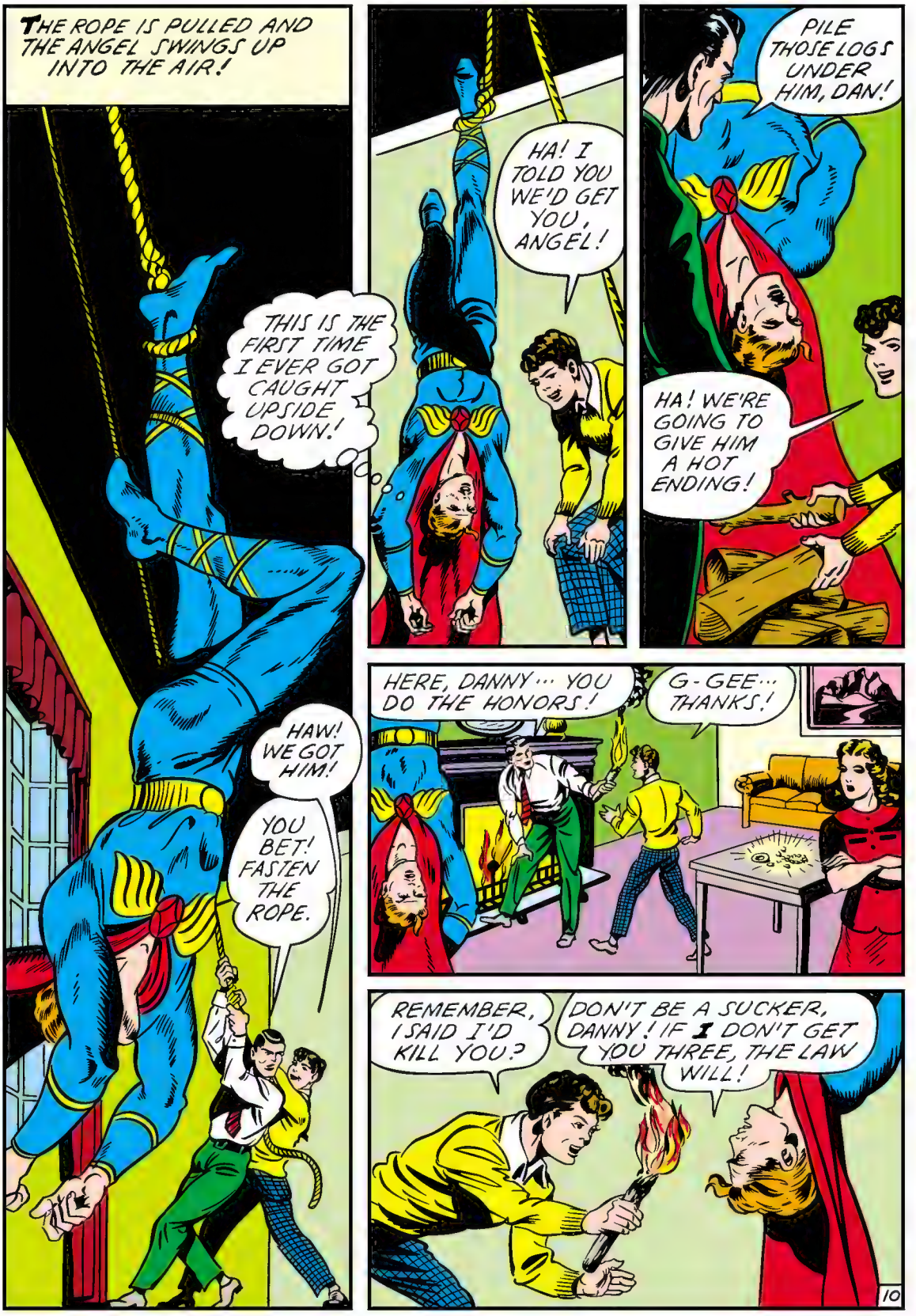
BUT, THE ANGEL SPOTS DAN IN THE ACT!
GOOD GRIEF... A JUVENILE PYROMANIAC!
HA! THIS'LL SEND 'EM SCREAMIN'!
HOLD ON, FIREBUG!
HEY... LEMME ALONE!
FIRE!
FIRE!
RING THE FIRE ALARM!
AIEE!
AS THE FEARED YELL OF "FIRE" RINGS THROUGHOUT THE GROUNDS...
NOW'S OUR CHANCE! QUICK!
DANNY'S DONE A GOOD JOB!
HERE... I'LL SHATTER THE GLASS!
AND I'LL STUFF THE GEMS INTO THIS BAG!
CRASH!
BUT...
OHHH! THIEVES!
IT'S MRS. VAN NEST!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!
5

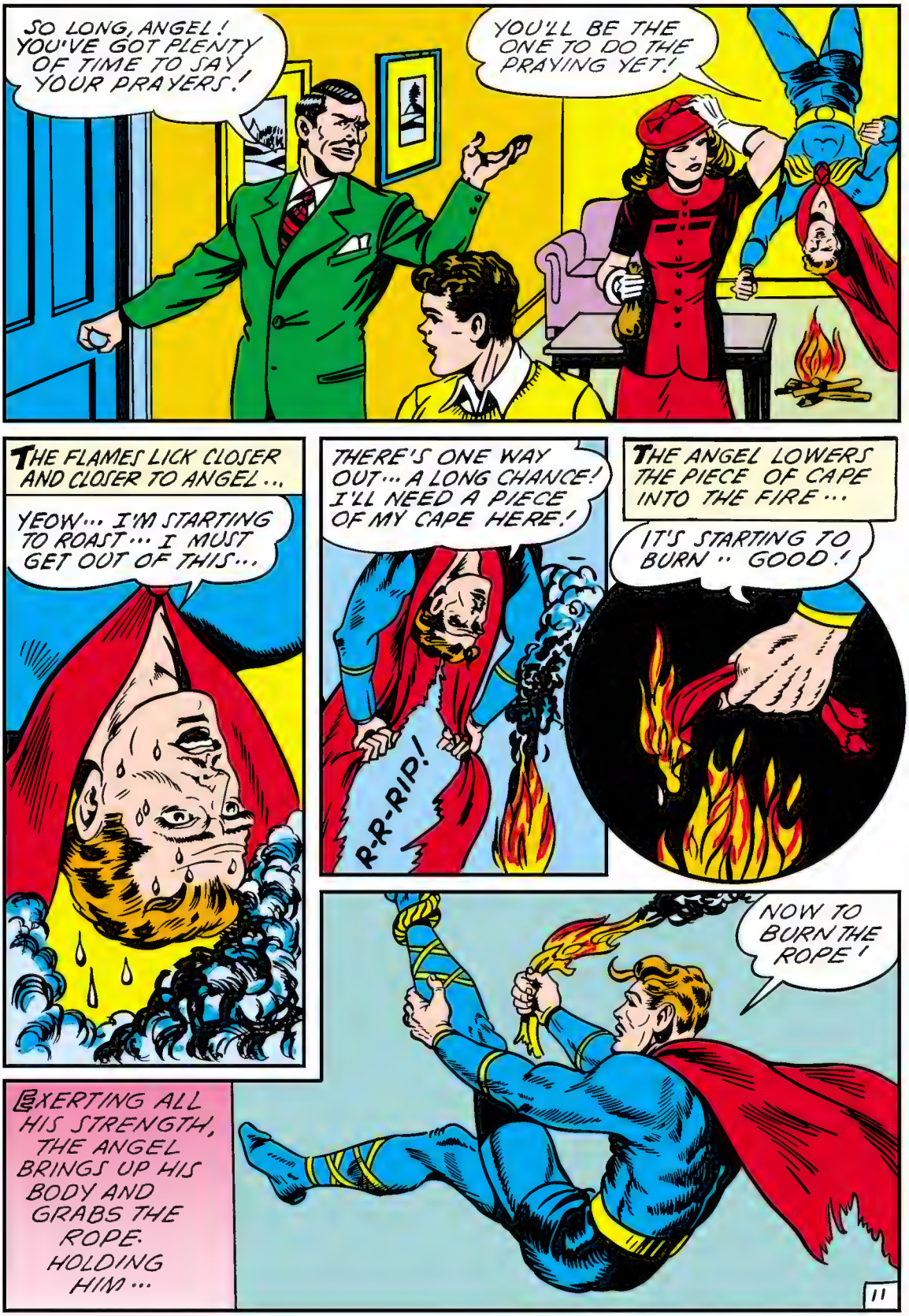
SORRY... BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU ATTRACT ANYONE!
OHHH!
VAR
AMPS
NO
ONDS
SLAP!
C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT WHILE THERE'S STILL SOME EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE!
RIGHT!
BUT, THE VENGEFUL FIGURE OF THE ANGEL TEARS FOR PETE...
NOT SO FAST WITH THOSE JEWELS!
WHA...!?! TH' ANGEL!
HERE, SIS... GRAB THE ROCKS AND RUN! I'LL FIX HIM!
GOT THEM!
NOW TAKE A DOSE OF GUN-BUTT, ANGEL!
OWW!
BAM
THE ANGEL IS MOMENTARILY STUNNED ....
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO BEAT IT!
WOW, MY JAW!
THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE JEWELS... TOO BAD! OH WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT THAT YOUNGSTER HAD TO DO WITH THIS!
6

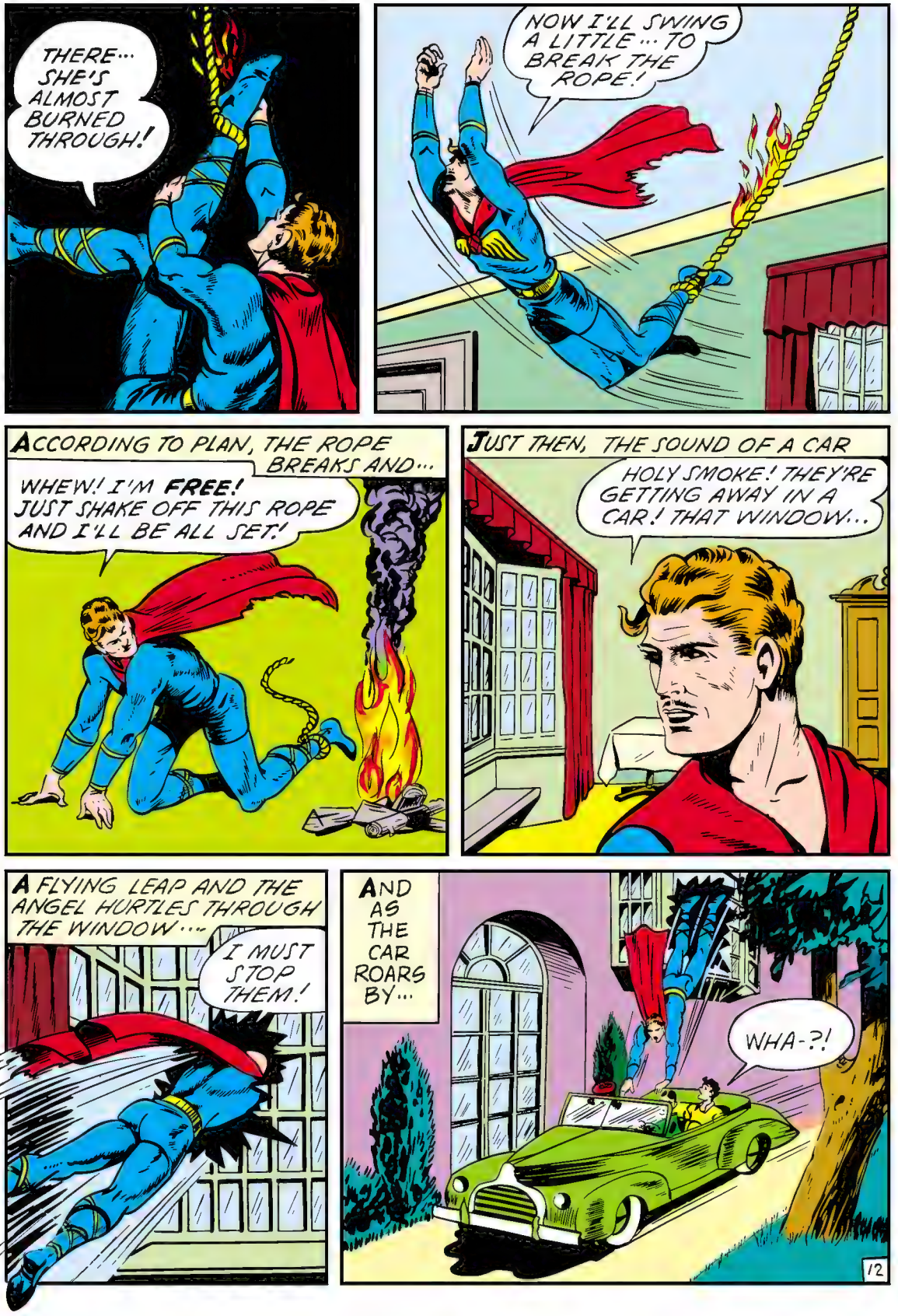

ON AN EMPTY BOOTH WHERE THE ANGEL HAD LEFT DAN TIED UP FOR SAFEKEEPING...
ALL RIGHT, SON... YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME!
YIPES! YOU'RE THE ANGEL!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE ANGEL'S APARTMENT...
OKAY, KID... INSIDE!
AW! LET ME GO!
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU'RE PART OF THAT JEWEL GANG ... YOU STARTED THE FIRE TO CREATE PANIC.... ...SPEAK UP! WHO'S IN BACK OF THIS?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
YOU LITTLE BRAT... I OUGHT TO SPANK YOU!
DON'T TOUCH ME, ANGEL... OR YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
YOU KILLED MY DAD! HE'D HAVE BEEN ALIVE AND WE'D ALL BE RICH IF YOU HADN'T BROUGHT THE COPS ON HIM WHILE HE WAS HOLDIN' UP THE BANK.
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU'RE NOT TOM MALONE'S SON??
YEAH! DANNY MALONE, THAT'S ME! AN' YOU AIN'T GOING TO KILL ME, ANGEL!
DANNY BECOMES A MINIATURE TORNADO!
HEY!?!
BECAUSE I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!
DAN BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...
SO LONG, ANGEL!
COME BACK, YOU FOOL KID!
7

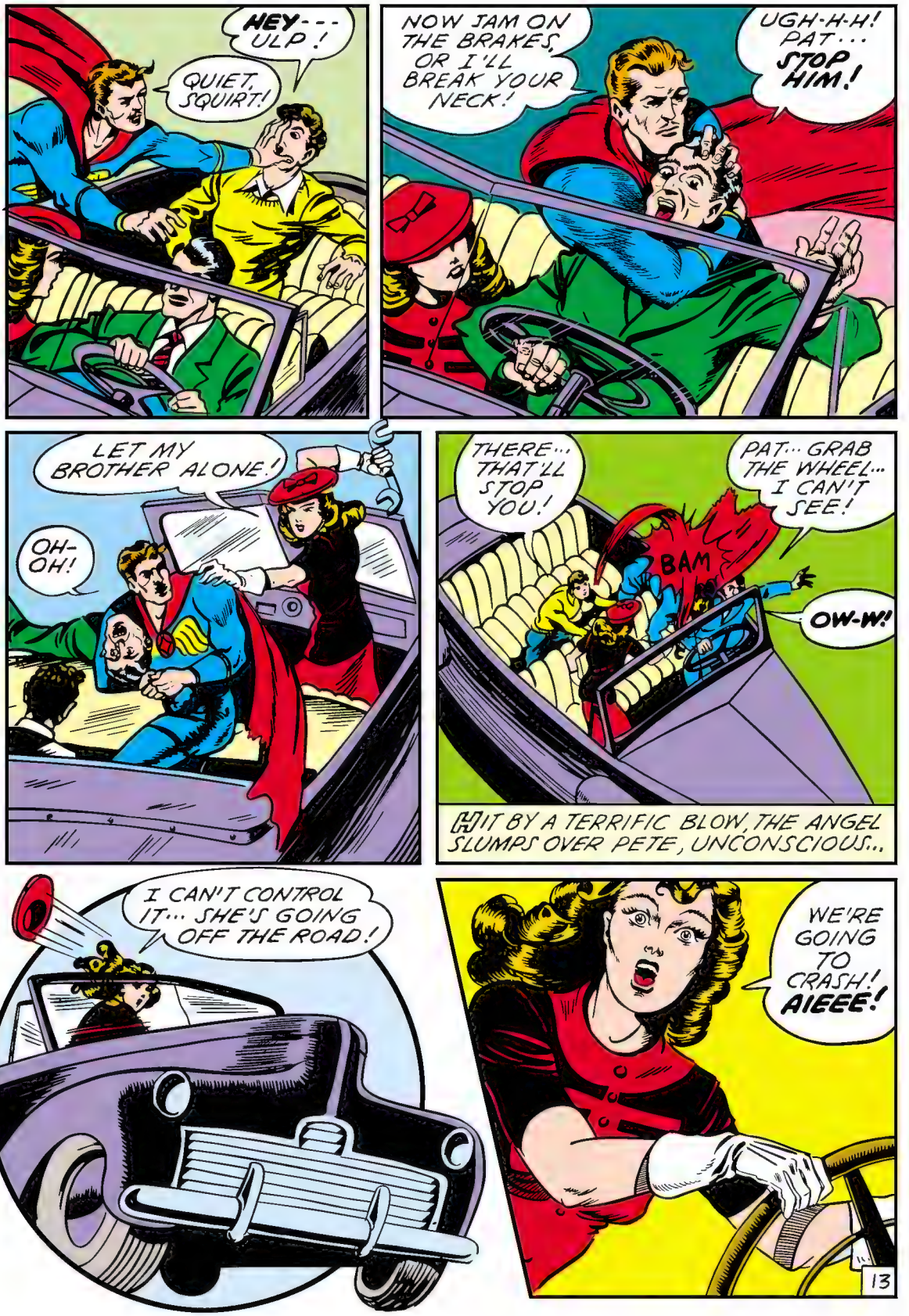
HOPE I PRETENDED TO BE SURPRISED ENOUGH TO FOOL THE KID. I WANT TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!
THERE HE GOES! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DANNY... KEEP GOING!
MEANWHILE AT THE MALONE'S HOME ...
HO! WHAT A HAUL!
IT'S NICE, ALL RIGHT... BUT WHERE'S DANNY?
YEAH, THE KID SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK AN HOUR AGO! WONDER IF HE GOT CAUGHT... NAW... HE'S TOO SMART!
LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COME IN THE HOUSE.
IT MUST BE DAN! I KNEW HE'D MAKE IT!
HI' YA... WAITIN' FER ME?
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
YEAH... SPILL IT!
I JUST GOT AWAY FROM THE ANGEL! HAW! DID DANNY MALONE OUTSMART HIM!
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?
DAN TELLS WHAT HAPPENED...
...SO HERE I AM!
HMM! TH' ANGEL IS TOO SMART TO LET YOU ESCAPE! HE DID IT TO TRAIL YOU HERE!
8

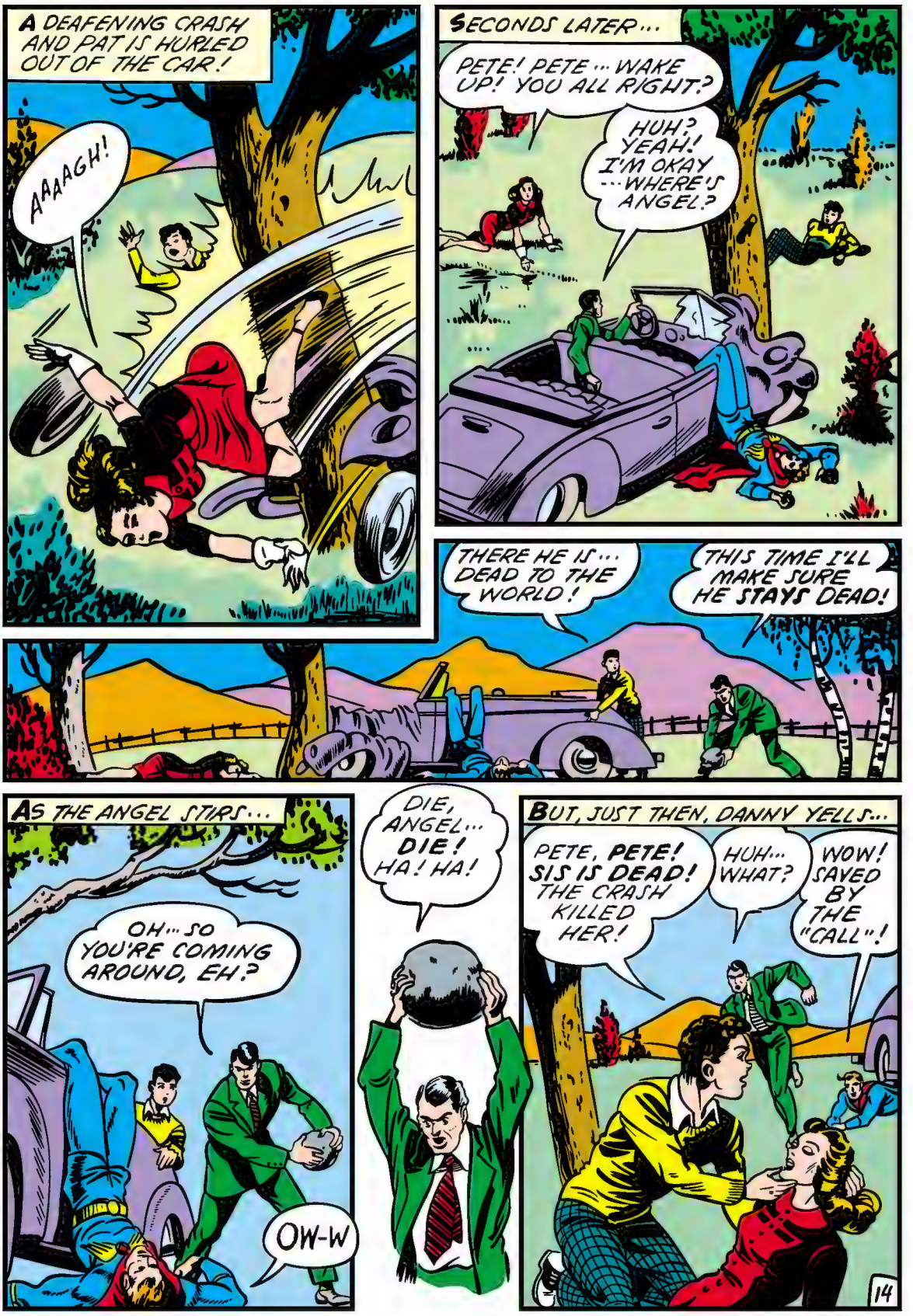

DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG, PETE?
SHUCKS NO! THIS'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET THE ANGEL FOR SURE! WE'LL HAVE REVENGE FOR POP'S DEATH THIS TIME!
SWELL!
SOME MINUTES LATER..
EVERYTHING'S SET FOR THE ANGEL'S RECEPTION! NOW, OUT WITH THE LIGHTS AND GET IN YOUR PLACE, DANNY!
OKEY DOAKEY!
OUT IN THE HALL, A MANTLED FIGURE STEALTHFULLY COMES THROUGH THE DOOR... --- THE ANGEL!
THE KID WENT INTO THIS HOUSE... HMM... PITCH BLACK!
AT THE LIBRARY DOOR...
STRANGE... THERE'S A FIRE ON IN THE FIREPLACE!
SUDDENLY, LIGHTS FLICK ON, AND ...
ALL RIGHT, DANNY... PULL!
WHA?
AH! THE JEWELS!
BUT WHY ALL THIS... UNLESS...?
9

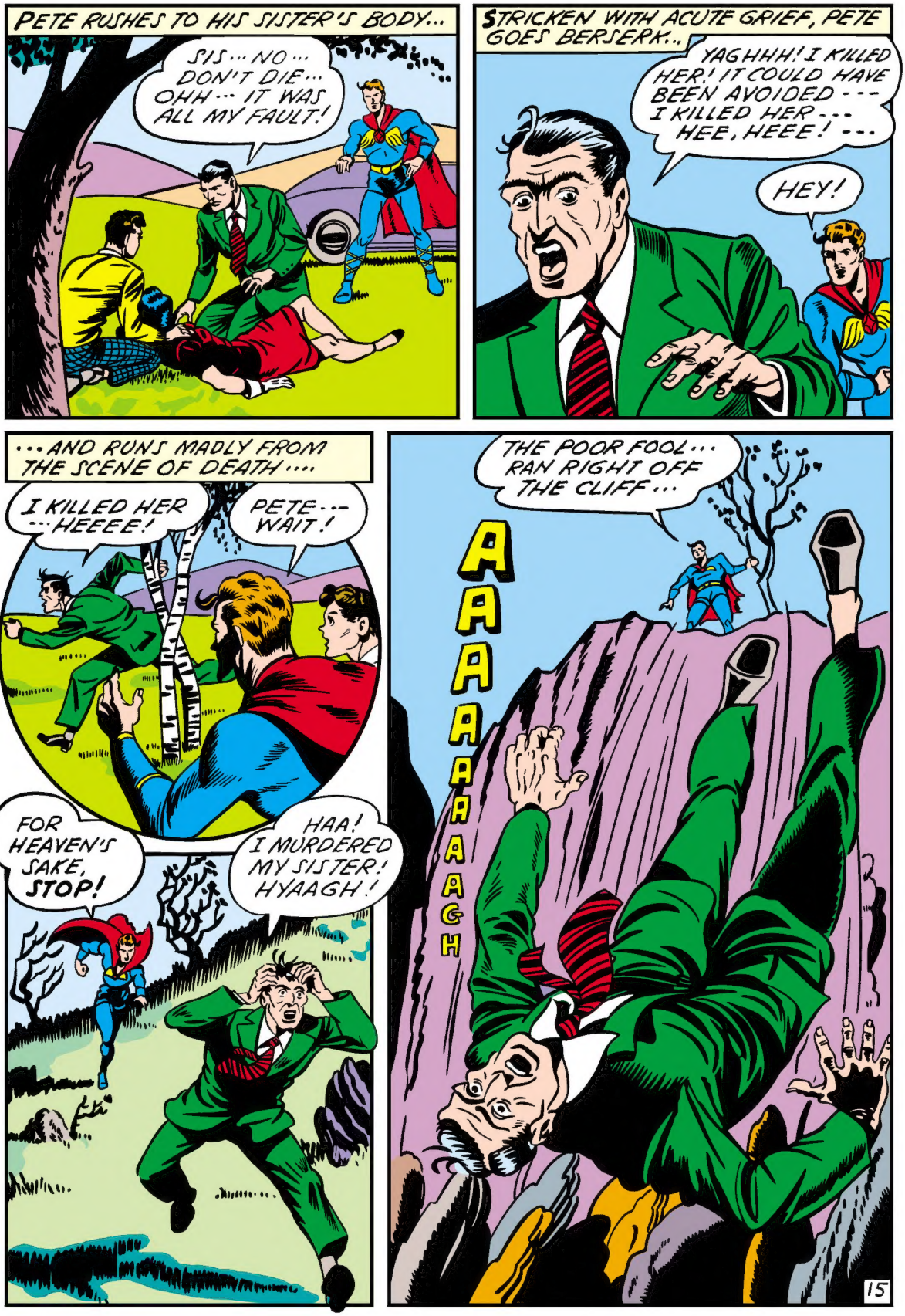

THE ROPE IS PULLED AND THE ANGEL SWINGS UP INTO THE AIR!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GOT CAUGHT UPSIDE DOWN!
HAW! WE GOT HIM!
YOU BET! FASTEN THE ROPE.
HA! I TOLD YOU WE'D GET YOU, ANGEL!
PILE THOSE LOGS UNDER HIM, DAN!
HA! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE HIM A HOT ENDING!
HERE, DANNY... YOU DO THE HONORS!
G-GEE... THANKS!
REMEMBER, I SAID I'D KILL YOU?
DON'T BE A SUCKER, DANNY! IF I DON'T GET YOU THREE, THE LAW WILL!
10


SO LONG, ANGEL! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
YOU'LL BE THE ONE TO DO THE PRAYING YET!
THE FLAMES LICK CLOSER AND CLOSER TO ANGEL...
YEOW... I'M STARTING TO ROAST... I MUST GET OUT OF THIS...
THERE'S ONE WAY OUT... A LONG CHANCE! I'LL NEED A PIECE OF MY CAPE HERE!
R-R-RIP!
THE ANGEL LOWERS THE PIECE OF CAPE INTO THE FIRE...
IT'S STARTING TO BURN.. GOOD!
NOW TO BURN THE ROPE!
EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE ANGEL BRINGS UP HIS BODY AND GRABS THE ROPE. HOLDING HIM...
11


THERE... SHE'S ALMOST BURNED THROUGH!
NOW I'LL SWING A LITTLE... TO BREAK THE ROPE!
ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE ROPE BREAKS AND...
WHEW! I'M FREE! JUST SHAKE OFF THIS ROPE AND I'LL BE ALL SET!
JUST THEN, THE SOUND OF A CAR
HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN A CAR! THAT WINDOW...
A FLYING LEAP AND THE ANGEL HURTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW...
I MUST STOP THEM!
AND AS THE CAR ROARS BY...
WHA-?!
12


HEY---
ULP!
QUIET, SQUIRT!
NOW JAM ON THE BRAKES, OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!
UGH-H-H! PAT... STOP HIM!
LET MY BROTHER ALONE!
OH-OH!
THERE... THAT'LL STOP YOU!
PAT... GRAB THE WHEEL... I CAN'T SEE!
BAM
OW-W!
HIT BY A TERRIFIC BLOW, THE ANGEL SLUMPS OVER PETE, UNCONSCIOUS..
I CAN'T CONTROL IT... SHE'S GOING OFF THE ROAD!
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH! AIEEE!


A DEAFENING CRASH AND PAT IS HURLED OUT OF THE CAR!
AAAAGH!
SECONDS LATER...
PETE! PETE... WAKE UP! YOU ALL RIGHT?
HUH? YEAH! I'M OKAY ...WHERE'S ANGEL?
THERE HE IS... DEAD TO THE WORLD!
THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE HE STAYS DEAD!
AS THE ANGEL STIRS...
OH... SO YOU'RE COMING AROUND, EH?
OW-W
DIE, ANGEL... DIE! HA! HA!
BUT, JUST THEN, DANNY YELLS...
PETE, PETE! SIS IS DEAD! THE CRASH KILLED HER!
HUH... WHAT?
WOW! SAVED BY THE "CALL"!
14


PETE RUSHES TO HIS SISTER'S BODY...
SIS... NO... DON'T DIE... OHH... IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!
STRICKEN WITH ACUTE GRIEF, PETE GOES BERSERK..
YAGHHH! I KILLED HER! IT COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED --- I KILLED HER --- HEE, HEEE! ---
HEY!
...AND RUNS MADLY FROM THE SCENE OF DEATH....
I KILLED HER ---HEEEE!
PETE--- WAIT!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP!
HAA! I MURDERED MY SISTER! HYAAGH!
THE POOR FOOL... RAN RIGHT OFF THE CLIFF...
AAAAAAAAAGH
15

PETE MALONE COMES TO A DISMAL, HORRIFYING END.
SPLASH!
THE ANGEL RETURNS TO DANNY...
WELL, DANNY... YOUR BROTHER...
-(SOB) I KNOW... I SAW IT!
GEE, ANGEL... WHY DID WE DO IT? NOW THEY'RE DEAD... ALL OF 'EM 'CEPTIN' ME!
THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY! PERHAPS IT IS JUST AS WELL!
YOU'RE YOUNG, DANNY... YOU CAN START LIFE ANEW AND BECOME A GOOD, LAW RESPECTING CITIZEN... YOU SHOULD, AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED!
YEAH, ANGEL! I HAD THIS CRIME ANGLE ALL WRONG... I'LL DO WHAT YOU TELL ME TO!
COME ON, DANNY... WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW...
(SOB)
NY241
16
AND SO ONCE MORE THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS ACROSS A SCENE OF HORROR WHICH PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.....

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